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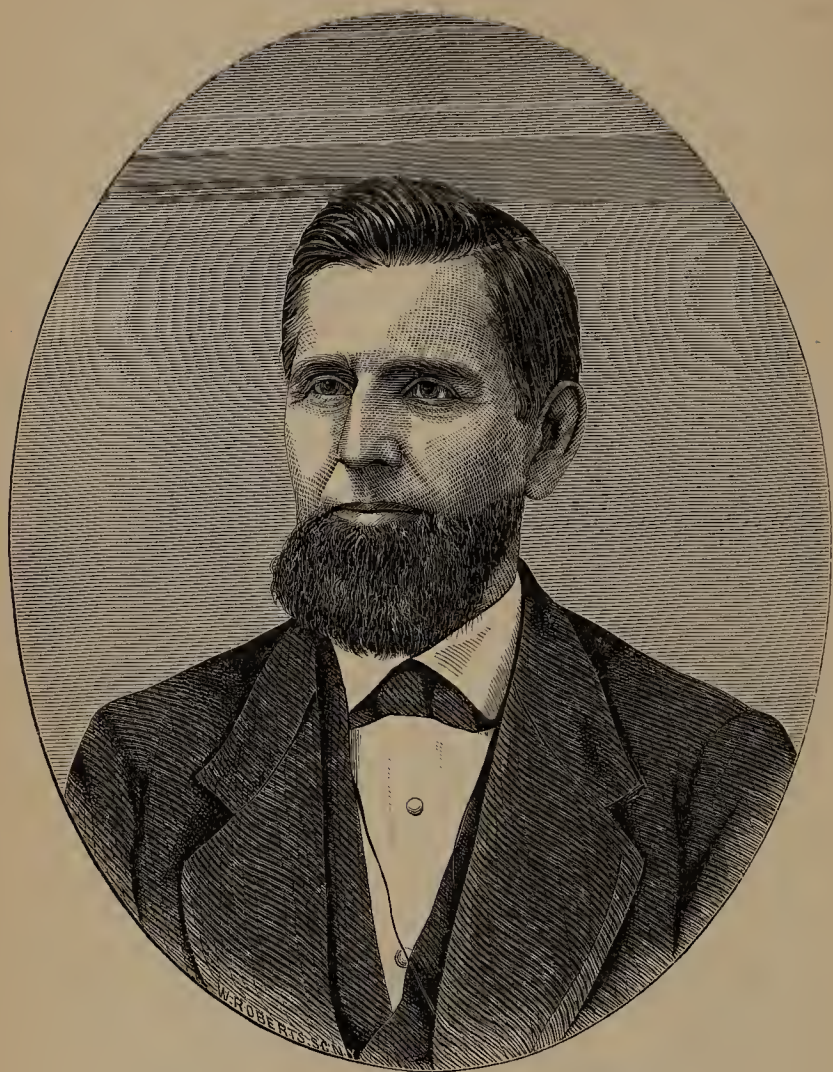




H. H. Purdie  
Honwood  
Novem 28<sup>th</sup> 1875







Very Truly  
E. A. Holbrook

# LIFE - THOUGHTS,

POETRY AND PROSE,

BY

EDWIN A. HOLBROOK.

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1875.

6705 *pl*

*To my Wife, Sons, and Daughters,*

*whose undivided interest and sympathy have sustained*

*me in sickness, and doubled my joys in health,*

*helping to lighten the burdens of life,*

*I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.*



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## P R E F A C E .

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The object in publishing to the world some of the thoughts and incidents of a life, which, though unimportant to others, is of the utmost importance to myself, is two fold. First, to transmit to my friends especially, and to posterity *indefinitely*, my peculiar sentiments and views of the objects and ends of existence ; secondly, to amuse and entertain the reader. The first object will be fully attained. Of the second, I cannot at this writing speak with certainty.

I have agreed that it shall not be political. Yet for the anti-war sentiments of some of its pages I make no apology, being a peace man on principle ; and believing war at the present age, usually results in greater *evils* than the evils which cause the conflict of arms ; and also believing that in a time of peace, the arts of peace cannot be too much cultivated.

The satire on the bonding question will be of course better appreciated and understood in the locality where the scene is laid ; yet it may contain sentiments whereby the millions may profit.

My book has some merits and also some defects. Not having made any high pretensions as an author, and having not sought for distinction or popularity through the influence of any literary ring, my defects of course will not be as easily overlooked, nor my merits as highly commended, in certain quarters, as are the productions of those, in this respect, more highly favored. Such as it is, I send it forth as a waif, to find its own appropriate place in the vast fleet of literature floating down the tide of time ; thinking, that perhaps among the multitude in this restless age, of some minds it may attract the attention, and the labor be not in vain.

E. A. H.



## AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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Deeming a short sketch of my existence perhaps not unprofitable to the reader, especially to the young who are starting out in life without fortune or pecuniary aid, the following imperfect narrative is respectfully submitted.

In the town of Madrid, St. Lawrence county, and State of New York, one mile from Columbia village, on an angle of land caused by the junction of the Northern Railroad with the carriage road leading from Columbia to Potsdam, stands in a state of dilapidation, the upright portion of what was once a block house. It was built on the plan of the log houses of that day, excepting the timbers were hewn. It was clapboarded on the outside and lathed and plastered within. In this house, on the ninth day of October, in the year 1817, I first opened my eyes to the light of this mysterious and changing world—being the second son and the fifth child in a family of twelve children—seven males and five females,—all the children of David and Minerva Holbrook. My parents were both of New England extraction. My mother was the daughter of Isaac Bartholomew. Mr. B. did active service in the revolutionary war, and held a captaincy for three years. He was one of the early and influential settlers of the town of Madrid. The old homestead, now occupied by his youngest son Charles, is situated on the road between Ogdensburg and Waddington, thirteen miles from the former, and six miles from the latter named village. At the time of their marriage, the ages of my father and mother were respectively twenty-four and sixteen years. My father contracted for a piece of land, on which he built the aforesaid block house. He cleared up the farm, made a number of payments on the purchase, and, as I remember the situation, he was in quite prosperous circumstances.

On his farm was a fine quarry of lime-stone, and he engaged quite extensively in burning lime for the market. The region around about came to purchase his lime, and "going up to the lime kiln" were familiar household words. But this avocation evidently impaired his health and constitution. He was a man of strict honor and integrity, and I have frequently heard the old inhabitants of the town speak of him as a worthy citizen, whose word was always as good as his bond. But he was very sensitive to a wrong, or an injury, and would as far as possible take himself entirely away from contact or dealing with any one who intruded upon his rights. He was a democrat of the Jefferson school, and an admirer and supporter of Andrew Jackson. I think, however, he was imbued somewhat with the anti-war sentiments of the quakers; for he was drafted to march to the defense of Ogdensburg at the time the British were invading it, but somehow he managed not to be in the service of that memorable scare. Perhaps this may account for the writer's anti-war tendencies, as he has always in his dreams of battle found himself running away from the enemy, and has always argued for the settlement of all national differences by arbitration instead of blood.

My mother was in many respects a remarkable woman. Though not having the advantages of an early education, never having studied the arithmetic beyond the ground rules, nor learned to parse a sentence, yet by a process of mental arithmetic peculiar to herself, she would solve problems that taxed the brain of ready mathematicians; and in the construction of sentences, she seldom made a grammatical error. She was an extensive reader of history and biography, and possessed so retentive a memory that she could relate history for hours, without breaking the thread of the narrative, remembering names and dates with accuracy.

She had the history of the country from its discovery down to the discovery of the telegraph, was posted in the history of parties, from the days of Washington down to the administration of Martin Van Buren. To entangle an opponent in politics was her delight;



and she generally came off the victor, yet she never was intrusive as the "strong minded" usually are, but always waited to be called out. She also possessed a religious turn of mind, and though her views were of an extreme nature, as judged by the light of more modern times, yet she was seldom baffled by an opponent.

How she ever acquired such a fund of general information, while still looking after the affairs of a large and increasing family, has always seemed a mystery. It is quite possible, however, that her housekeeping would not be adjudged as a model for modern times. But she was a woman who loved her family, and she still lives in the affections of the children who survive her, a mother whose memory is still green in the heart, and whose soothing influence, like a guardian angel, is still felt amid the adverse scenes of life—her genial spirit still hovering over the bed of sickness, never to depart until the rending of the veil that shuts down between the outer and the inner being.

My earliest recollections are of learning my letters, as instructed by my mother. Then comes the school-room with its daily tasks to be mastered, but study was always a pleasure. At the age of seven, I remember standing up in my class to take my turn at reading the verse that fell to my lot, from the old English Reader, a book never adapted to the young mind; and the sentiments of which no scholar was ever presumed to understand in the least. In those days the teacher seemed to have nothing to do with calling out the reasoning faculties of his pupil. The latter was required to repeat parrot-like whatever task was allotted to him, and as I now recollect, until the age of fifteen, I was never questioned on the sentiments read in the class; never heard the rules of grammar or arithmetic explained, or applied in any manner, by way of reasoning from cause to effect. But the object of reading was to learn *to read*; arithmetic consisted of learning *to cypher*, or in working out the sums by the rule laid down, without a why or a wherefore; grammar, ditto. And many a scholar would *cypher* through Adams' old edition, and could by rule do every sum, and

yet not understand the first principles of mathematics. The rules of Murray's grammar could be repeated *verbatim*, and yet the student would have no idea whatever of the grammatical construction of a sentence. A half century has effected wonderful changes in the art of teaching, and in the adaptation of text books to the reason and the intellect, as the mind of the child unfolds to the truths and realities of a world of principles and laws.

The facilities for acquiring knowledge have seemed to increase, and keep pace with the wonderful unfolding of the practical inventions of the last half century. The text-books are arranged by the simple law of adaptation. And thanks to the progenitors of each coming generation; the obstructions are removed, and step by step the plastic mind of the young student is led up the steeps of knowledge, as naturally as he grows in stature from infancy to manhood.

The spring after my seventh birthday witnessed an important change in the affairs of our family. The land agent, with whom my father had contracted, had made some exactions, accompanied with certain threats, that were too much for my father's sensitive nature, and he resolved to leave his farm, and seek his fortune in some other locality. With this view he had explored a region of John Brown's tract, called Scriba, now known as the town of Fine, being the extreme portion of a section of land bordering on Herkimer county, the uninhabited part of which, on the other extreme, is known as the town of Russell. Scriba lay 15 miles from Russell village, through a mountainous region, wild and uninhabited, save by the hunter in pursuit of game. The more easy way of access, however, to this wild region was through the town of Edwards, the goal of attainment being, from what was called the Pond settlement in that town, ten miles, through an unbroken forest. The first journey my father made to this tract of land was in company with a brother of my mother's. With knapsacks stored with provisions they explored during the day, and at night accepted such lodgings as their ingenuity and the use of an ax could furnish. On one of the latter occasions, they met with a scare, that "made each particular hair stand

on end." They had pitched their tent by the side of a large hemlock log, with hemlock boughs under them for bed and pillow, and a piece of bark overhead for shelter. About midnight my uncle awoke my father, much excited, and told him that some wild beast was approaching. They both listened, and could hear distinctly in the rustling leaves the sound of foot-steps, as of a wild beast approaching by stealth. He would move a few steps towards them and then stop for a few moments, as if to take in the situation. Of course the thought of being devoured by wolf, bear or panther was not agreeable to their ideas of longevity, and something must be done. The footsteps had approached to within a few rods. My father came to the conclusion that their only hope of escape lay in giving the animal a grand fright. The idea no sooner conceived than followed its execution. He accordingly sprang out from his bed of evergreen boughs, threw himself sprawling at full length upon the log, and screamed in a most unearthly manner. It had the desired effect. The deer that was attempting to gratify its curiosity by making an examination of that particular locality, that had somewhat changed in appearance, proved to be a buck. He receded as fast as possible, but evidently too frightened to make rapid headway for at every bound he would stop and whistle, and it would be some seconds before he seemed to be again under way.

During this expedition my father "made a pitch"—to use the expression of those early settlers. He pitched upon a piece of land situated on Little Oswegatchie river, about three-fourths of a mile from its junction with the great branch, and about a dozen miles from Cranberry Lake, of which said branch is the outlet. Here, in this wilderness yet unbroken by the ax of the woodman—in this almost undisturbed haunt of wild beasts of every description that inhabit our northern forests, with no resource but the encumbered soil, he resolved on making a future home for himself and family. The land was held at one dollar per acre, with a chance to pay in installments after paying down a certain per cent. Here, he flattered himself, would be a grand centre of attraction, to which men and

women would flee from the like oppressions under which he had suffered. Here would soon be a flourishing settlement of neighbors of the right stamp, knit together by the laws of necessity and mutual attraction. His were the golden dreams of another arcadia, and the picture he drew to his unsophisticated family would hardly lose in the comparison with Dr. Johnson's Happy Valley, or the New Atlantis of Lord Bacon. How much the ideal crystallized into reality the sequel will show.

In the early spring of 1824, the family quitted the block house with its happy scenes and surroundings, quitted the circle of warm and cherished friendships, quitted society and civilization, for the wild-wood home in the heart of the dense wilderness. A few personal effects were all that remained of years of toil. For the betterments or improvements of the farm and the money paid on the contract, not a penny was received in return. But my father was to be the founder of a colony in a new field of enterprise, and with buoyant spirits we threaded the wilderness by a rude pathway, difficult for man or beast, to the rude log house in waiting for our reception. A few acres of forest had been laid low, and the brush piled ready for burning. The excitement of the burning of that first fallow, the carrying of water to prevent the cottage from being also burned, is a scene vivid in my recollection. Corn and potatoes were planted among the logs and the first season brought a good harvest. The agent of this new township, Elias Teal, and also a man by the name of Gardner Luther, moved with their families into the forest about the same time. The one locating three-fourths of a mile below us, on the river, the other about the same distance above. Here we lived for three years; clearing the land and tilling the soil as fast as it could be subdued by the daily toil of my father, assisted by my brother, between five and six years older than myself.

The wilderness furnished pasture for our cows, and for the ox team when it could be spared to roam at large. I recollect on one occasion in the midst of our grain and hay harvest, one of our oxen strayed from his companion, and for two weeks was lost in the

woods, and we were obliged to carry in our grain and hay by hand. The ox was recovered after diligent search for days, with the cow-bell in hand, which he at length heard and came bounding through the forest rejoicing; and a willing captive, was again led to the haunts of civilized men, and happy to take his place at the side of his mate.

The forest furnished us with venison and other wild game. The river was teeming with speckled trout. The Indians established a camp near by, with whom we made friendly interchange. At that period, I was just the age to enjoy the wild sports and the free and almost unrestrained liberty of forest and stream. But the immigration contemplated did not set in; explorers came to look at the country but returned without making a purchase, considering it too much of an undertaking. And many a new comer censured my father for thus secluding a smart family of children from the advantages of society.

During three years but one or two families were added to the neighborhood circle. At the end of three years my father resolved to leave the location and move a mile and a half to a farm he had taken up, on what was called the Ash Ridge, an elevation of land requiring full half a mile up-hill toil to reach, but more productive than the river valley. This it was thought would afford a better nucleus, around which for the inflowing tide of immigration to gather. But before taking possession of the new home he resolved to move his family to the Pond settlement, and give his children a year's schooling, while he and my older brother William would, during the summer months, prepare and fit up the new home for the reception of the family. This programme was carried out. During that year I attended school summer and winter, and made as fair progress as most boys of my age. In fact, it did not seem to me that I was behind them in literary attainments. My sisters, however, had done something by way of teaching the younger members of the family, as well as instructing the few children of the neighborhood. Our new Ridge home was situated nine miles from the Pond settlement,



and was eventually reached by a branch two and a half miles in length, leading off from the main road. These roads from neglect had become almost impassible for teams,—trees having fallen into and across them.

A little time previous to moving to the new purchase, my father and brother left our home at the settlement, in order to make final preparations for the comfort of the family in the new home. On leaving, they gave instructions for myself and younger brother, on such a day, to come on with a drove of swine, consisting of a hog and various young pigs. The day came and the two boys, one aged eleven and the other seven years, started on their wild and lonesome journey of nine miles through the wilderness, with this peculiar charge. In looking back, I can but wonder and almost shudder at the idea of a parent putting upon his children so hazardous responsibilities. But he had brought up his children to face hardships, and they were as ready to undertake a hard task as he was to require it. To do or not to do, is altogether in the education of the boy. With provisions in our pockets for our dinners, which we contemplated eating at the "bark shanty," a hunter's lodge half way on the journey, we set out at sun rise, and put our drove under way. We arrived at the shanty before noon, refreshed ourselves and moved on. But all at once we found ourselves in an unbroken forest, and not a track or a land-mark to guide us. We had missed the road, in endeavoring to go around some tree-tops and heavy timbers that had fallen across it. We moved forward in what we supposed was the right direction, but still found no road. We renewed our efforts with all the bravery we could command and yet we seemed deeper lost in the wilderness. We simultaneously looked at each other and commenced to cry. At length I summoned up new resolutions, feeling that our lives depended on the exercise of reason and judgment. I looked at the sun and knowing it was but little past noon, made calculation with regard to the point of the compass at which our journey lay, and knowing we must be either one side of the road or the other, and that

an east or west course would strike it, I left my brother with the drove, instructing him, whenever I halloed to answer me. I then took a line of trees and struck out at a right angle with what I supposed to be the direction of the road. I traveled until the sound of my brother's voice had nearly died away in the distance, but found not the path. Then returning I took the opposite direction. Fifty rods in this direction brought me to the trail; and the reader of this narrative may justly conclude, that two happier boys never greeted each other with loud manifestations of rejoicing than did these two, on the occasion of having found themselves. Ah! me, the ashes of that brother repose in a church-yard of the far west; he was ever my companion, he was by my side when at sunrise we discovered the lost boy, after that tedious night of search and painful suspense, as described in the poem entitled the "Lost Lamb," and *that* boy has also passed from his western home of toil to the better land; and as the shadows of the past mingle with the shadows of life's evening, soon to close the day of my earthly existence, the memories of the changeful past mingle with the stern realities of the present, and the bright beams of hope are for the moment bedimmed with tears.

There never was a kinder hearted parent, or one who loved his children more than did my father, but the exigencies of the case required that he should teach them self-reliance, and a confidence and positiveness of character, that would fit them to be successful pioneers in a new country. Many a time during the next three years, did I thread that wilderness with our faithful dog by my side, going to the settlement and returning the same day, and sometimes on what might be called a trifling errand. I recollect on one occasion an ox was taken sick and required bleeding. There was not in the neighborhood of seven families (and that is the greatest number who were in the settlement at one time) who had an instrument for performing such phlebotomy. My father could not have been much of a mechanic, for with a little ingenuity and a piece of hoop-iron, with a file and grindstone, the instrument could have been manufac-

tured in a few minutes; or the point of a jackknife driven through a piece of wood for a guard would do the work. But I was sent to the settlement for an instrument. I found one in the possession of a man who had borrowed it of the owner living five miles away. Its loan was at first refused. But the man marking my sad disappointment, that affected me to tears, altered his mind, and loaned me the instrument, and before night the ox was relieved of the superabundant portion of his blood.

At this age I toiled in the field as steadily as the days came and went, except, that I gained time by performing my allotted task; and then with hook and line there was sport during the hours gained to myself. There was much in these wild scenes of my early life that might not be uninteresting; but we pass on leaving the reader to his imagination.

I will relate however one little incident that caused the family some merriment at the time. My father, brother and myself opened a new road through the wilderness to intersect the old road leading from the lower settlement to the Pond settlement. At the junction of the roads it became necessary to place a guide-board. Accordingly one was blocked out, and on it was engraved in crude looking hieroglyphics, "2½ miles to H O L," meaning to Holbrook's. The next time we had occasion to go that way we found some disgusted wag on an exploring expedition had changed the O to an E, which though not exactly in keeping with the social condition of the family yet I am inclined to think, save the warmth, represented the condition and prospects of that bleak and broken region of John Brown's track, where no moral or christian man could find comfort.

In the fall of my 12th year I traveled on foot to Madrid, and the following winter attended school, living with my grandfather and uncle Charles' family, whose kindness of heart gave me a happy welcome.

Three years upon the ridge farm and yet the golden dreams remained unrealized. My father's health had become seriously impaired. His disease was a lingering dyspepsia, caused by hard



toil and anxiety. Of a proud spirit and extremely social in his nature, he broke down under these physical and mental burdens. I recollect of his reading to his family a long petition to the State legislature, portions of which were couched in the language of deep pathos, setting forth the advantages that the State would derive by an appropriation to build a road from Albany through the wilderness, cutting the newly laid out township, giving access to the lumber and iron regions, &c., but he never heard from the petition. Well do I remember the sadness of his countenance when one morning, crushed and almost heart-broken at the great mistake of his life, he said to my mother, "it is not good for man to be alone, and I shall spend the remainder of my days in civilized society."

He had cleared and put under good cultivation over thirty acres of the new purchase, made comfortable the log house we occupied, and built a good barn 30 by 42 feet, the raising of which shows the estimate at which he was held in the Pond settlement. I should judge that some twenty men walked through the woods nine miles and back, and gave their services as freely as they would lift a cup of cold water to the lips of a thirsty friend. This farm with the betterments was afterwards sold for a span of horses, wagon and harness, and a rifle. All worth perhaps \$200.

Our first move was to the village of Russell where we spent the winter. The business of that winter was attending school, and having the measles. My mother and ten of the twelve children were sick with this disease nearly at the same time.

During this winter, being then fourteen years of age, in addition to arithmetic and geography, I took to Murray's grammar, which I mastered by rote and then threw it up as a dry study, not having acquired an idea of the meaning of the word grammar. I resumed the study three years afterwards under a student of the St. Lawrence Academy, who explained upon the black-board, and in a few weeks found myself quite a master of the science of construction.

In the spring we moved to a hired farm half way between Russell and Canton. This farm my brother and myself carried on for one

season ; keeping the family together as best we could, my father unable to labor. The next spring we moved to what is called the Union settlement in Potsdam ; having taken a large farm to carry on, on shares.

My father had been gradually failing from the ravages of the terrible malady ; and calm and resigned to the will of his maker, on the 10th day of May, 1832, he sank to rest. A weary and a troubled soul left a crushed and worn-out body, for a home, I trust, where the weary are at rest, and the labors of love go not unrequited. His age was a few days less than forty-eight years. His was a noble and true heart. His benevolence and charity for all, led him to adopt the ultra doctrines of Hosea Ballou, which no doubt he would have seen good reason for modifying in a great degree had he lived to the present time, and learned more of the progressive idea that grace in salvation works only through human agency. But peace to his ashes, rest to his spirit, and a tear to his memory.

About this time two of my sisters married, and each member of the family willing to labor at home or abroad for the general good, the burdens were somewhat lightened. My oldest brother acted in the capacity of father, and bent his entire energies to the interests of the family. We worked various farms in various neighborhoods, one of us working out by the day or the month as occasion permitted.

It was not until my brother had attained the age of twenty-five, and the younger children had found homes with relatives and members of the family who had settled in life, that he started out to look after his own interests. And here I may as well leave the thread of my own narrative to speak a few words for him. He hired to a lumber merchant to go to the wilds of Wisconsin and work for a year. I shall not forget the sobs of his almost bursting heart, as I lay sleepless with him through the long night previous to his departure. We were much attached to each other, and his love for the family was reciprocated by every member. My mother was deeply agitated. It was a sleepless night to all. He parted with us

for his four weeks journey up the lakes ; reached his destination ; worked his year, in the solitude of the forest, expecting to receive funds to enable him to make a purchase of real estate on the cheap lands opened to market. He had contemplated purchasing a number of village lots where the city of Milwaukee now stands, that he could have then bought for a trifle, and that as results have proved, would have made him a fortune. But his employer broke down, and he lost his entire year's labor. Add to this, that at the raising of a house, he injured himself by lifting too hard and was laid up a year and a half unable to labor, and we have a picture of hardships in pioneer life on which the youth of the present generation are unaccustomed to look. But with the older inhabitants there are many such pictures still hanging in the halls of memory, and to occasionally bring them out to view may not be unprofitable to the rising generation, who know little by experience of the pinching economy, impelled by necessity, that, in fact, in years gone by laid the foundation of the temporal blessings they now enjoy. There are lessons of that day that it were well to read for the benefit, also, of those who are not born to wealth, but whose fortune is to delve for a subsistence and fight single handed the fearful battle, when their domain is invaded by the encroachments of the capitalists, the pomp of pride and aristocracy, and by the suicidal hand of labor itself in the '*strikes*' that prove but heavy blows, recoiling upon the laborer himself, and rendering his case more hopeless.

My brother battled bravely against opposing elements determined to secure a home in the west. He married and eventually settled down in the village of Waukesha, twenty miles from Milwaukee. His wife proved a true help-mate. Being a man of sound judgment, and a close mechanic, his ingenuity and labor combined afforded himself and amiable wife (they have no children) a good support. At the age of thirty-nine he spent a season with the writer,—took lessons in the art of dentistry, became a successful practitioner, has a house and lot, and a separate office, as fine as the western country

affords, all his own property—a partner to assist, and is quietly and peacefully descending the hill of life—a good true-hearted, honest, and respected citizen.

But to return to myself. The labor of the farm was to me always irksome. A want of physical strength, and a peculiar turn of mind, that led my thoughts into other channels unfitted me for this class of manual labor. I think the most prominent feature was what may be called a *religious* turn of mind accompanied with a desire for study. Educated in an extreme idea of theology, my energies were bent in the elucidation and defence of that. Had I been educated in some other theory, no doubt the same energy would have been bestowed on *that* theory. It was an innate feeling without independent judgment to give it direction. It was my delight to argue some point of theology, and descant on the duties and destiny of man.

In the summer of my eighteenth year, while laboring in the field, the thought came to me that I would attend the fall term of the St. Lawrence Academy. But the question arose how can I pay expenses? no money, no influential friends to assist, and nothing for a basis of credit. But to the Academy I must go. My mother joyfully seconded my resolution. Accordingly at the proper time I made a visit to the principal of the Academy, Asa Brainard, who was a profound scholar, and to me, in those days, almost an oracle. He was a friend to young men of limited means seeking an education. A bargain was soon made with him. I was to attend the fall term, teach in the winter, and pay my tuition in the spring out of my earnings. I took a room in the Academy building and boarded myself. The Academy was a four mile walk from my mother's home. Every Monday morning she fitted me out with a pail of provisions, and such choice dainties as she could prepare. This weekly store, I many a time carried on my arm on foot the four miles, returning with the empty pail on Friday evening after school hours. But study had my diligent attention. The term passed as a scene of pleasure and delight. I passed the inspector's

examination, and took a school to teach at twelve dollars per month and was to "board round." It was in a Scotch neighborhood, and I was happy to find myself competent to teach the youth of that particular locality, who in turn seemed to consider me quite a prodigy in the branches of learning. In the spring, I settled up my tuition bill; assisted my brother to pay up an old debt contracted by my father, and after purchasing a few articles of clothing found myself destitute of funds. I went to Canada with the idea of teaching through the summer, found an opening, and would have succeeded in engaging my services, but, as I afterwards learned, was rejected because I had given offence to the dignity and English blood of the committee by sitting in their presence with my hat on. They wanted no such Yankee manners introduced among the rising generation, and I can hardly blame them. I returned to the States and hired out to work on a farm through the summer. The fall found me again at the Academy. The next winter my services commanded \$18 per month. Between two and three years, I attended the school both the summer and fall terms, teaching winters and working in the harvest field during the summer vacations. The spring after I was twenty-one I determined to spend the approaching summer at the Clinton Liberal Institute, a school situated ten miles south of Utica and in sight of Hamilton College. Accordingly, I took the stage at Ogdensburg with fifty-five dollars and a half in my pocket, for my destination. It being the breaking up of winter the roads were almost impassable. We left Ogdensburg at the hour of midnight. About one mile out the stage partially upset, and I slid down from the driver's seat and the apron which was buttoned across in front of us, caught under my chin, and my feet were fully six inches in the mud. The driver extricated me, then went to the nearest house for a light, and with fence rails we pried out the ponderous wheels and righted the vehicle. Our headway averaged about two miles an hour. But the fourth day evening I was installed in my new quarters, having tarried at Utica over Sunday. The best I could do the journey had cost me ten dollars.



I attended this institution sixteen weeks; at the end of which time I suppose I might be considered to possess a fair Academic education. The story of my economy during this period may not be uninteresting. I earned during the time ten shillings, that would leave me \$46,25 with which to pay my way for the sixteen weeks; and also through an intermediate three weeks vacation. I bought nine dollars worth of books, broad-cloth two yards, at six dollars per yard, that made me a coat and vest, paid my tuition, and returned to Ogdensburg by canal, line boat, and steamboat, deck passage, and walked thirteen miles to the residence of my mother, with fifty cents left in my pocket. My board cost me less than three shillings per week. The rule of life early adopted was to live within my income, great or small, and as far as possible ask no credit, but keep my credit good so that it could be used if necessary. The winter previous to this date I became acquainted with Lucinda Richardson, a daughter of Daniel M. Richardson, residing three miles below Columbia village; she was a young lady of thorough common school attainments, pleasing address, and an excellent heart. She frequently attended my spelling-schools, and usually spelled down the whole school. I frequently visited at her house, an attachment grew up between us, and we were engaged to each other. And though in my rambles, the temptations of other attractions presented themselves, and some offering pecuniary considerations, yet my heart remained true to the farmer's daughter. In the fall after my return from Clinton we were married. We commenced our domestic life without a dollar. But she proved truly a help-mate, and her kind and affectionate heart, always hopeful, cheered me on and seconded every effort. In the winter succeeding, we were house-keeping in the Scotch settlement, with the charge of a school, consisting of one hundred different scholars. The average was about seventy-five in attendance. My companion spent a portion of her time in the school-room in order to lighten my labors. The wages were twenty-six dollars per month, we boarding ourselves. But we were not forgotten by the "folk's at home," a fact attested by many a well filled basket of choice provisions. In the

spring we settled in Columbia village, where I engaged in a select school and at the same time made an arrangement with Dr. Henry Mazuzen, my next door neighbor, to study medicine with him. I read his anatomical and medical works, reciting to him when we were both at leisure. Also took some instructions in the art of dentistry, of which he had something of a theory and some practice. Thus studying, teaching and practicing, two years had passed and I was prepared to attend a course of lectures, in order to graduate as a physician. But "man deviseth his way and the Lord directeth his steps." My destiny was not to be a medical practitioner. My wife had for some time been declining in health and sadness and anxiety came to embitter my days. On the fourth of June, 1842, nearly three years after our marriage a son was born to me, the pledge of an affection that had never been ruffled or changed. To her it was a matter of rejoicing, that her memory should live with me in this choicest and best gift from heaven. This son is now practicing dentistry in the city of Milwaukee, having learned his profession with my brother and graduated at Philadelphia Dental College,—has been President of Wisconsin State Dental Association, is successful in his profession, and also successful in gaining the confidence and good will of those with whom he is associated. The members of his family consist of an affectionate wife and a beautiful daughter and son, who all hold a warm place in my affections. How the stream widens towards the ocean of eternal rest! The original fountain may cease, but new fountains and new streams spring up to meet us along the weary journey of life and the desert is changed to a fruitful field.

The disease from which my wife had been suffering fully developed itself in dropsy of the heart. Eleven weeks after the birth of our son, she expired. I had left her sitting in her chair, apparently in her usual health, had gone a few rods from the house, when the alarm came. When I took her cherished form to my arms the spirit had fled. Those of my readers who have had like experience can realize the agony of that hour; those who have not, I would

not introduce to the sacred inner chamber of grief and desolation. Thus closed an era of my existence that perhaps changed the whole course of my life, whose influence, enstamped upon the tablet of my inner being, has never lost its hold upon my spirit. And whatever the situation, prosperous or adverse, the halcyon joys of those three years of struggle and effort, soothed and cheered by an affection deep as woman can feel for man, are before me, and I trust my life has been made better for the ministry of one so genial.

Rest, gentle spirit, from the blight and storm—  
The agony that heaves the breast,  
In memory still true hearts are beating warm,  
Rest, dear confiding spirit, rest.

About two months after the death of my companion, I had a visit from some cousins residing in Burlington, Vermont. At their earnest solicitation I returned home with them,—engaged to teach a school in a district half way from Burlington to Williston, making my uncle's house my home for all days when not in the school. The winter passed as pleasantly as my lonely condition would permit. The school-house was about three miles from my uncle's, and my cousin who was about my age, having taken a school half way intervening, we accompanied each other over the drifts of snow, to and from his father's house. He had also a younger brother and three sisters living at home, an excellent father, his mother having passed on, and, in this genial resort, troubles and heartaches were somewhat forgotten. During this winter I read twenty-seven hundred pages of medical works. But my mind never fully free from the subject, reverted more than ever to theology.

About three miles from my school was an organized debating society, and from it I received an invitation to discuss the question of dispute between the doctrines advocated by Hosea Ballou and the orthodox sentiments of that day ; both of which I have since come to view as extremes, the truth lying about half way between, as is usually the case. With passages of scripture at my tongue's end, and pockets filled with extracts from various commentaries, I presented myself as the champion of the doctrine that many



considered too good to be true. The school-room was filled until there was not a vacant spot on the floor or bench. My opponents were two Methodist exhorters, who were very gentlemanly, and the best spirit prevailed between us. We talked until near midnight, and closed. The committee of five were called on for a decision. Four of them voted in my favor. The fifth, a young man by the name of Edward Tousley, voted against me, explaining that the weight of argument was on my side "but he voted according to scripture." A vote of the entire audience was then taken and only one voted against me. This incident is not related with any partizan feeling, for I certainly have none of the feeling, and little of the theology, I then advocated; but I relate a simple fact showing the tendency and earnestness of my mind at that period. About three weeks previous to the close of my school, I went to board at a house kept as a boarding house for the Burlington Glass Manufacturing Company. I had barely seated myself by the fire, book in hand, when there came an alarm of fire. The house was on fire. The entire garret was in a blaze; I commenced at the chamber and helped the women to remove the furniture and valuables. Every thing of value was removed. After which I threw myself on a feather bed to recuperate from the exhaustion. A severe cough was the result. It continued to grow worse, compelling me to close my school two or three days before the time for which the engagement was made. The cough continued until the physician gave his opinion that the trouble must soon be removed or consumption would be the result. He accordingly put me on a course of blue pill. But the disease was cured by the counter effect of another disease that set in. I became a victim of the epidemic that prevailed through the country to so alarming an extent during the winter and spring of 1843. Mine was a violent and terrible attack. It seized upon the internal viscera generally. The liver became so enlarged that my breath seemed to reach no farther than my throat. It is almost incredible—the amount of medicine that went allopathically into my stomach during two days. Seventeen Moffett's pills,

two doses of calomel, ditto of castor oil and epsom salts ; five Caly-cinth pills, besides a dose I will not mention, all in eight and forty hours. I pen the fact even at the risk of incredulity. But the reader must remember that the physician gave medicine in those days ; and if one dose did not accomplish the desired result, it was followed by another. In this case the result did not follow ; and had not the whole been removed by other means, of course death would have soon ensued. The pulse was up to 135 per minute, and eight fair bleedings were taken from the arm in sixteen days. Paralysis set in, and from the region of the heart down, had no control of myself and could not move a limb, or even a toe. Inflammation of the lining membrain of the spinal chord was the cause of this singular condition. But the physicians were baffled. The "heroic practice" had failed. They dare not take more blood and yet there was no slacking of the pulse. My mind however was clear as ever ; in fact all my mental energies seemed intensified. At this juncture the physicians said I could live but a few hours, and thinking it could do me no harm, they broke to me the death of my mother, a fact they had kept from me for two weeks. She died at my sister's in Stockholm, a hundred miles from me. Her disease was the same as mine. But she was not bled, and she soon sank under the ravages of the terrible scourge. Of course the news of her death was not painful to me, for very soon I expected to join her on the other shore.

It was a suggestion of my own that allayed the terrible fever, and saved me. During the winter I had read Good's Practice, and was struck with the instances, name and date he gave of the allaying of active inflammation by cold applications. I suggested the experiment in my own case. Accordingly my whole abdomen was soon enveloped with a layer of snow and water between folds of cloth. The pulse at once began to slacken its pace. The applications were renewed once in a few minutes. The result was, that in a few days the circulation was reduced to its normal condition. Sensation gradually returned to the extremities, and the will power again held

control over them. But so near had I approached the dark valley, that mortification had set in at three localities. Over the sacrum the flesh sloughed out ; leaving an opening five inches in length and four in width, and an average depth of one inch, owing to the inflammation. Over the liver the flesh dropped out half as large as my hand, another spot the size of a penny, on the bottom of my foot. These wounds were four months in healing. During ninety days, it was estimated at the time, that I took forty doses of calomel ; was salivated three times. Eleven years after, during the operation of a wet sheet pack, as complete a ptyalism set in with as distinctly a mercurial flavor, as was experienced under its direct influence ; though I had not taken a dose of calomel during the interim. These remarks are not intended as a thrust at allopathy properly practiced. The era of abuse in this direction has happily past.

*That* sickness broke my constitution, leaving me for a time a mere wreck and ever since subject to attacks of disease from both internal and external causes. Since then many a siege of weeks and months have I passed through ; and many times seemed lingering upon the brink, vacillating on the line between the two worlds, and sometimes hardly free from one attack of suffering and pain, before there has come a renewal, and again am helpless. But my natural recuperative forces of life are doubtless remarkable, add to this a life of strictly temperate habits, using no tobacco, no spirituous liquors except as a medicine, keeping good hours, and as far as possible all the faculties of the system free from abuse, and here doubtless is the secret that I have lived to attain my 57th year.

But to return : After a confinement to my bed for thirteen weeks, I began to again exercise control over the mysterious machine governed by human volition. Never did my spirit receive such an ecstasy as when for the first time I rode out with my uncle, and the beautiful scenes of nature, as painted by the finger of the divine artist, were presented on exhibition to my ravished eyes, on a beautiful day about the middle of June, 1843. On the day of the

attack that shut me in from the scenes of the outer world, the snow was two feet deep. Now what glory and sublimity thrilled the magnetic threads of being! The renewal of nature corresponded with the renewal of life to me, and the whole seemed like the morning of a resurrection. I received it as a signal and foreshadowing of the sublimer birth that awaits the travail of a longing and earth-burdened spirit. If its glories shall prove as sacred and sublime, I am content.

After settling the bill of my physician, he kindly making a large deduction, and his counsel refusing to take a penny, I had barely funds left to pay the expense of my journey back to Madrid.

And now came the leave-taking of my uncle's family, of whom I had become one, evidently as sincerely cherished as any other member! What sadness pervades the heart, as memory freighted with the voices of the loved ones, revisits the scenes beyond the shadowy veil that has intervened. Friendships of youth, dear as existence, voices of confidence and cheer for the agonized and suffering heart, hands of affection that smoothed the pillow and wiped away the child-like tear! Ah! how the fountains cease their flow, and how the streams of affection still widen toward the shoreless and eternal sea! Those sisters have passed out from the shore, the uncle, the cousin—companion to and from school—the physician, who did what he could in my behalf and to whom the heart still owes its gratitude, the nurse hired to attend through the night watches, the physician who gave me medical instruction—all—all have embarked, and gone out with the out-bound tide of being.

My bark is also on the shore,  
My feet the water's lave,  
I but await the muffled oar  
And the receding wave.

Returned to Madrid, and to the scenes of desolation! And what next, baffled and tired heart, remains for thee!

With this broken constitution and shattered and still suffering frame, to think of completing a medical course, and of contracting for the hardships of the life of a physician, was now out of the question.

The desire to preach had since the death of my companion more and more increased upon me. Just previous to her death she said to me: "Had you not married me you would have gone to preaching; it is the livelihood you ought to follow. I shall soon leave you, you will then preach."

During my mother's sickness she knew nothing of my condition more than I of hers, yet about the last words she said were "I have a presentiment that something terrible is happening to Edwin, and something that will turn him to the work that he ought to engage in." She always had a desire that I should preach. I now resolved to attempt the enterprise. Accordingly arrangement was soon made with Rev. Job Potter, then located at Ogdensburg, to occupy his study the coming winter. Mr. Potter was a good man, possessed of a kind and feeling heart. He took a deep interest in my welfare, and did all in his power to introduce me to the favorable notice of the fraternity. His doctrines were identical with those of Hosea Ballou, and the books of that stamp being the only denominational works that came under my notice for perusal, and not then having acquired the habits of an independent thinker, those peculiar views were adopted as my own.

After sojourning with Mr. Potter for four weeks, he gave me notice that I must assist him in his Sunday service. Accordingly I wrote out a prayer and committed it to memory. But when I arose before the audience and closed my eyes, not a syllable of that written document could I recall. However the words seemed to come as the spirit moved, and in a different channel from the one I had marked out. My earnestness and sincerity made up its characteristics. And Mr. P. paid me a decided compliment in speaking of this, my first effort. He was pleased to learn that my written plans of address were thwarted and said to me, "First ascertain what you wish to ask for, and if you are sincere the words will come of themselves. This advice was adopted as a rule.

My funds at this period being exhausted, I took a school in an



adjoining town, but after a few days' trial found my bodily infirmities would not permit me to continue the enterprise. Accordingly I got credit for my board and continued in the study of father Potter a few weeks longer, preparatory to taking charge of a congregation. In the meantime with a letter of recommendation from my instructor in my pocket, I went to attend a conference in the village of Malone, Franklin county, and there preached on trial for a vacancy that existed at the time. Of a number of candidates, the preference fell to my lot. In the spring I removed to Malone, my youngest sister Marcia accompanying me. She was my house-keeper for two years, until the time of my second marriage and also of her own. The days of those two years are remembered with pleasing emotions, for never was there a stronger and purer affection existing between brother and sister. Her whole aim was to cheer me on in my arduous labors, soothe the fierce throbbings of my emotional nature, and help me to bear the burdens of an over-taxed and impaired constitution. There is a something in such a friendship that savors more of heaven than earth, ever calling out the higher and nobler faculties of our being: without it there seems to be something wanting in the lives of the young, and even of the old. Conjugal, paternal, and fraternal love, all seem needed to a rounding up of a true life into completeness.

The people of my charge were not wealthy and of necessity my salary was small. But there was an extended region of country in all directions unoccupied by any preacher of the denomination. Hence I did a good deal of pioneer work; besides attending weddings and funerals in the vicinity, and sometimes at a great distance. I worked sincerely and devoutly for what I believed to be the truth, and now believe, though my religious sentiments have undergone a marked change, that the seven years labor in Franklin County produced beneficial results in giving some impetus to the onward progress of the race, adding something to the sum of human happiness.

After two years of my ministry had elapsed, I resumed the prac-

tice of dentistry, devoting to it what time I could spare from practical duties. At the end of two years, I married to Anna M. Hazelton, daughter of Simeon Hazelton, of Fowler, St. Lawrence county, who took the place of my sister, who also married to Alvin B. Cutting, of Parishville,—a thrifty and honorable farmer who provides a good home for the affectionate sister, wife and mother. My wife resumed the duties of my sister, and most faithfully did she perform them; she has proved faithful and true as companion and mother, devoting her life interests to her family and her children who have grown up worthy and respectable members of society, following the rules of sobriety, industry and economy taught by their excellent mother, and are a wealth to their parents better than bonds and mortgages, and have a legacy better than the inheritance of a worldly fortune.

At the end of three years my society had completed a church edifice, which, though not now comparing favorably with the costly structures near it, yet at that time of democratic simplicity, was considered neat and tasty. I would like here to speak of the noble and generous souls who seconded my efforts in that county. The names of Amsden, Field, Briggs, Man, Elsworth, Flanders, Parlin, Hadley, Smith, Keeler, and so I might go on naming; but space will not permit. Many of them have passed on, and when recently I gave a lecture in the church, how sadly the strange faces reminded me that I was but a lonely lingerer on the boundary line that marks the last footprints of a past generation. But the streams of affection are flowing on to unite again in the ocean of eternal love.

Rest, throbbing heart, on the anchor of hope, thy bark shall out-ride the troubled waters, and there is calm beyond the tempest and the storm.

After preaching for two years I found my theological views were undergoing a marked change. I no longer held to the idea that every evil and error a man committed belonged to the flesh, and that all evil and all its consequences would cease with the decompo-

sition of the human frame. For I could not see why the outward human organization was not just as good and as pure in itself, in its place, as any thing else deity had formed. But it struck me that it was the *use* the body was put to by the mind, or the spiritual nature, that constituted the right or the wrong. It is the very fact that man has a moral nature that makes him a sinner by his acts, or renders him responsible. The beast has no moral or spiritual nature, and hence is not responsible, and though he may break a physical law, and pain may ensue, yet in a moral sense he cannot sin. It is the use the spirit makes of the body, and not the use the body makes of the spirit that constitutes the moral nature of the act, for if blind physical matter is considered to have the supreme control, governing man by physical force, of course there then could be no moral responsibility. Thus I reasoned from cause to effect, and came to the conclusion that the dissolution of man's physical being could not work such a moral or spiritual effect as laid down in Ballou's doctrine of atonement. Hence, the doctrine of future retribution became a leading feature in my ministrations.

During my sojourn in Malone, I purchased a building lot, and built and paid for a pleasant and nice dwelling which we occupied for two years. But my avocation required more effort than my constitution could well endure, and I resolved to seek a new location.

I sold out my real estate for 30 per cent. less than it cost, and removed my family now consisting of wife and three sons to the village of Carthage, Jefferson county. This proved emphatically a sterile field of labor for my kind of theology, though I made some warm friends who remain true to this day. I made an effort to build a church edifice, but after having canvassed the region round about, and obtained subscriptions sufficient for the enterprise, not succeeding in finding a builder who would take the subscription for his pay—abandoned the scheme, and after two years of unsuccessful labor, removed to Watertown, N. Y. Here for four years I practiced dentistry and preached in the vicinity. But the day of dogmatic theology had passed. And for my life I could not feel to in-



terfere with an individual's religious belief, more than with his daily food. I came to view all religions as right and proper in their place, and each sect as having a mission to perform, each adapted to the wants of its adherents. Back of them all exists the element of pure religion in the soul, and these are but the channels of its manifestation to the world. And while these are essential as the organized means of communion; yet the true spirit of religion may exist back of, and without them. What all the sects need is more of the spirit of love and fraternity; more of the earnest effort that shall not only unite them together in fraternity, but through the unity of the spirit, shall seek more the advancement of the true interests of humanity.

The doctrines and precepts of the Bible are couched more or less in symbols, myths and legends, and back of all, is the spiritual truth they represent and inculcate. The great mistake of the interpreter consists in mistaking the drapery of those legends for the truth symbolized; in too much solicitude about the outward form, forgetting to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace."

The view of salvation I had adopted was, that each individual's life is precisely what he makes it; that his present condition and attainment have an important bearing upon his condition in the future world, and that in all worlds knowledge must come through the voluntary faculties of the mind, and the degrees towards perfection are only attained through the effort of the will. That Christ saves men just as far as they accept and act out the Christ principle, and follow the teachings of his sublime life in the soul, and no farther—that grace does its work only by leading to voluntary obedience. Having grown into these views, I came to place less stress upon *final* results, and more upon the personal needs and conditions of mankind.

The term "universal salvation" became too much an expression of glittering generalities. In fact, the question arose whether immortality itself were not an attainment, that can only exist when a certain degree of development is attained, in which the eternal ele-

ments of the universe become sufficiently embodied in equilibrium in man, to render that embodiment immortal; that the line of demarkation in the scale of evolution from the lower to the higher, may not include on the side of immortality all who bear the human form, for there are those bearing that form who are lower in the scale of development than the higher order of brutes. Every good thing with man is the result of labor, that appropriates the riches of a universe to his own use. Hence, man is to work out his own salvation. Work, everlasting work, is his destiny.

Should the reader find in this book, in any poem, sentiments that differ from these expressed views, he may credit them to the dogmatic theological period of my life: before I began independently to think. Whatever may be thought of my present views, I am satisfied that it is the middle ground between the extremes, and from the signs of the times, the day is not far distant when on this ground the two extremes will happily meet.

Entertaining these views I could not well remain an exponent of the distinctive Universalism of that day, neither could I boldly maintain my views as an independent, with hope of sufficient worldly success to give support to my family, without which support a man "denies the faith and is worse than an infidel."

I also, by thorough investigation, became convinced that there is an inter-communication between this and the world of spirits. This idea, however, I received as a fact, and not as a religion, and could never enter into the plans of the mass of believers regarding an organization on the one idea, or sympathize with their credulity and extravagances. I regarded it as corroborative proof of the scriptural idea of immortality, but further than this, possessing no intrinsic value or definiteness, and so unreliable in its facts, that no definite system of ethics or religion can be based upon it. Though to the skeptic, its demonstration of an immortal existence is of vital importance, yet I have never seen growing out of it any system that can compare with the doctrines and precept of the New Testament. Whatever of truth there is in this development will become absorbed in the

scientific and religious organizations of the day. This is my position after years of investigation and reflection.

My health was poor—one profession was enough to follow for the remainder of my life, and I chose the one that would bring provision to my household. And at peace with all denominations of Christians, in sympathy with the spirit that actuates them all, and wishing them God speed in every right endeavor, I, in July, 1857, returned to the body from which it emanated my letter of fellowship as a preacher, and since then, have paid my taxes and enjoyed the privileges of a common citizen, lecturing or speaking occasionally on subjects political, moral or religious, free and independent.

One of the most important duties of man in this world is to rightly adjust himself to this world by bringing himself into harmony with its laws.

In the days of his strength, it is imperative that he should provide for the days of his own decline, and for those that his own agency has made dependent upon him. And though charity should not stop here, yet its first duty is to “commence at home.”

In regard to my worldly matters, a few words from my own experience may not be inappropriate. Pay as you go, and live within your income, with a yearly margin in your favor, is a rule to be adhered to on general principles. Yet there is one exception that may safely be made: No laboring man is in so prosperous a condition as the one who has invested in real estate where an increase in value is inevitable. To contract a debt for such a purchase of moderate proportions, and then with industry and economy, labor with the object in view to meet the payments and liquidate the debt, is the true road to prosperity. Many a homestead is thus gained, where, had there not been such an object to work to, the money would have been expended for that which is not really a necessity, and the family would drag through a life of toil, homeless and houseless. These rules I observed strictly. And at the age of 48 had paid for a farm of 50 acres, also, one of 150 acres, to which

was added a gift from my wife's generous father of 46 acres more, making in all 246 acres of land under good cultivation. Also, a house and lot in one of the best locations in the city of Watertown. All these were purchased when real estate was low, paid for in installments out of my own earnings, and taken altogether, they more than doubled in value. It was not until I attained my 48th year that I listened to the siren voice of the speculator. Had I continued on in the even tenor of my way, my income during the years of my decline would have been ample to supply the needs of my family and bestow charities to others in need. But I had poor and needy friends and relatives that I wished to help, and the thought came to me that perhaps I could enter the arena of speculation and increase my capital to the amount desired. A sail vessel was being built at Ogdensburg, and the proprietor, perfectly honest and sincere, showed me the figures of a craft that the year previous had paid for itself; so I took a one-quarter interest in the new vessel, my share being about \$3,500. At about the same time I was induced also to invest \$1,700 in a company for the manufacture of lasts, that showed on paper a good margin. But freights went down and bunting went up. Government had put a tariff on all lasts sold, of five or six dollars on every hundred, whether the sales were at a loss or gain; the market became dull, and the daily outgo exceeded the income. Add to this a law-suit with my farm tenant who drove off a portion of my stock, making it necessary for me to replevin and prove my ownership in a suit at law, and in two years I sank three thousand dollars.

The next scheme for a fortune that presented itself was a silver mining enterprise. An old friend in whom I reposed confidence, and who was doubtless himself sincere, but had never seen the Rocky mountains, but had purchased a mine in Colorado of friends whom he was positive could be trusted—desired me to assist him in selling the stock to a company. Having received from him the assurance that if such a company was formed it *should* prove a success, and if this mine failed he would put the company into another

mine that *would* pay, I enlisted, to the neglect of my other business. A committee was appointed to go and test the mine, and if it came up to certain statements regarding location and the mill run of the ore, the company were to take it and pay in their stock. Fifty thousand dollars of stock had been taken, the result of much hard labor, and for which I was to receive ten per cent. of the stock I obtained, and nothing more. The committee made the examination, and the mine did not come up to the recommendation, and the whole was a failure. Another mine, however, was purchased, and another company was formed, and I spent months of hard labor in procuring subscriptions. An agent was sent to examine the mine, and reported all right. Hope was now buoyant, and great expectations were soon to be realized. This argentiiferous Eldorado of the Rocky mountains gave promise of great wealth to the nation, and to individuals, and he who enlisted first would be the lucky man. During the height of this enthusiasm, a friend suggested, that he and I might as well be on the ground floor in an enterprise of this kind, and so I visited the mines of Colorado; purchased a mine on the usual conditions, and my friend and I went to Franklin county and stocked it out. The proprietors of this mine failed on their part to do the work on the mine they agreed to do, and when the agent went with me to make the examination, I did not take him to see it; but we secured the services of the agent of the Jefferson property to look us up a good mine during the winter, and report. In the spring he reported a mine, out of which 75 tons of ore had been taken, developed by seven shafts and various drifts on the vein. On his recommendation, the mine was accepted. The old subscribers were released, and a new subscription paper circulated to sell stock to pay for the mine and its development. My friend and I using barely sufficient of the funds to pay expenses; and for profits, taking our chances with the company.

Results: The Jefferson county company expended some \$13,000 in sinking a shaft 220 feet, and a cross-cut tunnel over 300 feet through solid rock. It is now questionable whether the shaft fol-



lowed the main vein, or whether the tunnel ever reached the main vein, but they did not find the ore they expected. The working capital was expended—the company disheartened, refuse as yet to be assessed, and the enterprise thus far is a failure. The proprietor, J. T. Goodrich, was burned up in the Chicago fire, and of course my surety was gone. The work done on the Franklin county property, according to the best reports, proves the mine to be a very good one, one of the best in the district, and at this writing, they are taking hold with renewed vigor to push on the development with fair promise of success. But it requires more labor and more expenditure to open these mines than was anticipated, and more than will be required, as facilities for working them increase.

Three times I visited the rocky mountains in one year, and traveled over 14,000 miles by rail.

That there is untold wealth in those mountains, I still maintain, and when the extravagant ideas of the owners and purchasers of the mines shall have fully abated, and the money laid out shall be used for purposes of development, instead of premature speculation, mining in Colorado will be a safe and paying business, adding to individual and national wealth.

For myself, had I at this writing not heard of those silver mines, nor listened to the speculator, but attended to my legitimate business, I would be much better off pecuniarily, and not sorely perplexed to meet my financial liabilities, and would also have retained the regard of some of the stockholders who insist on impugning my motives. I am, however, happy to know that with those who know me best, my error is regarded as one of the head, and not of the heart.

I am satisfied from the results of my own experience, and from general observation, that whatever be a man's occupation for a livelihood, to that he should adhere steadily and legitimately, and let outside speculations mostly alone. To enlist in a business enterprise with which one is unacquainted, and entrust it to other hands, and where you are not in a situation to look over the books, or help to give

direction to the policy to be pursued, is a very probable road to financial disaster. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. Where a business is known to be already a success, and the parties engaged in it are known to be trusty, and if it be a business not liable to any considerable fluctuations, an investment of surplus capital may even be advisable. But as a general rule, too much caution cannot be observed in this direction. This is my lesson of experience.

In concluding this outline of the events of my mortal existence to the age of 57 years, and feeling that with me there is remaining but a short space ere I reach the dividing line, I can but express my thanks to the great Giver for the many blessings that have been mingled with the bitter cup of adversity, and that each of the many pangs of disease have been superseded by a joy, and that the more intense the pain, the greater has been the pleasure. I have formed many friendships that are cherished and dear, and know of but very few enemies, no more than I might have reason to expect, from the positive position I have taken on all subjects pertaining to what I believed to be for the good and welfare politically, financially and socially. I have lived longer than I had reason to expect, with the infirmities with which I am burdened—a kidney difficulty being the most prominent, whereby impurities are thrown back upon the system to find vent in rupture and general derangement.

But I have lived to see my four sons arrive to years of manhood, worthy and respected, all married to excellent companions. They, with their cherished mother, are left to me to soothe my days of infirmity and decline. And my mission being nearly accomplished, I look beyond the troubled waters where the joys of the spirit are not intermingled with the agony of disease; there to take up the thread of my being where I here leave it, and anew commence my life work.

On recovering from a late severe illness, I resolved to publish a book embodying some of my life-thoughts. I would that I could

do better justice to the various subjects portrayed. I present it with a diffident hand to the public, asking their indulgence.

The names of those who have subscribed to the work, comprising a large majority of my friends, and of the business community in which I reside, I receive with a grateful spirit, as so many tokens of a genuine fraternity.

When the heart that now throbs its gratitude over those mementoes of friendship shall have ceased its beat, and the hand that traces these lines shall be but scattered dust ; and the immortal spirit still taking cognizance of the scenes of earth shall be permitted to take an interest in human welfare ; if through the words and sentiments herein written, I can then feel that one purer emotion has been awakened, one thought has been evolved that has made the world a little better, and the heart a little more hopeful, in this let my memory live, while my short-comings and imperfections lie buried in oblivion.

An humble offering from a heart sincere,  
Though imperfections in the verse appear.



## POETRY.

The poem at best  
Is but poorly expressed,  
When it comes from the depths of the soul;  
Its rythm, though deep,  
But a few chords can sweep,  
But a few of its echoes control.

'Tis the life in the heart,  
And only in part,  
As the sun-light reflects on the sea,  
Can the life in the soul,  
Rise beyond its control,  
And the verse from the poet be free.

In silence and tears,  
The experience of years,  
Heart-gushings, no pen can express,  
The numbers may flow,  
But the spirit's deep throe  
Is untold by the pen or the press.

Though the measure be terse,  
And smooth be the verse,  
And affect us to sadness or mirth,

No pleasure or pain  
Can be wakened again,  
Like the heart-throb that gave it its birth.

True life in the soul  
Is the poem, whose goal  
But few in the world have possessed,  
And a loftier thought  
Than our numbers have caught,  
Forever remains unexpressed.

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### THE LOST LAMB.

The events of the following poem actually occurred. If there is any discrepancy, it consists in the failure to delineate the scenes as they transpired.

"What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost till he find it."—Luke xv.—4.

'Twas many, many a year ago,  
In childhood's free and sunny hours,  
When fortune smiled on every hand,  
And strewed my tiny path with flowers ;—  
I roamed my father's ample fields,  
A merry, joyous, thoughtless boy,  
And gathered from the mines of earth  
The gold without its base alloy ;  
And little thought dame fortune's wheel

Would ever from me roll away,  
And leave along its shining path  
The faded relics of decay.

But so it fell : my father's lands  
All vanished as an idle dream—  
The remnant of his flocks and herds,  
And Kate, the remnant of his team,  
Were all now left, save children ten,  
The faithful partner of his toils,  
And household goods the worse for wear ;  
These were the remaining spoils  
He gathered up without delay,  
And journeyed to a land of hills,  
And forests wild and beasts of prey,  
And rapid streams that turned no mills.  
Ten tedious miles, through lonesome woods,  
The new sought goal of fortune lay,  
Which to attain with flocks and goods,  
Required the journey of a day.  
My father's hand a hut had reared,  
Of logs, upon a rising ground ;  
A few scant acres he had cleared,  
With trees and brushwood fenced them round.  
To our next neighbor 'twas a mile,  
And to another it was three ;  
We took no thought of latest style,  
And lived from fashion's slavery free.  
And there shut out from petty strife,  
We lived and toiled from year to year,

And everything around of life  
    Became more cherished and more dear.  
We loved the green and grand old hills,  
    We loved the forest, deep and wild,  
And from the pure and sparkling rills  
    Sipped nature's nectar undefiled.  
We learned to love our neighbors few,  
    And often in communion sweet,  
Drawn by affection pure and true,  
    The hardy pioneers would meet.  
Oft to our lodge the hunter came  
    To chase the bear and fallow deer,  
And laden with his forest game  
    Came in at night with blessed cheer.  
We loved the lakes, and oft with pride  
    We'd launch the birchen-bark canoe,  
And o'er their rippling waters glide,  
    With line and hook, nor danger knew.  
Oft for the river or the brook  
    We started with a merry shout ;  
And ere the day had closed, we took  
    A basket full of speckled trout.  
At close of day the solemn owl  
    Would hoot from out the forest deep,  
The dog would answer to the howl  
    Of wolves, and guarded well the sheep.  
Our wants were easily supplied,  
    As they were few from day to day,  
For aristocracy and pride

We had no merchant's bills to pay.  
And there we lived and learned to love,  
All that had life we called our own—  
The flocks, the cattle, and above  
All, we loved our rude and rustic home.  
A wreck of fortune thrown by fate  
Thus on an isolated shore,  
My parents in this savage state  
Seemed happy as in days of yore.  
To destiny they seemed resigned,  
And drank content the cup she gave,  
Not free, as freedom is defined,  
Yet bound to nothing as a slave.

Thus time rolled on, and o'er that band  
No sorrow cast its gloomy shade,  
For death with his unyielding hand  
No inroad in the group had made,  
Till on one morning, cool and clear,  
A lamb was brought in from the fold—  
Ah! while I write forgive the tear—  
The little form was stiff and cold.  
The spell was broke, for death had come—  
Call it not weakness—there were tears,  
Of parents, children, in that home,  
That had been garnered up for years.

The tenth of April, eighteen twenty-eight,  
Arose with scattering flakes of snow,  
Three days later than my former date,

That filled my father's house with woe.  
And as it drew toward its close,  
More threatening grew the western sky :  
The winds upon the forest rose,  
And tossed its waving plumes on high.  
The flocks were seeking their retreat,  
The cattle scud with nimble hoof,  
The household loves, with busy feet,  
Were gathered 'neath the sacred roof.  
But hark ! a sound above the gale  
Rings out upon the lab'ring air !  
The little group grow breathless, pale,  
And hearts grow sad with mute despair.

Has there a lamb strayed from the fold ?  
Or death again within it come ?  
No : 'tis a boy of two years old,  
Has wandered from the dear old home.  
The sorrow of all former grief  
Was sweetest joy compared to this,  
Its heaviest burden a relief,  
Its deepest agony were bliss.  
All of the past, how soon forgot,  
The meal prepared, untasted stood ;  
And sallying from the humble cot,  
The clearing and adjoining wood  
Were traversed with the speed of flight,  
And voices echoed through the glen  
Till darkness closed upon the sight,

Then all was hushed and still again,  
Save from his waving turret high,  
The owl sent forth his shrill refrain,  
And sounds portending danger nigh  
From wolves that echoed back the strain.

The neighbors on each distant farm  
Responded to the dread alarm,  
And torches now, with lurid glare,  
Are flashing on the rushing air.  
The clang of horn from hill and glade,  
Resounding through the solemn shade,  
Is answered by the hounds' deep bay,  
To frighten back the beasts of prey.  
Anon they to the hut repair,  
And gaze awhile in mute despair ;  
And then from still more distant bounds  
Are echoed back more feeble sounds.  
The area widens as the night  
Advances, till each loses sight  
Of each ; all other signals fail,  
The rifles crack, now cuts the gale.  
The wood is threaded through and through,  
And now more closely in review  
Is searched each crevice, nook and tree—  
But that fair boy ! O where is he ?  
Ask of the fires, whose pallid glow  
But lure us on to mock our woe ;  
The winds that fiercely shriek on high,

Or round us breathe a plaintive sigh ;  
Ask of the woods the mystery.  
They only answer : where is he ?  
And those fond hearts, with tearless grief,  
O tell us, where is their relief ?  
In frenzy from the cot they fly,  
And then return with frantic sigh.  
A faithful vigil on their post they keep,  
For these are sentinels who know no sleep.

O sacred love, how mighty is thy power !  
When centered even in so frail a flower :  
An emanation from the fount divine,  
Garnered and cherished in a mortal shrine.  
O were there more of love that's pure and free,  
Fraternal love that knows no jealousy ;  
Like that which God on mortal man bestows,  
That comes in zephyrs and each breeze that blows,  
Descends to earth in gentle showers of rain,  
In dew and sunshine over hill and plain,  
As blossoms turn to kiss the morning light,  
As stars look down upon the earth at night,  
As myriad streams toward the ocean run,  
And vapors rise attracted by the sun,  
As *laws* that are not forced by servile bonds,  
As like to like in nature corresponds,  
As atoms, planets, by one law unite,  
And nature knows no arbitrary right,  
As parents love, as brothers, sisters feel



A tie, that binds as magnet binds the steel,  
O, how much envy, bitterness and woe,  
Would flee the dismal haunts of men below.

Such was the love that little circle bound;  
When anguish came each felt alike the wound.  
'Twas none the less, but rather seemed the more,  
That in the group were numbered half a score.  
Paternal love tow'rd each was none the less  
That now it frantic sought the wilderness.  
It sought no rest, it knew of no defeat  
Until the number was again complete.

But, reader, I had left my theme,  
And now again return with you,  
That dreary, wild, and midnight scene,  
To pass more briefly in review.  
'Twas midnight! and the winds rose high,  
With flakes of snow and drizzling rain;  
Cloud dashed on cloud along the sky  
As billows on the angry main.  
Above the roar there came a sound,  
Another, and another still;  
'Twas answered by the bay of hound,  
And echoed from each neighboring hill.  
With sad suspense and boding fear  
Each member of that faithful band  
Are toward one centre circling near,  
And now are greeting hand to hand.  
In the deep shadow of the wood,

Beside the brook a hat was found ;  
And there the group in silence stood,  
And augured each the lad was drowned.  
With heavy hearts they search each place,  
Each crest of foam, and arching brim,  
Each eddy deep, each channel trace,  
And joy to find no trace of him.  
High on the streamlet's further shore  
The relic of the lost was found ;  
And now we knew he'd waded o'er,  
And gained at least the rising ground.  
But now new fear the soul pervades,  
The mystery grows more profound,  
For nightly do these upland glades  
With savage beasts of prey abound.  
The tedious hours of night wore on  
As hopeless grew each anxious heart,  
The blissful hour of morning dawn  
Came, but no tidings could impart.

The sky had cleared, the sun arose  
As peaceful, lovely, calm and bright,  
As though the earth had known no woes  
And sorrowing hearts no anxious night.  
I wandered forth, and scarce knew where,  
As though some watchful angel good  
Was hov'ring near with anxious care,  
And led me deeper in the wood.  
It seemed as though some sacred spell  
Was on my spirit, bound my will,

And whispered softly, "All is well!"

"Peace, weary, troubled soul: be still!"

And I instinctively obeyed;

And as a runaway path I took,

That threaded deep the forest glade,

A whisper came—a voice said, "Look!"

I turned my gaze: O glad surprise!

What overwhelming burst of joy;

My almost frantic, gushing eyes,

Fell on the lost, the fair-haired boy.

The stream and fallow he had crossed,

This little boy of two years old,

And wandered on bewildered, lost,

And here sank down benumbed with cold.

But, not till he a simple house,

A shelter from the blast had found,

A little spruce, whose luscious boughs

Arched o'er and tipped the mossy ground.

It seemed as though some unseen hand

Had laid the little lamb away:

For wisdom surely must have planned

To shield and guard him where he lay.

The tears, the look, the sudden start,

The shriek the little sufferer gave,

As he close nestled to my heart,

Will haunt my mem'ry to my grave.

And now with joy the woods rang out;

The hunters caught the thrilling sound,

As each to each bore on the shout,  
That echoed back, "the lost is found!"

No tongue can tell the gush of love,  
No pencil paint the burst of joy

With which the parent bent above  
The shivering form of that dear boy.

The mantle from his back he tore,  
And round that form he wrapped the vest,

And to the sacred home he bore  
The boy, deep sleeping on his breast.

And day and night we watched in tears;  
The child slept on, a heavy sleep;

At length were vanished all our fears,  
And then, 'twas joy that made us weep.

Oft since a spell seems on my soul,  
As through life's lights and shades I roam,

The years of manhood backward roll  
And bring to mind that wildwood home.

It seems as though some angel form  
Attends and guides me while I write,

The same that guarded through the storm  
And peril of that dismal night.

Once more that group was sorely tried,

For death was in the little fold,  
From which the tender lamb had died,

Until the last lay stiff and cold.  
They passed away with summer's bloom,  
We shed no tear, as one by one

We gave to each an honored tomb,  
And breathed the prayer, "Thy will be done."  
Since then through varied scenes I've passed,  
And other ties have bound my heart,  
The lot of those I loved is cast  
By fortune many leagues apart.  
That dear, lost one has found his rest,  
The parents slumber side by side,  
And in the far-off prairie west,  
Still others of the group have died.  
Though now I've other ties that bind,  
And outward wealth enough possess,  
And faith to make the soul resigned,  
Yet oft there comes a loneliness.  
My own dear boy, of tender age,  
Has gone to face the cannon's mouth  
In fields where death and carnage rage,  
A soldier in the sultry south.  
The tear-drop from my eyelid starts,  
My soul grows pensive while I write,  
In pity for earth's anxious hearts  
That bleed for loved ones gone from sight.  
And only can the soul repose  
In hope the blessed morn shall come,  
When from this wilderness of woes  
The loved ones shall be gathered home.

## GATHER THE GEMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Yes : gather the gems that have long been neglected,  
That lie in the valleys and by-ways of life ;  
Where the children of sorrow, the poor and dejected,  
Have battled in vain in the world's bitter strife.

The words of affection—the tears that have started—  
How fond recollection recalls them to mind ;  
When true hearts have met, and in anguish have parted,  
How precious these gems by affliction refined.

O, gather the gems from life's dark and deep ocean,  
And treasure them safely the soul to adorn,  
As they rise to the surface amid earth's commotion,  
All sparkling like dew in the bright blush of morn.

From lowliest caverns of sin and pollution,  
Where dark troubled waters unceasingly flow ;  
The gems that arise are the good resolution,  
And penitent sigh from the spirit's deep throe.

Then gather them softly where harshness hath broken,  
O, gather them gently with fingers of love !  
O speak but in kindness, the words that are spoken  
Shall sparkle as gems in the casket above.

The costliest jewels earth holds in her bosom,  
The deepest lie buried in caverns below ;  
And often is found the most beautiful blossom  
'Mid poisonous vapors, where dark waters flow.

So down in the nethermost depths of temptation,  
Where adverse conditions are holding control,  
Are gems shining bright like the star of salvation,  
That ever direct to the heavenly goal.

Not alone where the pathway to virtue is even,  
And everything favors the soul on its way,  
Are the pearls that are sought by the kingdom of  
heaven,  
The poor widow's mite is more valued than they.

And however humble the path of existence,  
Some gems may be gathered along its dark way :  
A thought, a kind word, or a deed of assistance,  
Reclaiming the feet that have wandered astray.

Then gather the gems from the shore of life's river,  
Its deep troubled ocean, each vale, hill and plain ;  
And the soul rising upward, shall bear them forever,  
And ever shall nearer to glory attain.

## TO THE LILY-BELL.

Dear lily-bell, so pure and sweet,  
So meek, so modest in thy mein ;  
That lookest downward when we meet,  
And yet of all the flowers, the queen.

Thou hast the power the soul to charm,  
In sunshine, or in showers ;  
Thou hast the fragrance and the balm,  
Of all the other flowers.

Thou art too pure, too *frail* for earth,  
And yet thou hast a fadeless bloom ;  
Thou hast a mission of more worth,  
Than simply here to seek a tomb.

For there are *souls* who feel thy power,  
And hold communion at thy shrine ;  
Who love thee as a *spirit flower*,—  
Something Celestial or Divine.

And when we breathe our prayers at night,  
We feel thou'st something given,  
To keep us in the way of right,  
And bring us nearer heaven.

Thy presence shows how thin a veil  
Divides thy spirit-home from ours ;



That we are passing from things frail,  
To gardens of unfading flowers.

Farewell, sweet lily-bell so bright,  
Born of the air, the earth and sky ;  
Fond hearts must weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou, alas ! must droop and die.

But ere thou dost from us depart,  
Or for thy *better* home prepare,  
With thy pure fragrance fill each heart  
To fit our souls to meet thee there.

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## THE FLOWERS.

The flowers ! you ask me if I love them !  
Ask if fairy land be fair !  
Or if aught is prized above them,  
By the blessed angels there.

O, the flowers, so pure and holy !  
Scattered by a master hand,

To array a world in glory,  
Beaming from the better land.

Breathings of the soul of nature,  
But in outward forms expressed ;  
Purest thoughts of the Creator,  
In the loveliest language drest.

Man to nature corresponding,  
Finds in every tint and shade,  
Something to the soul responding,  
That can never cloy or fade.

Flowers are smiles of hope to mortals,  
With their faces turned above ;  
Everywhere the op'ning portals,  
To the fairy land of love.

Nature's holiest evangel,  
Sent as teachers to mankind ;  
Sweetest blushes of the angels,  
In which human love 's refined.

So the soul shall flower in beauty,  
Moulded in celestial dies,  
And each thought, each love, each duty,  
Make the bloom of paradise.

## THE CASTLE IN AIR.

I've a castle fair,  
Though built in air  
To OTHERS' senses seeming ;  
But to MY sight  
'Tis a castle bright  
With *real* beauty gleaming.

No *mortal* eye  
Can it descry,  
Though it stands just o'er the river ;  
But an INNER light  
Beams through the night,  
And I see the castle ever.

Its lighted halls,  
And jasper walls,  
Invite me to press onward—  
The weary soul  
To seek its goal,  
Just over the river, homeward.

Sweet voices there  
Ring on the air,  
Of some long since departed ;  
Their brilliant smiles

Light up those aisles,  
Brighter than e'er we parted.

Oft in my dream,  
I've crossed the stream  
That ne'er was passed by mortals ;  
And hand in hand  
With the angel band,  
Have entered those bright portals.

Although in air,  
This castle fair,  
May vanish on my waking ;  
Its *light* I see  
And know for me  
Its inmates stand in waiting.

I'll keep in sight  
This castle bright,  
And thankful to the giver ;  
My soul prepare,  
To enter there,  
When I pass o'er the river.

DEATH OF JUDGE PECKHAM.

The last words of Judge RUFUS W. PECKHAM, who went down on the Ville du Havre, November 22, 1873 :

"IF WE MUST GO DOWN, LET US GO BRAVELY."

From slumber roused, out in the fearful night,  
Short were the prayers of that ill-fated crew;  
The agony, the yawning death in sight,  
The last of earth :—eternity in view.

Brave Peckham stood upon the reeling deck,  
Beside her form who shared life's weal and woe;  
His words of cheer arose above the wreck,  
" If we must perish let us bravely go."

What dreadful moment when the crash of doom,  
Broke from the skies in that wild midnight hour ;  
When shrieks of desperation pierced the gloom,  
And ocean yawned her victims to devour !

It was a noble, true, and manly heart,  
A spirit worthy of the church and state ;  
That could with life and its endearments part,  
And in one moment yield to such a fate.

As he had lived, brave, generous Peckham died,  
To conscience and to duty ever true ;

In legal lore, in halls of justice tried,  
He earned the meed of praise to memory due.‡

Rest, manly form, beneath the waters deep!  
Thou need'st no stone to mark thy place of rest,  
A better shrine shall memory's jewels keep,  
Than monuments where human feet have prest.

Rest, noble spirit, in those calmer realms,  
Where manly efforts nevermore are crossed;  
Where sudden fate the soul no more o'erwhelms,  
Where truth survives, and genius is not lost.

Thy sterling virtues may we emulate,  
Through all life's chequered, changing scenes below;  
And live like thee: that we may smile at fate,  
Like thee in dying may we bravely go.

---

## THE MYTH OF THE SIRENS.

The Sirens were the daughters fair,  
Of Archelous and Terpsichore;  
They'd wings wherewith to cleave the air,

And o'er the mountain tops could soar,  
O'er all earth's wide dominions :  
But not content to hold their sphere,  
With parents they contended,  
And ceased the muses to revere,  
Till these their transports ended,  
By plucking off their pinions.

Next their misfortunes to repair,  
They sought the ocean-islands ;  
And there established high in air,  
Their watch-towers on the highlands,  
And lay in wait for booty :  
With strains of music soft and sweet,  
Adapted to each seaman,  
These were allured to their retreat,  
To wrestle with the demon,  
That lured them off from duty.

To sure destruction they were doomed,  
These fated islands reaching,  
And far at sea their bones untombed,  
Were seen in sunlight bleaching,  
Yet still no lesson teaching.  
While only Orpheus remained—  
Unmoved by song or beauty,  
Ulysses to the mast was chained,  
To keep him true to duty,  
And each the gods beseeching.



And though the surface of the isles,  
With bones of sailors glistened :  
Men still would heed the sirens' smiles,  
And to their music listened ;  
And could not make resistance.  
At length they'd close each eye and ear,  
When to these islands nearing,  
And straight to sea beyond would steer,  
Nor dark, nor danger fearing,  
All through the gods' assistance.

• The story of this legend old,  
Has many applications ;  
And many morals doth unfold,  
For later generations :  
But more the pen refuses,  
Than this : that genius fears no foe,  
For though through ages tested,  
Her fires of truth more brightly glow :  
Wings from the sirens wrested,  
Were added to the muses.

Oft honeyed words contain conceit,  
Sins like pure gold will glisten ;  
Those without strength the foe to meet,  
Should never stop to listen,  
Or shirk one obligation :  
Those who have souls in virtue strong,  
And strength for firm resistance ;

May battle face to face with wrong,  
But, with Divine assistance,  
The weak should shun temptation.

---

*DRINKING ONE'S HEALTH.*

We pledge no health above the bowl,  
Nor bow at Bacchus' shrine;  
Disease and agony of soul,  
Are in the sparkling wine.

We tip no glass of merry cheer,  
To grace a poet's song :  
A poet's fame is bought too dear,  
When compromised with wrong.

The wine-cup sparkling with delight,  
May move the heart and tongue ;  
But of its power the soul to blight,  
Those poets never sung.

The joys and mirth their lines portray,  
Are fickle, false and vain ;

But fevered gleams that pass away—  
Distractions of the brain.

Let others laud the flowing cup,  
In Bacchanalian song;  
'Tis not with them my muse would sup,  
Nor join the midnight throng,

But be it hers in pledge of health,  
A better boon to give—  
To quaff at nature's streams of wealth,  
Obey her laws and live.

---

### THE DIAMOND RING.

“Dear mamma, where is it? your finger is bare,  
Is it lost? the sweet diamond, poor grandma's be-  
quest!  
You said when you pawned those last jewels so rare,  
With this you'd not part! has it gone with the  
rest?”

“You could not have lost it, or laid it away,  
You said that you never would pawn it again;

O, if she could speak, what would dear grandma say?  
The diamond, the jewels, the watch and the chain!"

"All gone to the broker's, mamma, can it be?  
I'd rather go hungry and cold all the day,  
And work for each penny and share it with thee,  
Than have all love's tokens thus bartered away."

"And the wedding ring, too, that my dear papa gave,  
You say that is gone for the rent that was due;  
If I were but older, I'd work like a slave,  
And the money I earned, I would give all to you."

The cheek of sweet childhood, undimpled with years,  
Prest close to the lips of that mother bereft;  
And the mother gave thanks, as she smiled through  
her tears,  
That one jewel, of all the most precious, was left.

Know ye, favored of wealth, that the treasures of  
earth,  
'Neath the wheel of misfortune may sink from your  
view;  
For the sake of the soul's brighter jewels of worth,  
Then remember the lone ones, less favored than you.

## THE DYING INEBRIATE.

Hush! where am I? what demons haunt the place?  
What shriveled ghosts appear?  
Those bloodshot eyes! that dreadful, fierce menace!  
It is! it is *her* palid, pleading face!  
Why should she seek me here?

Back! back! I cannot look upon the sight,  
It makes my blood congeal;  
Speak not again! thy warning words were right,  
And now I sink as in eternal night,  
Unheeding thy appeal.

Wronged? yes! no, 'twas not I who did the deed,  
'Twas drink! ha, give me drink!  
Quick! quick! down frantic thirst! will no one heed?  
And didst thou living, dying, for me plead?  
Help! help! I sink! I sink!

Those eyes again! that pleading look! that form!  
Was that an infant's shriek?  
And icy fingers, too; no fire to warm;  
That shriek again! out in the cold and storm;  
Have ye come back? O speak!

Wreck of the past! thrown out upon the shore!  
O would there were no past,

Who knows the future? what remains in store?  
I loved her once, and O, forevermore,  
Those eyes are on me cast!

This thirst! this choking breath! ha, ha, *her* kiss!  
No, I but clutch the air!  
And have I lived, to earn a death like this?  
The breath of love, turned to the serpent's hiss,  
To mock at my despair?

My wife, my child! both ruined did ye say?  
Serpents are clutching near;  
Back! back! was I the murd'rer? did I slay  
The innocents? no: they're the serpent's prey,  
I feel the venom here!

Is this my fate? can drink no more control  
This torturing desire?  
I'll slay the tyrant thirst! bring me the bowl,  
Though all these fiends are clutching at my soul,  
I'll quench the raging fire!

Once more the flowing brim his cold lips prest!  
To wild distraction driven;  
His hands fell heavy on his heaving breast,  
The thirst was quenched; the tortured soul found rest.  
Who'll say 'tis not forgiven?

Such are the pictures in the halls of fate,  
Where streams of death still flow;

Tell us ye men whose wisdom rules the state,  
What worldly gain can ever compensate,  
For all this want and woe?

---

### THE THOUSAND ISLES.

The Thousand Isles! The Thousand Isles!  
As sentinels their vigils keep,  
Where the placid waters sleep;  
Barren, rocky, verdant Isles  
Stretching on in long defiles,  
Guard the gateway of the deep.  
Many a storied legend old,  
Of heroic deeds and bold—  
Many a record meets us here,  
Of the hardy pioneer.

The Thousand Isles! The Thousand Isles!  
Majestic in the dawn of day—  
Summits merged above the spray;  
Flowering forest, sea-girt Isles,  
Blushing in your blandest smiles,  
As light comes streaming up the bay.



All around is calm and still  
Save the wavelet's gentle trill,  
Softly rippling to the shore  
As the boatman dips his oar.

The Thousand Isles ! The Thousand Isles !  
With here and there a beacon light,  
Faithful sentries of the night ;  
Towering, monumental Isles,  
Done in nature's granite piles,  
Emblems of majestic might.  
Calm and tranquil is the bay ;  
On the shoals the sea-gulls play ;  
Calm as infant on the breast,  
Each staunch vessel lies at rest.

The Thousand Isles ! The Thousand Isles !  
Now sudden wakes the placid deep ;  
In vain the sentries vigils keep.  
Stormy, frowning, threat'ning Isles,  
All is wrath where all was smiles.  
Tempest-tossed the billows sweep,  
Shivered is the gallant mast,  
Stout hearts pale before the blast,  
Lightnings rift the blackened sky,  
Loud the sea-gull screams on high,  
Fierce the boatman plies his oar,  
Nearing breakers off the shore.  
Shattered on the foaming crest,

Bark and seamen sink to rest!  
Ye dumb, grim witnesses of old,  
Could ye the silent past unfold,  
What chequered scenes of woe and weal,  
Ye Thousand Islands would reveal!

---

### BEGGING FOR WORK.

Begging for work, what a pitiful sight,  
For a chance at hard labor to toil;  
To tax brain and muscle from morning till night,  
To work in the rock or the soil.  
Delve, delve, with the ax or the spade,  
The trowel, the hammer or hoe;  
In any profession or trade,  
And the answer, cold answer, is NO!

Begging for work, for a morsel of bread,  
Nor care what the wages may be,  
And to plead with the haughty, the proud and full  
fed,  
With a bow and a bend of the knee,  
To delve with the ax or the spade,  
The trowel, the hammer or hoe,

In any profession or trade,  
And the answer, cold answer, is NO!

Begging for work, work for muscle and brain,  
And sacrifice health it may be—  
Better than suffer by unholy gain,  
Till no longer the soul can be free!  
To starve or be thrown on the town,  
While the very last pleadings of woe  
Are still met with a sneer and a frown,  
And the answer, cold answer, is NO!

Begging for work, until tired of life,  
And would yield it and end the despair;  
But spectres, grim spectres, of children and wife,  
In the banquet come in for a share.  
New strength to the sinews is wrought,  
In a deep and more desperate throe—  
Thus the battle of labor is fought,  
While arrogant plenty says NO!

Begging for work! O what crimes have they done,  
Those pitiful children of toil?  
To have no inheritance under the sun,  
No right to the sunlight or soil!  
O, is there a darkness decreed,  
More deep than this valley of woe,  
Where spectres of innocence plead,  
And the answer, cold answer, is NO?

Begging for work ! O, ye brothers reflect;  
All your riches must come from the soil,  
While you have the muscle and brain to protect,  
That bring them through labor and toil !  
And down where these human hearts bleed,  
The waters of healing must flow;  
Till justice no longer shall plead,  
And mercy shall scorn to say no.

---

### TO THE LATE LEVI SMITH.

With a genial friend we've parted,  
As the bark that leaves the shore,  
Bears the true and noble hearted,  
Far away the billows o'er.

And his voice no more shall cheer us,  
On our weary, earthly way,  
For the form we folded near us,  
Is but mould in earth's cold clay.

And each fond paternal yearning,  
Finds in anguish no return ;

Cherished loves on altars burning,  
Are but ashes in the urn.

Yet beyond our mortal vision,  
Streams of love eternal flow;  
Loved ones greet, on fields elysian,  
Gathering from the plains below.

And we're never broken-hearted,  
For the soul cannot despair;  
While we have our dear departed,  
Still to cheer us over there.

Then look heavenward, sister, brother,  
Naught can mar your treasure there;  
More than daughter, more than mother,  
Is the angel's guardian care.

Just a little on before you,  
He has passed the golden gate;  
Time your treasure shall restore you,  
Learn with trusting hearts to wait.

One by one our friends are leaving,  
Follow one by one, we must,  
Never faithless, but believing,  
Let us yield our dust to dust.

## SONG OF GREETING.

To the I. O. of O. F., of Kingston, Canada, from the I. O. of O. F., of Wattertown, N. Y., July 1, 1873.

Air—HOME, SWEET HOME.

A welcome to brothers, with music and song,  
No matter the nation to which we belong,  
Wherever our country, whatever our name,  
There Truth, Love and Friendship are ever the same.

CHORUS:—Truth, Friendship and Love,  
The tie that still binds us, Truth, Friendship and  
Love.

The ties of Odd Fellowship bind us in one,  
As the noon tide of light flows from liberty's sun;  
And we greet you as Brethren and welcome you here,  
In this hamlet of peace on our northern frontier.

Long may we in Friendship and Harmony meet,  
And these waters be peace that still lave at our feet,  
And our hearts thrill with joy standing half way between,  
That old air Hail Columbia, and God Save the Queen.

The bond of our Union as magic shall be,  
Like the pulse that now beats with each throb of the sea

And never the tie shall be severed in twain,  
That Links fair Columbia with Britain again.

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### THE KISS OF THE ANGEL.

Sad, weary and worn, with the cares of the day,  
And seeking some comfort to find,  
My spirit in dreamland had floated away,  
My head on the sofa reclined.

And fancy, bright fancy, her garlands had wreathed,  
And painted sweet visions of bliss;  
It seemed there was balm in the air that I breathed,  
When sudden my brow felt a kiss!

I knew that an angel had planted it there,  
So soft and so tender it seemed;  
The roses and balm that distilled on the air,  
Were fragrance that could not be dreamed.

The kiss was so earnest I woke at the sound,  
And Ida, dear Ida, sat near;  
And I asked if she'd seen any angels around?  
If mortals their kisses can hear?



## COOL WIT.

My neighbor living o'er the way,  
Noted as wise and witty,  
Met as a match the other day,  
A cousin from the city.

He took him to the sights in town,  
The works of art and science,  
To nature's records handed down,  
On which men place reliance.

They gathered on the river banks,  
The relics of past ages;  
Gazed on old wheels and broken cranks,  
And looked as wise as sages.

Suspension bridge, the falls above,  
And Whittlesey below it—  
With memories of death and love,  
Themes worthy of a poet.

But all this while our friend was mute,  
Scarce made an observation,  
Although my neighbor plied his suit,  
With words for each occasion.

Famed Mammoth Cave, old Prospect Hill,  
O'erlooking town and river;  
That gives so many *hearts* a thrill,  
He thought might stir *his liver*.

Though quite intent he'd naught to say,  
In praise or condemnation;  
My neighbor thought at close of day,  
He'd found a strange relation.

Next day to Brookside they repaired,  
To view the Cemetery;  
Where *he* all day in silence stared,  
Then seated somewhat weary.

Thinking it time to end the joke,  
With such a fine occasion;  
My friend at last the silence broke,  
In tones of moral suasion:

"A pleasant spot," he touched his hat,  
"You take me for a clown, sir!  
Look here old chap, you can't come that,  
I'd rather live in town, sir."

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## ACROSTIC.

Justice and truth thy name hath crowned,  
O'er the earth thy thought profound;  
Heavenward as a beacon light,  
Nearer to the goal of right,  
Gently leads the trusting mind;  
Rounding up to circles higher,  
Each pure thought and fond desire;  
Every glimmer brings the soul  
Nearer its celestial goal.  
Love and hope inspire mankind,  
Earth is brighter for thy name,  
Altars burn with purer flame,  
Faith glows brighter in the soul,  
Where thy spirit holds control,  
Hallowed pen and hallowed page!  
Inspiration, such as thine,  
Through the golden age shall shine;  
Time shall hold thy deeds in trust,  
In memorium o'er thy dust.  
Enshrined thy memory poet, sage,  
Revered shall live from age to age.

## FOR HER ALBUM.

## ACROSTIC.

My friend, you ask some souvenir,  
Round which pure thoughts may ever cling,  
Some token sweet of memories dear,  
Enough; the offering I bring,  
Dear friend, to grace the sacred page,  
Gives pleasure to the heart, above  
All pleasures, known to youth or age,  
Rewarding more than words of love.  
Remembered still though seen no more,  
O, tis a boon the good would share.  
Gathered pearls along life's shore,  
Each hallowed as the breath of prayer.  
Reward more precious than the world can give,  
Such in these pages let my memory live.

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## CARRIER'S ADDRESS FOR 1873.

Dear patrons and friends, all a Happy New Year!  
The Carrier Boy comes with greeting and cheer,  
And hopes to convince you with reason and rhyme,

That he's fairly entitled at least to a dime.  
And should your hearts swell to a quarter or more,  
As bread cast on waters returns to the shore,  
So be sure in dividing with merit your pelf,  
While helping the needy you're helping yourself.  
But read on, scan my verse, perhaps it may be,  
You will find your return without sending to sea.  
The old year is dead, 'twas a chequered, weird life,  
'Tis a historic page of contention and strife;  
And now we've no word to recall or regret,  
But the faults of the dead we with grace would forget.  
But the good that's entombed cannot long sleep below,  
As the germs of fair summer lie buried in snow.  
Though the right and the true without shelter may  
wait,  
Till the sunlight of love melts the fetters of hate,  
Yet the springtime shall come, and triumphant shall  
rise  
The freed spirit of Liberty born of the skies.  
Then farewell, thou old year; sleep with all the past  
years;  
With the dead of the ages, their hopes and their fears,  
As we garner the treasures of wisdom you gave,  
May thy follies forever repose in the grave.

Here pause my muse in reverence and awe,  
And from the past thy inspiration draw;  
See thrones and empires in the distance fade,  
Landmarks of progress that the world has made.

See Nature struggling toward the law of right,  
Where wrong holds triumph by the law of might.  
See virtue striving in the human breast,  
While vice enthroned usurps its place of rest;  
Th' aspiring freeman by the despot crushed,  
And reason hopeful though her voice is hushed.  
Empires and thrones on ruins rise and fall,  
And Nature weeping 'bove the blankened pall.  
These marks the heart-throbs of the human soul,  
In fearful travail toward its destined goal;  
While onward still the truth pursues its way,  
Through darkened epochs, waiting for the day.  
The knell of years, with funeral rhythmic chime,  
Has sounded down the corridors of time;  
And still goes on the struggle of the race  
Toward adjustment in its destined place.  
Why should the right hang trembling in the scale,  
And discord triumph, and the wrong prevail?  
Why harmony throughout all Nature's realm,  
And man the only bark without a helm,  
Still beating round o'er life's uncertain sea,  
To find some genial haven, port or lee?  
Why social evils mar the sacred shrine,  
Where hearts should meet in harmony divine?  
Why conflicts in affairs of State,  
And Justice trampled 'neath the heel of fate?  
The reason is: man is not all of earth,  
A soul in travail toward a higher birth;  
The heavenly state impatient to attain,

The means ill chosen and his efforts vain.  
The highest wisdom that the world acquires,  
Comes short of meeting what the soul desires.  
The laws are simple in great Nature's plan,  
And everything adjusted up to man;  
But man, the microcosm of the whole,  
Has laws more complicated to control.  
To harmonize the world without, within,  
Requires a life of toil and discipline.  
The only goal of perfect harmony,  
Is where both worlds in all these points agree;  
With motives pure, men for the good unite,  
But fail, in wisdom to adjust the right.  
They deviate too far from Nature's plan,  
Upholding institutions, sink the man.  
That there are evils none presume to doubt,  
But where's the plan to bring reform about?  
The social world is rent from fires within,  
And men deplore the cropping out of sin;  
The firm conservative cleaves to the old,  
And trims the subject to the ancient mold.  
No matter what great truth the soul has found,  
The ancient landmark still must be its bound;  
While progress bold to make the channel wide,  
Takes the extreme upon the other side.  
The truth we find between these two extremes,  
And at this medium; is what it seems,  
We sometimes to the old hold on too long,  
Until the right that was, becomes the wrong.



And so reformers in their airy flight,  
Attain the wrong that lies *beyond* the right.  
The truth advances but by slow degrees,  
Gains but a step through struggling centuries.  
Earth's granite pile was reared by progress slow,  
Entombing epochs in her depths below.  
But all moved on without a jar or flaw,  
And progress came in harmony with law.  
So in the moral world is progress made,  
When law Divine assists with friendly aid;  
And he is wise who studies Nature's laws,  
And makes them serve the true reformer's cause;  
Who studies man, his wants, his real needs,  
And can redress the wrong, when Nature pleads.  
And thus the world in ignorance and night,  
Can move but slowly—struggling up to light;  
But still it moves, and man must move with it,  
And institutions shall be changed to fit!

'Tis sad that concord should be marred by hate,  
Progress retarded in affairs of state;  
And charity which thinketh good to all,  
Exchanged for wrath, for bitterness and gall.  
But patience bids the anxious mind be still,  
Till truth and reason move the public will.  
'Tis step by step men gain the sacred height,  
Where cloud and storm no more obstruct the light,  
Where brutal passions sink no more to rise,  
And all the graces meet and harmonize.

By slow degrees can nations reach the goal,  
That's only gained, through culture of each soul.  
And there are noble spirits in the van,  
Whose souls are freed from the despotic ban,  
With strength and courage that the world admire,  
Bidding the waiting throng to come up higher.  
And so *our* progress is not left to chance,  
But there's a noble spirit in advance,  
Who hurls at sin and hate the venom'd dart,  
And breathes the words of love to melt the heart.

Behold the statesman and the nation's friend !  
See on his mission waiting crowds attend !  
While on the heart, words like distilling dew  
Descend and wake the germs of love anew.  
See love and mercy the twin-born of heaven,  
Pleading for justice to the unforgiven ;  
See zeal for truth and right his bosom fire,  
And universal love his heart inspire.  
No selfish love, save that which seeks to find  
A blessing, as it seeks to bless mankind.  
Such was his mission, and it cannot fail,  
Though bigots sneer and ignorance assail.  
A landmark that the nation shall attain,  
A link of progress in the golden chain.  
That light shall shine though nations rise and fall.  
That brilliant life shall be a guide to all ;  
That light, that life, shall stand the nation's pride,  
By them her institutions shall be tried.

All outward forms, from planet to a flower,  
Receive their impulse from a subtle power;  
Earth, sun and stars are passive in their course,  
And move obedient to the law of force.  
So man is passive to the force within,  
And here the reformation must begin.  
And Education has some meaning, more  
Than simply conning abstract precepts o'er;  
To study Nature's laws of life and health,  
Is more to man than stores of outward wealth.  
The world is but a school of discipline,—  
To harmonize and free mankind from sin.  
And he is free who serves the law of use,  
While Slavery is the offspring of abuse.  
Want and supply is Nature's grand resource,  
The balance wheel of all the laws of force.

And so in man; there's harmony divine,  
As these two forces equally combine,  
And so will heaven in human hearts prevail;  
As man has wisdom to adjust the scale.  
God for *himself* creates a world in space,  
Man forms another as *his* dwelling place.  
The one the work of rolling centuries,  
The other forming by but slow degrees,  
To make the two in harmony agree,  
Is man's true mission and his destiny.  
And as the world in space can know no bound,  
The soul is to eternal labor bound.

And what we are, or what we shall attain,  
Shall mark the fullness of the heaven we gain.  
The faculties of mind, all indicate,  
Their use alone, determines our estate;  
To shun the evils in our pathway cast,  
And gain the good that through all realms shall last,  
Is progress on toward the heavenly goal,  
For which the Mighty Maker formed the soul.  
And all attainments that on earth we gain,  
Are links of progress in the endless chain.  
And man on earth has something more to learn,  
Than how to gold he can make all things turn.  
To lay up wealth that cannot fade away,  
Though outward forms and outward worlds decay.

Here pause my muse and mournful tribute pay,  
To worth and greatness sudden passed away,  
The friend, the patriot, the statesman, sage,  
And herald of the coming golden age,—  
The mighty champion in the cause of right,  
Has passed the veil that shuts from mortal sight.  
'Tis fitting we should drop the mournful tear,  
O'er sacred dust and memories so dear.  
A life so pure, so rounded and complete,  
A heart so kind, where all the graces meet,  
A mind so stored, of thought so versatile,  
A power so great to mould the public will;  
A yearning spirit in so frail a form,  
A rent oak shivered in the scathing storm,

A sod reposing on the peaceful breast,  
A great soul cleaving to its heavenly rest.  
Ye weeping daughters, drop the tear; 't is well!  
'Tis sacred grief, no one may break the spell;  
'Tis well to weep, paternal love so dear,  
'Tis holy ground, and sacred be the tear.  
The *nation* weeps! and every loving heart  
Feels that 't were hard with thee so soon to part.  
And yet we do not part! thy name shall live,  
As long as men shall heed the word, forgive;  
Thy deeds of love will never from us part,  
But live engraven on the nation's heart;  
Shall teach our sons, although of humble birth,  
To seek the higher aims of life on earth;  
Shall yet give counsel for the nation's weal,  
Inspire the world with higher, purer zeal.  
While thou art laboring in a higher sphere,  
Earth shall grow better for thy labors here;  
And while true merit lives from age to age,  
The name of GREELEY shall adorn the page.

There's sadness in December, bleak and drear,  
And memories sad attend the dying year.  
How many firesides 'round which kindred wait,  
How many shrines of love are desolate!  
How many hopes that on life's altar burn,  
Are now but ashes in the smouldering urn.  
But there's a balm for every bleeding heart,  
There is a hope when friends and loved ones part;

There is a joy for every pensive sigh,  
There is a smile that shall each tear-drop dry.  
For every death there is a birth to come,  
And every weary pilgrim has a home.  
Beyond the chill of winter's waning years,  
Beyond the vale of loneliness and tears,  
Beyond the cold, beyond the sleet and storm,  
Are altars where the fires of love are warm;  
Where man no more shall with the years grow old,  
And each new age shall higher powers unfold.  
There is a meeting with the loved on high,  
For pure affection cannot fade or die.  
Then though we've parted with the loved on earth,  
Yet there is left us everything of worth,  
And more than form sustained by mortal breath,  
The living gems that shine undimmed by death.

Then as we bid farewell each dying year,  
'Tis well to ponder on our duties here;  
With all the means that prudence can command,  
Bestow our charities on every hand;  
Lift up the fallen with kind words of cheer,  
Arrest the vicious in their mad career;  
Let brotherhood throughout the land prevail,  
And justice be triumphant in the scale;  
The poor be blessed with more abundant store,  
The rich contented in not gaining more;  
Faith, love and hope in radiant smiles appear,  
And crown the altars of a GLAD NEW YEAR.

PROF. AGASSIZ.

AGASSIZ having been disinherited by his father because he would not practice medicine, was offered a position in business that would bring him great emolument, which he refused.

Dame Nature took him by the hand,  
And stamped her image on his soul,  
A willing child at her command,  
Led forth by her divine control.

The mountain tops his coming greet,  
And with new grace and splendor shine;  
The buried treasures 'neath his feet,  
Pay golden tribute to his shrine.

With myriad tongues old ocean speaks,  
From tide and cave and coral reef;  
The stillness of the forest breaks,  
In homage to the mighty chief.

The tow'ring glaciers now his theme,  
With time-bound mysteries congealed,  
Prove but an ice-bound mountain stream,  
The flow of ages unrevealed.

A mighty destiny awaits,  
And guides the feet of Nature's child,

As science opes her golden gates,  
Leading to altars undefiled.

Whate'er the gems of truth unsealed,  
Where'er the field his footsteps trod,  
One law to his great mind revealed—  
The power and wisdom of a God.

And what to him the world's renown,  
The glittering wealth by men displayed,  
While gathering for a brighter crown,  
Immortal gems that never fade.

Thou'st wealth that shall the soul adorn,  
And crown thee with immortal youth,  
Bright spirit, AGASSIZ, reborn,—  
A student of eternal truth!

And in this world thy name shall live,  
And progress from a loftier height,  
Shall praise and adoration give,  
And still shall look to thee for light.



## NOVEMBER.

Sadly o'er the lowly bed,  
Where the forms of beauty lie,  
Nature weeps, her garlands dead,  
And the winds a requiem sigh.

So earth to earth, like withered leaves,  
Cherished forms have passed away;  
Some gathered in as ripened sheaves,  
Some as the blossom of a day.

The world grows cold as loved ones part,  
The skies once bright are dark and drear;  
The rays that warmed and cheered the heart,  
No more the heart can warm and cheer.

But still the world has gleams of light,  
Though genial warmth has left the sky,  
And to the soul are visions bright,  
And hopes that cannot fade or die.

The soul of life in nature reigns,  
Though desolation sweeps the plain,  
And all that's permanent remains,  
To blossom into spring again.

So love and beauty cannot die,  
Nor feel the blight of autumn's breath;  
The genial warmth of spring is nigh,  
And life will triumph over death.

'Tis not the sere and yellow leaf,  
That holds the pearl in nature's crown;  
The kernel in the ripened sheaf,  
Must leave its husk-home sere and brown.

And who shall say, the inner germ,  
Has power to quench the life within;  
Though destined but to feed the worm,  
That dies and leaves to earth no kin?

Force is persistent, never dies,  
Though forms may change it still impels,  
Though crushed it still has power to rise,  
And in some form in space still dwells.

Life is a force persistent still,  
Though changed in form from day to day,  
The power by which the eternal will  
Makes change and death one law obey.

So man the microcosm lives,  
The crowning work of power and skill,  
Clothed in the form all nature gives,  
A product of eternal will.

He takes no earthly form anew,  
For this one form includes the whole,  
Embodiment of nature true,  
Its outward body and its soul.

And still he lives 'mid change and blight,  
O'er outward form, still holds control,  
Through autumn bleak and storm and night,  
There is no autumn to the soul.

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## HASTE TO THE WEDDING.

Respectfully dedicated to C. R. S. and bride.

Haste, haste to the wedding, the morning bells call,  
And thick on the pavement the nimble feet fall.

On, on to the banquet of joy and delight,  
Where hearts for life's conflict with pledges unite.

'Tis the joy of life's morning, unclouded with tears;  
'Tis the dawning of sunlight to shine through the  
years.

'Tis the kindling of hopes on the altars of life,  
To be crowned with endearments of husband and  
wife.

Then haste to the wedding and join in the cheer,  
Forgetting the moment that sorrows lurk near.

Forgetting the noontide of life or its eve,  
Forgetting that friendships can coy or deceive.

Remember the bright side of life for the hour,  
Forgetting the thorns that encompass the flower.

Devoted to pleasure and joy be the day,  
A green spot in life that cannot fade away.

A light in the distance that shines through the years,  
O'er the shrines that are broken and hallowed with  
tears.

Then haste to the wedding while merry bells call,  
And heed not the lengthening shadows that fall.

For life is too short, too uncertain its cheer,  
To shun in its pathway the joys that are near.

Haste, haste to the wedding and welcome the pair,  
So young, so devoted, un'cumbered with care.

With a wish that the hopes of the new life begun,  
Like the hearts here united be mingled in one.

## TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

An incident of thirty-five years ago.

From Captain Canot's "Twenty Years a Slave."

## I.

Inland a hundred leagues from shore,  
Timbo — a Fullah kingdom lies,  
A tribe with grace and beauty more  
Than all the tribes 'neath Afric's skies.  
For pure old Saxon blood 't is said,  
Upon a time in ages past,  
Had to these native forms been wed,  
And to the features given caste.  
Here Ali Mami reigned as king  
And tyrant, on proud Timbo's throne :  
A bloated old imbecile thing :  
From good estranged, to evil prone.  
And as he sat one day in state,  
His crown perched on his muddled head ;  
He nursed awhile his royal hate,  
Then to his waiting menial said :  
"Bring me my truant daughter now,  
And see if my commands she'll brave,  
Or if I'll break the royal vow,  
That seals her doom—a christian's slave :"

## II.

And forth they brought the daughter fair—  
    Beeljie, the favored of her race;  
Who boldly as the royal heir,  
    Hurled back defiance in his face.  
“What mean these chains, thou tyrant king!  
    Upon a daughter's bleeding hands!  
Ye deem me as so vile a thing,  
    As yield to infamous demands?  
Ye sent me forth to wed a thing  
    In miserable mold of earth:  
A foul old wretch; and thou a king:  
    And I your heir of noble birth!  
And I have spurned him from my breast,  
    As I would fear a viper's sting,  
And back have fled to thee for rest,  
    To thee! thou sire and tyrant king!  
Think thou my young blood, pure and free,  
    As gush of air through forest wild,  
Could wed itself to infamy?  
    With my consent become defiled?  
And thou, a king, who rules in might,  
    Hast bound me in these galling chains,  
And in a dungeon, closed my sight  
    Upon my native hills and plains.  
And now ye'drag me forth again,  
    And offer me the base desire;  
As though this heart had known no pain,  
    Known no escape from hellish fire.

But I defy thy power, O chief!  
Although ye bind me limb by limb!  
And chains and death shall bring relief,  
Ere I'll be ever bound to him!  
Ye boast of pure and noble blood,  
Through ages past and time unknown!  
But 't would of such require a flood,  
To cleanse thy foul and beastly throne!  
Would'st thou extend the royal line,  
By blasting thy own nearest kin?  
And mingling tainted blood with mine?  
Out on the deep and damning sin!  
No, do thy worst, my soul is free!  
Free as my own dear mountain air;  
Though doomed to christian slavery,  
Allah is just to hear my prayer!"

## III.

Then rose the chief, and bowed disdain,  
Upon the fair and bending form;  
He saw his mandates were in vain,  
And she stood firm before the storm.  
"Ah! ye defy the royal word!  
The hand that made thee what thou art:  
Know then, the words the ear hath heard,  
Have wholly failed to reach the heart.  
It is no small or trifling thing,

To brave a father's wise commands !  
Better seek pardon of thy king,  
And change those links for nuptial bands.  
Have I not reared thee for the throne,  
And yielded thee each fond desire ?  
And now would'st thou thy kin disown,  
The royal line, and e'en thy sire ?  
Is 't not the king's prerogative,  
To choose a true and royal heir ?  
The channel for his blood to live,  
When others fill his vacant chair ?  
I know strange fancy 's filled thy head ;  
Ye seek a foul and heathen name !  
Thou would'st a heathen stripling wed,  
And bring to thee and me but shame.  
And now the choice is in thy hands :  
Go take the hand I to thee gave,  
Or banished be to christian lands,  
To live and die a christian's slave."

## IV.

And there she stood—a statue chained—  
A goddess on her native hills !  
Her soul of liberty unstained,  
And free as her own mountain rills.  
"Allah is great," again she sighed,  
As on her bended knee in dust,



She heavenward looked in maiden pride,  
"In him I ever put my trust."

## V.

And then a voice came from the throne :  
"Sulimani, my son and heir !  
This daughter I this day disown ;  
And thou shalt fill my vacant chair.  
But take this monster to the shore,  
Where slavers wait upon the lea ;  
She 's bartered to Don Teodore,  
And doomed, a slave to cross the sea."

## VI.

At midnight slumbering in his tent,  
Don Teodore awoke with fright,  
A messenger by travel spent,  
Rushed in and audience claimed at sight ;  
Ahmah, a youthful friend most dear  
To Teodore, and Beeljie's own,  
Smitten, distracted, crushed with fear,  
Had sent to make his wishes known,  
His troubled soul could find no rest,  
For Beeljie was a captive slave ;  
He 'd one desire, but one request—  
Don Teodore the maid must save.

E'en then maltreated by the band,  
And scourged upon her dreary way,  
She 'd vowed to die in Afric's land,  
And never reach alive the bay.

## VII.

O native love, affection strong!  
What mysteries unfold to view;  
Down deeper than the curse of wrong,  
Thou art the line and plummet true!  
And 'e'en the slaver's subtle art,  
That knows no law but greed and gain,  
Against these missiles of the heart,  
Must stand appalled and plead in vain.  
Don Teodore, too, felt their power,  
His soul awoke to sympathy,  
And from that consecrated hour,  
Was pledged to set the captive free.  
"Go meet the maid upon the plain,  
And tell her I a friend will be,  
And take this gift her faith to gain—  
The Koran, Ahmah gave to me.  
Tell her to yield to each command,  
Her cruel captors may impose;  
And trust a stranger's heart and hand,  
To guard and save her from her foes.  
Old Ali Mami's schemes I 'll break,

Through cunning stealth, or stratagem ;  
Though it his throne and kingdom shake,  
And break my confidence with him."

## VIII.

The messenger sped on his way,  
And met again the hostile train ;  
He sought the maid who night and day,  
Had struggled in the despot's chain.  
Her soul already loathed the clay,  
That bound it to its native earth ;  
The land of love before it lay,  
And Allah waited at its birth.  
But O, our earthly loves are sweet ;  
Though fairy land be ever fair,  
The circle here we 'd fain complete,  
Before we join the circle there.  
And hope arose in Beeljie's breast,  
And changed her form of faith and prayer,  
To "Allah great, thou knowest best,  
And on thy love I cast my care."  
And so has changed the christian's prayer,  
With creeds more pure and holy blest,  
From resignation of despair,  
To "Father great, thou knowest best."

## IX.

O there are tender ties sublime,  
That hold each true and loving heart,  
And there is but one fitting time  
To break these golden links apart.  
'Tis when our mission is fulfilled,  
And ripe with use and filled with years,  
We have life's wine of joy distilled,  
Till there is found no place for tears.  
'Tis when experience of soul,  
Has traced through sin and wrong the right;  
And reached through discipline the goal,  
Where two bright worlds in one unite.  
And when we've learned each law to keep,  
That's best for us *on earth* to know,  
When we no more can sow and reap,  
O then 'tis good for us to go.

## X.

But Beeljie fair and young in years,  
Saw beauties more in earth than heaven,  
As words of hope half quelled her fears,—  
We trust the captive was forgiven.  
And now with mingled hope and fear,  
She journeyed on toward the sea;  
Dividing thanks with Allah dear,  
And him who swore to set her free.

## XI.

A baracoon of purchased slaves,  
From Afric's dark and torrid wild,  
Gathered from jungles, copse and caves,  
In one black mass promiscuous piled ;  
A daughter, bought of some old sire  
For baubles hardly worth a groat ;  
A son, for pieces of old wire,  
In some rude shape of fancy wrought ;  
A cask of rum, a string of beads,  
The value of a man or maid !  
For this each chief his warriors leads,  
And gathers captives for the trade.  
But let the grov'ling traffic end,  
And save the nations their disgrace !  
Let these wild tribes their fortunes mend,  
And prove themselves a noble race.

## XII.

Don Teodore the captive met,  
With Sulimani by her side,  
Who took the price old Ali set,  
And Teodore became her guide.  
Then from her limbs the chains he took,  
And o'er her neck a mantle threw,  
As back she shrank with grateful look,  
And tears distilled like precious dew ;

Ordered a servant to attend  
And guide her to a place of rest,  
To treat her as a sister — friend,  
With all the honors of a guest.  
Then up rose Sulimani bold,  
And tore his locks and stamped his feet —  
Threw down the barter and the gold,  
Pronounced the bargain a deceit.  
“But calm thy fear,” the slayer cried,  
“Thy ravings are a useless form,  
For thou e’en to yon vessel’s side,  
Shall see her ferried through the storm ;  
But while my roof the captive holds,  
I will respect her royal veins,  
And wrap her form with gentler folds,  
Till she again resumes her chains.”

## XIII.

The slave-ship lay beyond the bar,  
The surges broke upon the shore,  
As, guided by the bending spar,  
Each boatman bent upon his oar.  
The storm of rain in torrents fell,  
The livid lightning flashed on high,  
The maddened waters sink and swell,  
And human strength and skill defy.  
Yet, on they bear—five Kroomen bold,  
At home on craft or in the wave ;

Till now a surge has o'er them rolled,  
And left each life itself to save.  
A shriek is heard along the shore,  
And Sulimani bows in dust ;  
His prayer for Beeljie—now no more—  
Is “ Help ! O, Allah, great and just ! ”  
Then up spoke Teodore, and said :  
“ Arise, thou hypocrite, and knave !  
Know that great Allah took the maid,  
Rather than see her chained a slave.”

## XIV.

The act of Timbo's cruel chief,  
Was known and published far and near ;  
And men and maidens sighed with grief,  
And hard old seamen dropp'd a tear.

## XV.

The Kroomen five swam safe to land,  
And Beeljie gained a neighboring shore,  
As it had previously been planned,—  
Saved by another boatman's oar.

## XVI.

The Don a better life now leads,  
To conscience debtor, large amount ;

'Tis hoped his many nobler deeds,  
May serve to balance his account.

## XVII.

The Baragoon—the slaver's post,  
Long since has crumbled to decay,  
And Ahmah lives upon the coast—  
His dwelling overlooks the bay;  
And 'tis a mystery to this day,  
How a rich maiden fresh and fair—  
Image of Beeljie, cast away,  
With Ahmah is a dweller there.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

Sympathetically inscribed to MR. and MRS. B. R. MEIGS.

Is the heart of the dear one all pulseless and cold,  
The eye with its love-light all faded and gone?  
And is the sweet form now but ashes and mould,  
Our loved and our only, we doted upon?



Have the roses all faded and dropped from the stem?  
Must the cheek with its blushes all wither and fade?  
O death! hast thou left not a coral or gem!  
From the casket so fair that in earth we have laid?

We ask of the winds that so desolate blow,  
Of the stars that look down with their glimmering  
light,  
No answer comes back from the deep wail of woe,  
And our hearts they are lonely, so lonely to-night.

We will look to the spirit and trust in the light,  
That streams from a sun more effulgent than this —  
Whose beams full of love shall yet dawn on our sight,  
With affection as pure as the angel's soft kiss.

There are lights on the shore where the loving hearts  
dwell,  
We are nearing that shore as each storm-cloud is  
passed,  
Though the waters be deep and the angry waves  
swell,  
We feel our tired spirits shall reach it at last.

Then adieu to the casket, the perishing form,  
The substance that's left cannot vanish away,  
The blush of the cheek and the love that beats warm,  
Shall bloom in the casket that knows no decay.

## SPRING.

'Tis nature's joyous morning,  
That bathes the world in light ;  
'Tis cheerful day succeeding  
The long and cheerless night.

When life from death is springing,  
As icy fetters yield,  
And birds their flight are winging,  
Through woodland, copse and field,

The chirrup of the robins,  
The humming of the bee—  
Bursting from its fetters,  
The streamlet flowing free,

'Tis nature's resurrection,  
Awakening from the tomb ;  
Clothing herself in splendor  
To dissipate the gloom.

To breathe upon earth's children,  
The life-reviving breath,  
And ope the slumb'ring eyelids,  
From out the sleep of death.

The hour that calls to labor,  
Beginning life anew ;  
'Tis silence breaking silence,  
His word in warmth and dew.

His word that crowns the forest,  
That tints the fields with flowers ;  
That crowns with life each atom,  
His word in sun and showers.

His book is ever open,  
And radiant is each page,  
With living truths and lessons,  
For childhood, youth and age.

His laws are ever faithful,  
And back from death will bring  
Through forms—reanimation—  
To man eternal spring.

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## THE INNER LIFE.

O there are bright and sunny isles,  
Out on this sea of blue ;

All bright with flowers of joys and smiles  
That drink celestial dew.

And there's a tide that ebbs and flows  
And souls go to and fro,  
They are the isles of sweet repose,  
That few in time may know.

There are uncounted silent streams,  
That flow just out of sight,  
And there are bright and raidant beams  
That fringe the darkest night.

There's not a line on nature's page  
But breathes a thought divine ;  
And opens to the wisest sage  
Of wealth a living mine.

Through all there lives a soul of good,  
Though to the eye obscure,  
And when in wisdom understood  
It to the pure, *is* pure.

And if the shining steps we'd view  
Where angel forms are seen,  
'Tis by each *subtle* avenue,  
Through clouds that intervene.

There *is* a passage from above,  
To human hearts below,  
A secret pathway of God's love  
Where angels come and go.

Good thoughts, good deeds, the angels are  
That ever upward tend;  
And hail with cheer in upper air,  
The angels that descend.

Could we but know how day by day,  
They plans for us unfold,  
And follow in their shining way,  
Along those links of gold—

Could *feel* when darkness closes in  
And there's no outward sign.  
That there's a golden tie within,  
That's linked to the divine—

On which the messengers below,  
With kindred angels meet,  
Whose mingled sympathies will flow,  
To keep the chain complete—

Could see the shades of doubt withdraw  
That dimmed the vision long,  
And view as favored Jacob saw,  
The bright and shining throng—

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And could we see the path of love,  
That ever upward tends,  
On which the white winged mystic dove  
Upon the soul descends—

That pathway would we ever seek,  
That life anew begin ;  
Would hear the heavenly voices speak,  
The angels welcome in.

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### THE ROSE TREE—A TRUE INCIDENT.

Mary Angelica—the loved, the lost,  
What memories in that household name !  
A flower immortal nipped by early frost,  
That went mysterious as it came.

She grew in grace and beauty by our side,  
And love's sweet tendrils bound our souls,  
Till womanhood, in all its stately pride,  
Unfolded as the flower unfolds.

And then came other loves her soul to bless,  
As dew will gather on the flowers ;

Not that her love to us was growing less,  
But 't was a *different* love from ours ;

And gentle manhood took our flower away  
To grace a home from ours apart ;  
Ah, while I write, angel Angelica,  
Forgive me, that the tears should start.

One tender relic from the household hearth,  
She 'd taken with a careful hand ;  
A rose slip in a little pot of earth,  
And placed it on her toilet stand.

Here love and beauty with each other vied,  
And ran the parallel of life,  
And bore its changes, struggling side by side—  
The rose-tree and that frail young wife.

The former pined, and dormant seemed at first,  
But watchful love prevailed at length ;  
It rooted deep and grew, the leaves forth burst,  
And day by day it gathered strength.

But, ah ! my heart grows pensive as I write,  
To feel love's labor must be lost.  
The spoiler came, and on one chilly night  
The leaves were withered by the frost.

But love took up the knife, with anguish pained,  
And struggled nobly with its fate ;

It scathed the stalk till but one branch remained,  
Where all its life might concentrate.

The old its life gave up to feed the new,  
And buds unfolded pure and sweet,  
And weeks and months the tendrils thrived and grew—  
The parallel here runs complete,

For that young form with struggling beauty blest  
Had also felt a withering chill,  
The two frail ones, caresser and caressed,  
Had but one destiny to fill.

On that fair flower we loved was stamped decay,  
'Twas yielding to a life more new,  
Sweet Minnie came, and on that very day,  
The first rose-blossom ope'd to view.

Each parent stalk its tender offspring fed,  
They bloomed and flourished side by side,  
The one a blonde, the other purple red,  
And both a joy and household pride.

At length it cast again its tiny gems,  
This little flower stalk so fair,  
The leaves all perished from their parent stems  
And left once more the rose-tree bare.



And Mary struggling with impending fate  
Here read her premature decline ;  
The changing of her frail and mortal state  
For one eternal and divine.

But once again love gave its timely strength  
And feeble fingers leant their aid.  
And fresh new buds their leaves put forth at length.  
As Mary saw the twilight fade.

And on the day our precious loved one died,  
A full blown blossom, fresh and fair,  
That looked to heaven in triumphant pride,  
Distilled its fragrance on the air.

And still a tinier bud more near the earth,  
Looked up so timid on its stem,  
And lay half opening into birth,  
Ah, Minnie dear, a sweet emblem !

We gathered them that night with tender care,  
And placed them on her cold, still breast,  
With sweet chrysanthems decked her auburn hair,  
Then laid the weary one to rest.

The rose tree still is blooming in its pride,  
But not a flower at morn or even  
Can vie with that, the eve when Mary died,  
That seemed a messenger from heaven.

And Minnie dear, the bud we claim as ours,  
Reminds us of the days that were,  
And O, the flowers! the precious flowers!  
How sweet and dear they are to her!

And now our blooming little household gem  
Has earthly and angelic care,  
For two bright flowers nipped from their parent stem,  
Find favor where the angels are.

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## SCENE IN POLICE-COURT.

ON TRIAL — A LITTLE BOOTBLACK, AGED 11.

Friendless he wandered, none to guard or guide,  
For one by one, parents and friends had died;  
From town to town he plied his humble trade,  
In health or sickness he'd no friend to aid.  
With sighs and tears he ate his hard-earned bread,  
Weary at eve he sought some humble shed;  
No home or kindred he could call his own,  
He ate the bread of bitterness alone:  
No voice to ease or cheer his aching heart,  
Or warn him from the tempter's wily art.

No eye to pity when his weary form  
Was bending shivering to the sleet and storm.  
Thousands would daily heedless pass him by,  
While "boots to black," was still his constant cry.  
Tell me ye lads who sit by fires so warm,  
With roof to shield you from the pelting storm,  
A mother's aid to soothe you in distress,  
A sister's hand to cheer with soft caress,  
A father's care to give you daily bread,  
And prayers for blessings daily on your head :  
Tell me ye favored ones, have you no tear  
For this frail child who longed for love and cheer ?  
Who looked in vain to find some friendly eye,  
Among the crowds that daily passed him by !  
Some heart to beat responsive to his own,  
That he might feel that he was not alone :  
Some voice of love, to soothe him here below,  
At least some *mute* companion of his woe.  
And is it strange, tell me ye men of wealth,  
That he should seek companionship by stealth ?  
And ye who hold the scales of justice high,  
And have one rule by which all deeds to try,  
Regardless of all human wants and needs ;  
Who give but *law* when sad misfortune pleads,  
Have ye but wrath that this frail child bereft,  
Should strive to seek such confidence by theft ?  
Or some frail dog, regardless of the right,  
Should lick the hand that fondled, and not bite ?  
And so it fell ; caressing for caress,

The boy had found a friend in his distress,  
The first he 'd known, 't was an eventful day !  
He from his master lured the dog away.  
And now before him justice stands arrayed,  
He looks around in vain for friendly aid :  
The boy is to the house of refuge driven,  
By none lamented and by none forgiven.  
In vain his pleading, and his tears in vain,  
His "boots to black" we ne'er shall hear again.  
May he, poor child, no longer left to roam,  
Find friends to cheer him in his orphan home.  
And through the discipline of adverse fate,  
Learn laws to love, they are so *good* and *great* !  
And for the past make honorable amends,  
Content to know that other lads have friends ;  
That they have counsels friendly, good and wise,  
And when they fall, a hand to help them rise.  
To love mankind, their errors all forgive,  
And thankful be that he 's allowed to live,  
To seek no mates but those prescribed by law,  
And spurn the dog that lifts a friendly paw :  
And by these rules, through life be guided straight,  
Growing more worthy, good and wise and great.  
May his accuser find his cur again,  
His zeal for justice never prove in vain ;  
May his great effort in the cause of right,  
Bring its reward, and make life's burden light.  
Earth's erring ones whose friends are all in heaven,  
Look there for aid ; *there* seek to be forgiven.

## GASSEY ON EXHIBITION.

Tune—YANKEE DOODLE. .

This town is wise, though small in size,  
To all the world a wonder,  
It's come to pass, it goes by gas,  
And never makes a blunder.

The gas came in — it is no sin —  
And Gassey walked behind it,  
Up through the mart he wheeled his cart,  
The people did not mind it.

Till in the hall, both great and small,  
Heard Gassey's dissertation:  
How gas would cure, and make all pure,  
And heal the whole creation.

To doctor's bills, and all earth's ills,  
You bid good-bye forever;  
Don't be an ass, but take the gas,  
And you'll be sorry never.

And now, forsooth, if any tooth  
Should up and take to aching,  
You suck the bag, we'll pull the snag,  
And do it without quaking.

And should it break, more gas you take,  
Until you fill your collar —  
Each pull *we* make — each draught you take,  
Will cost you but a dollar!

And now the crowd, both low and proud,  
Await the gas to quaff in;  
Each little heeds what Gassey reads,  
About the fun of laughing.

The show 's begun! look out for fun,  
And science, stand from under;  
At genius rare, the people stare  
In everlasting wonder.

Through rusty brass, each sucks the gas,  
Where thousands breathed before him,  
The gas, how sweet! it must be neat,  
If sick, it must restore him.

Sweet is the yield of breaths congealed,  
Condensed inside the bladder,  
Poor humans laugh, but any calf  
For breathing would grow sadder.

O! what a feast, to see a beast  
Made of poor human creatures,  
And those who think, made but to wink,  
And show distorted features.

To see the town run up and down,  
Pay homage to a booby ;  
Let science pass, and feed on gas,  
But yet, it is so to be.

Men will go in and pay their tin  
For an exploded humbug,  
Then for their skill, charge extra bill  
For giving you a gum-tug.

Congested brain 'can give no pain,  
'T is true, there 's something in it ;  
But 't is no treat if your heart beat  
Two hundred in a minute.

This gas won't pay ; 't will have its day,  
As it has once already ;  
Do n't let the thing your nerves unstring,  
But keep them calm and steady.

The thing is old, pray do n't be sold,  
Long since it was exploded ;  
It is no fun to touch a gun  
That goes off ere 't is loaded.

## PRICE AND RICE.

A PUN ON NAMES.

Much longer I'd tarry  
With you Mrs. *Price*,  
But my wife has been cooking  
A nice dish of *rice*!  
Now do not complain  
That I love the rice better;  
I'd love you the same,  
Were it not for *one letter*.

---

## VACUUM.

I've not an idea in my head,  
If so I would not write it:  
Far better it remained unsaid,  
For then you could not fight it.



## TOBACCO.

DEDICATED TO YOUNG SMOKERS.

Tobacco has no *inspiration*,  
Because its always out,  
Out of pocket, out of ration-  
Al ideas ; and about  
Out of anything attracting,  
Save the boy that it is pack'd in.  
Head as empty as a kettle,  
Always dry for want of spittle ;  
Nice young man by love o'ertaken,  
Who 's in want of live smoked bacon ?

---

## THE PROFESSIONAL SLANDERER.

He who others will slander to help on his trade,  
Will pass through the smallest of holes ever made ;  
No matter how grave his pretensions may be,  
His prayer is the cant of the old Pharisee.

His professions of love made through love of himself,  
All are in the direction of plunder and pelf;  
And when of these treasures he loses his hold,  
A shrinkage must come that is sad to behold.

And so when to earth he has yielded his earth,  
But a small weight is needed to balance his worth,  
And when so shrunk down that his soul is his all,  
No wonder it crawls through a hole very small.

The hypocrite's garb is laid off evermore,  
And the smile has no charm to deceive as before;  
Yet as gnats' eyes are perfect though in a small hole,  
So, in all its proportions, here may be a soul.

We call the man mean, who the printer will cheat.  
And he rightfully ranks in the class called "dead  
beat ;"

But the mode of his meanness some virtue reveals,  
For his soul may expand through the knowledge he  
steals.

The burglar we brand as a foe of mankind,  
But e'en with his theft there is genius combined,  
And though all worldly wealth in his soul he may  
crave,

Yet the life and good name of his victim he 'd save.

Though he blow up a safe and make off with the cash,  
Compared with our honor we've parted with trash,

The way is left open the sum to regain,  
With a little more labor of muscle and brain.

But the tongue of vile slander as rattlesnake's bane,  
Becomes never inert till its victim is slain,  
And then it will wag over virtues held dear,  
And mingle its slime with sweet memory's tear.

No ties are too sacred to compass its ends,  
Though it be on the ruins of misguided friends,  
It would steal more than life, more than all earthly  
gains,  
It would rob reputation till nothing remains.

Should the virtue thus slandered descend to annoy  
The little shrunk soul that but lived to destroy,  
It might look on the ruins of plunder and pelf,  
Where cunning and meanness exalted itself.

It might search for a soul and enquire for its size,  
That by pulling down others attempted to rise,  
That gaunt soul unmolested still onward might crawl,  
For no virtue could enter a hole that's so small.

Jackals of the desert will dig for the dead,  
The slanderer thrives on but rottenness fed,  
They may snarl at our heels and their calling pursue,  
And we never need envy the hole they crawl through.

## THE WRECK OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1857.

As related by Jacob Quencer, of Watertown, N. Y., one of the survivors.

We left the broad Pacific coast,  
We left the golden strand ;  
Bound for the old Atlantic states,  
Our dear loved native land.

We 'd delved in loneliness for years,  
In crystal, rock and loam ;  
We 'd gathered up the golden dust,  
For children, wife and home.

With tears of joy and throbbing breast,  
With trusting heart and warm ;  
In fancy wild with loved ones met,  
And pressed each loving form.

Six hundred exiles from their homes,  
Their hearts now backward turned ;  
Six hundred tired and hungry souls,  
For friends and friendship yearned.

The steamer that beneath us lay,  
New rigged with mast and sail,

Had many a stormy sea outrode,  
And weathered many a gale.

But greed for gain withheld the truth,  
Her timbers were unsound ;  
When she received her living freight—  
Six hundred homeward bound.

We little recked the woe concealed,  
When on that fatal day,  
We cleared the coast of Aspinwall,  
And stood for New York bay.

Hopes clustered round with buoyant wings,  
And cheer was in the air ;  
Three days we sped o'er bright blue seas,  
Calm as the breath of prayer.

Then cloud on cloud in columns rose,  
And lightnings rent the sky,  
The waters in wild surges leaped,  
Our ship rose mountains high

Then down descended 'neath the waves,  
A scathed and shivering form ;  
Then rose again, a thing of life,  
And battled with the storm.

We stood between contending foes,  
Of angry wind and wave ;

We called upon the mighty arm,  
Outstretched with power to save.

New horror to the scene to add,  
A leak was in the hold ;  
And shrieks of agony arose,  
And paled each seaman bold.

Two days and nights the ship we baled,  
Both men and women baled ;  
But conquering fate her doom had sealed,  
And human efforts failed.

Amidst our woe we spoke a brig,  
And still to add new grief,  
She left us and pursued her way,  
Though promising relief.

On the same day another craft  
Hove to along our side ;  
She too was driven far to sea,  
And baffled by the tide.

And though disabled by the gale,  
She stood two leagues away,  
'Mid danger wrought for our relief,  
Until the close of day.

No tongue can tell, no pencil paint,  
The anguish of that hour :

When wind and wave the victory gained,  
O'er human skill and power.

And yet through all this wild despair,  
Traits of true manhood shone ;  
And other lives it sought to save,  
Unmindful of its own.

Women and children thronged the deck,  
And manly hearts gave way ;  
Three score and five all gained the brig,  
That lay two leagues away :

And then the stately ship went down,  
Beneath the angry waves ;  
And bore five hundred fated forms,  
To death and watery graves.

And down in ocean's coral caves,  
Two hundred fathoms deep,  
Ashes and dust with dust of gold,  
Of fortune seekers sleep.

A remnant of that fated band,  
Contended still for life,  
And nobly fought the conquering foe,  
Nor yielded in the strife.

On broken fragments of the wreck,  
We strove the live-long night,  
The salt sea foam our tongues had parched,  
And painful grew the sight.

At length as near the dawn of day,  
We turned our gaze to lee,  
A *light* as from the morning star,  
Came o'er the shimmering sea!

It was the star of destiny,  
To six courageous men:  
The mist of doubt it cleared away,  
And hope revived again.

Five of the band remained in doubt,  
And lingered by the way,  
While one struck boldly for the light,  
And at the dawn of day —

With failing strength the brig he gained,  
And on her deck was drawn;  
And seaward tow'rd the struggling five,  
The gallant ship sailed on.

And they were saved! but onward still,  
The noble vessel flew;  
Till forty-nine she gathered up,  
Of that ill-fated crew.

It seemed a providence that snatched,  
The living from the dead,  
That from its course turned back the bark,  
That to the rescue sped.



Brave captain Johnson and his men,  
By some strange power imbued,  
Had tacked the ship for unknown seas,  
And destiny pursued.

A gray, huge bird with plumage strange,  
Came to the ship at night,  
And rested on the captain's arm,  
Then seaward took its flight.

And soon this bird again returned,  
And stroked the captain's cheek,  
Confiding on his shoulder perched,  
Caressed him with its beak.

Then in the same direction flew,  
Toward the fated wreck,  
Then backward to the bark returned,  
And fell upon the deck.

It was an omen of distress,  
To this true, generous breast;  
He tacked the ship to cruise the seas,  
And succor the distressed.

And willing hands, and feeling hearts,  
Received that famished band,  
Then for the port of Norfolk sailed,  
And bore them safe to land.

Then with another brig we sailed,  
Upon that very day,  
To meet the daring, crippled craft,  
Full ninety miles away.

Women and children sixty-five,  
To blighted homes were borne,  
Saved from the wreck by manly hearts,  
The loved and lost to mourn.

The horror of that dreadful scene,  
Fresh in my memory seems ;  
It saddens still my waking hours,  
And haunts me in my dreams.

That night of struggle with the waves,  
The hope and the despair ;  
That strife for life, the yawning death,  
Go with me everywhere.

A health to captain Johnson,  
And to his generous crew ;  
A nobler heart ne'er warmed a breast,  
Than these to duty true.

A health to those dear comrades, true,  
Wherever they may be ;  
Who bravely strove to others save,  
Then nobly braved the sea.

To the noble, gallant Frasher,  
Our captain's second mate,  
Who did a truer service far,  
Than those who serve the state,

Who, like a faithful soldier,  
Both death and danger braved ;  
And by whose ceaseless efforts,  
The sixty-five were saved.

To our true-hearted captain,  
We drop a farewell tear,  
For deeds of noble daring,  
We hold his memory dear,

Who, mid the wild disaster,  
Tied to the reeling deck,  
Gave to the last his orders,  
Then went down with the wreck.

A tear for those who perished,  
Five hundred homeward bound,  
A tear for those dear home-ones,  
Whose hearts have felt the wound.

A hope for those who 've parted,  
With friends so cherished here ;  
A joy for every sorrow,  
A smile for every tear.

THE BRAVE BRAKEMAN AND THE NOBLE  
GENTLEMAN — A TRUE SCENE.

Wide o'er the broad extended plain,  
The gale was fierce and wild ;  
And thicker fell the drifting snow,  
And into mountains piled.

The engine pressed its seething way,  
Against the chilling blast ;  
Until the steam in ice congealed,  
And fetters bound it fast.

No human hand to lend its aid,  
No settler's rustic cot ;  
And deeper grew the drifts of snow,  
And chained it to the spot.

The car of human freight seemed doomed,  
And hunger seized its prey ;  
And time dragged on with heavy pace,  
Till hope near died away.

A dozen souls seemed doomed to fate,  
Without an arm to save ;  
Ere long the rifts of snow must prove,  
Their winding-sheet and grave.

But no ! there is a heart beats warm,  
    Within a manly breast ;  
A brakeman from another train,  
    Now leaves the station west.

His manly shoulders firm and broad,  
    Are bending 'neath the load  
Of stores to feed the anxious band,  
    Two leagues upon the road.

Through rift and storm he bends his way,  
    Nor dreams of turning back,  
For reef on reef the snow is piled,  
    And closes up the track.

Now fast his limbs are losing strength,  
    His locks and brow congeal ;  
The frost and chill benumb his cheeks,  
    And to his vitals steal.

One effort more as though the last !  
    A reeling in his brain !  
An arm sustains his sinking form,  
    He 's reached the snow-bound train.

And thus to rescue human lives,  
    He jeopardized his own ;  
Although they bore no kin to him,  
    But strangers and unknown.

Since then we meet in trav'ling west,  
One who conducts the train ;  
Who wears upon his generous breast,  
A gold and jewelled chain.

Though humble in the walks of life,  
His fame has spread afar ;  
The chain 's the heartfelt gift of one,  
Saved from the snow-bound car.

And to that one it was a gift,  
For deeds the world called brave,  
Now on a nobler heart bestowed,  
That periled life to save.

The heart admires each sacrifice,  
And feels there 's something good,  
That may some day unite the world,  
In human brotherhood.

---

## IRISH WIT AND HUMOR.

An English lord a shilling gave,  
When six-pence was the fee,  
And said : " Now just remember, Pat,

A six-pence you owe me.”  
Said Pat: “Your order is ~~but~~ just,  
And sure I will obey it;  
I’ll not forget; and may you live,  
Your honor, till I pay it.”

---

## CHANGING HOMES.

TO JENNIE.

The best of friends, alas, must part,  
Though best of friends are meeting;  
And these fond mem’ries of the heart,  
Prevent our bliss completing.

These severed ties must link us still,  
To those from whom we sever;  
These forms still near us, linger will,  
Close to the heart as ever.

No change of place can break the tie,  
No friendship new can mar it;  
No new-born joy can hush the sigh,  
That will come in to share it.

And so we gather 'long life's way,  
The gems that cannot perish ;  
And waiting for a brighter day,  
The old and new to cherish.

When those who part and those who meet,  
Beyond this world's resistance,  
A soul communion shall complete,  
Unmarred by time or distance.

---

### THE UNIVERSAL LAW.

Out of itself, and into itself,  
With a ceaseless ebb and flow,  
Runs the tide of life,  
In the world's great strife,  
As its waters come and go ;  
With the mighty breath,  
Of life and death,  
The nations rise and fall ;  
As the pulses beat,  
Of cold and heat,  
From God the heart of all.



Out of itself, and into itself,  
The welling font of love  
Flows ever free,  
As sea to sea,  
And worlds below, above,  
From sky to sky,  
By a mystic tie,  
Keep rhythmic interchange,  
And ever are wrought,  
The grooves of thought,  
By the ceaseless law of change.

Out of itself, and into itself,  
Flow the whole and every part,  
And naught so fine,  
But the pulse divine,  
Beats true with the central heart ;  
From below, above,  
Are the lines of love,  
And returning as run the years ;  
And mind evolved,  
Is the problem solved,  
Of the law of the circling spheres.

Out of itself, and into itself,  
And nothing abides alone,  
For all things tend,  
As means to an end,  
And each must find its own ;

And whether we will  
Or not, yet still  
    There runs through all, a tie  
That we cannot break,  
And give and take,  
    Is life and its grand supply.

---

#### RESPONSE TO "MARY'S DREAM."

'T was not a dream, but vision bright,  
    Of flowers and fruits divine,  
Seen only by the inner light,  
    Of natures such as thine.

The stream, the music and the air,  
    So pure, enchanting, sweet ;  
A transcript of the beauties there,  
    The spirit's calm retreat.

The skies, the trees, so blue and green,  
    With tints of heavenly dyes ;  
'T is true no mortal eye hath seen,  
    But only spirit eyes.

The angel-forms, that "walk the air,"  
Are such as dwelt on earth,  
And filled the lonely vacant chair,  
Around the household hearth.

Simply they have gone before,  
And clothed themselves in light,  
The garments only that they wore,  
Are laid away from sight.

O, happy are the eyes that view,  
Two worlds as only one ;  
And see the soul its life renew,  
When death its work hath done.

Dear Mary, visions such as thine,  
Should keep thy heart resigned ;  
And never should the soul repine,  
Since seeking, thou dost find.

The visions of the joys to come,  
Each sorrow's tear should dry,  
They make us feel we have a home,  
And loves that cannot die.

## LITTLE KATIE.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Lay aside the little stockings,  
Fold the dress she used to wear,  
Take the gaiters from the window,  
And remove the vacant chair.

Cling to them no longer fondly,  
For you need no outward sign  
To remind you of those tendrils,  
That still round your hearts entwine.

Gather up the little garments,  
Numbered with the things that were ;  
They are not of darling Katie,  
And retain no charm for her.

Once you deemed her as an angel,  
For the earth too pure and fair ;  
Why not then as such receive her,  
In the robes that angels wear.

She a spirit was but lent you,  
From the realms of love and light ;  
Well she filled for you her mission,  
Ere she vanished from your sight.

For your spirits are more holy,  
For that life that seemed so frail;  
In that life were golden moments,  
Treasures that can never fail.

Then remove the little garments,  
Let no sadness dim your sight,  
And receive your darling Katie,  
As she comes in robes of light.

Now the little cheek is pressing,  
To the saddened brow of care,  
And the locks of gray still mingle,  
With the tress of golden hair.

Blessed sight that views the angels,  
Whether dwelling here or there,  
Never looks on empty garments,  
Never sees a vacant chair.

In the pensive hour of silence,  
Cheek and lips again will meet,  
And each loved and loving spirit,  
Mingle in communion sweet.

Only outward form hath left you,  
Voice hath vanished on the air.  
All of Katie still is living;  
Then remove the vacant chair.

## MYSTERY.

A mystery the words remain,  
A mystery is man ;  
A mystery the human brain,  
That ever life began.

What moves the will? What *is* the will?  
How far the will is free,  
Has been through all the past, and still  
Remains a mystery.

And how the gross and the refined,  
First into being came,  
And how they both in one combined  
To form a moving frame.

How in that frame is thought evolved?  
How reason mounts the throne?  
Remains a problem yet unsolved,  
And known to God alone.

And all the wisdom man can boast,  
In schools of science stored,  
Is but a pebble on the coast,  
Of oceans unexplored.

We deal in mysteries profound,  
We breathe them in the air ;  
And every sight, and touch, and sound,  
But mystery declare.

Of all familiar things and plain,  
In earth and sea and air,  
No thought or science can explain  
The how, or why, they *are*.

We learn how nature works by laws,  
How principles agree ;  
How each effect is but a cause,  
And *here* is mystery.

'Tis mystery that *now* we live,  
No greater mystery,  
That God a higher life should give, '  
When from this lower free.

---

## THE FLOWERS WILL FADE.

Yes, the flowers will droop and fade,  
And vanish from the sight ;  
But as they seek the realms of shade,  
They turn towards the light.

How evanescent, yet how sweet,  
The fragrance of a flower ;  
Its birth, its mission, all complete,  
In but a transient hour.

And yet its fragrance is not lost,  
But seeks the more sublime ;  
Away from chill, from blight and frost,  
That mar the things of time.

They please the sight, inspire our hope,  
Although they fade at even ;  
To brighter realms the portals ope,  
And give a glimpse of heaven.

Their faces ever turned above,  
They are the soul's evangels ;  
That point us to the land of love,  
The presence of the angels.

We sigh to see their bright hues fade,  
To lose their sweet communion,  
To view the parent stem decayed,  
That bore so sweet a union.

But O ! our souls have felt their power,  
Our lives are more complete,  
For this fond greeting of an hour,  
The flowers we prized so sweet.



So with the friends our lives have cheered,  
Our cherished and our only,  
Whose forms from us have disappeared,  
And left us sad and lonely.

Our lives are better that for years,  
We loved those blossoms dearly ;  
We still may bless though through our tears,  
The blight that came so early.

For there are joys we may not know,  
Except affliction teach us ;  
And through our sighs and tears below,  
The joys of heaven shall reach us.

The flowers may fade, the fruit decay,  
And yet their fragrance cheer us ;  
And so our loved ones passed away,  
Still dwell in spirit near us.

---

## IN MEMORIAM.

Written for MRS. CORNELIA ROGERS, of Manhattan, Kansas,  
on the death of her husband.

Though the waters be deep and the dark clouds may  
low'r,  
And the wrecks of affection are strown o'er life's sea;

Yet the loved ones stand waiting with lights on the  
shore,

And the heart thou hast trusted is beating for thee.

The heart's pure affection no blast can destroy,

No dark frowning billows its beauty can mar ;

No tempest divert from the haven of joy,

That gleams through life's shadows, the soul's  
guiding star.

Though the form thou hast cherished hath sunk 'neath  
the wave,

And the deep troubled waters above it may roll,

Yet beyond, and above where these dark waters lave,

Know there's rest for the weary, there's rest for  
the soul.

Then cherish the dear ones he's left to your care,

For no mission on earth can be purer than this ;

Thus true to the loved one whose image they bear,

So fondly they cherished, so sadly they've missed.

And his spirit in glory your effort shall bless,

And your solace in sorrow shall evermore be,

For his love will pervade each maternal caress,

Still patiently loving, and waiting for thee.

Then mourn nevermore for the spirit that's gone,

But mourn for the mourners who comfortless weep ;

Yet look tow'rd the sunlight and welcome the dawn,

That breaks on the night where the countless dead  
sleep.

“BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER’S BURDENS.”

O, that the heart might cease to feel,  
Or some disguise might borrow,  
That could from all the world conceal  
The burden of its sorrow.

Why should we meet the cruel glare,  
Of all the crowd that heed us ;  
Our inmost feelings be laid bare,  
To those who cannot read us ?

Why not be left to silent grief,  
And in some safe seclusion,  
To find in solitude relief,  
Without the world’s intrusion ?

What if sometimes, we do not feel  
The flow of all the graces ;  
Must others show their christian zeal,  
By gazing in our faces ?

Are souls to hunt each other down,  
And show themselves God’s creatures,  
By marking every shade or frown,  
That passes o’er the features ?

Give me relief from friend or foe,  
Who wanting thought and feeling,  
Would burden thus with deeper woe,  
The wounds that needed healing!

Some have the power of soul, to rise  
Above the heart's deep trouble,  
But some their woe cannot disguise,  
Or live their lives thus double.

*True* friendship sees us as we are ;  
When sad, we need not fear it ;  
Its hand will smooth the brow of care,  
And gently seek to cheer it.

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#### REPARTEE.

When dining one day at a public hotel,  
A dandy just opposite made himself free,  
And finding his wit not received very well,  
He turned his attention more pointed to me.

“Mr. Dentist, are sheep’s teeth much used in your trade?”

The answer came ready: “Well, if you must know, That depends on the heads, sir, for which they are made,

In one case no doubt they would be *apropos*.”

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Since the days of MARY STUART, Queen of Scotland, stands in the churchyard in Dumfriesshire, a tombstone bearing the engraving of a cross and sword, with the inscription, “*Hic Jacet Adamus Fleming.*”

## THE STORY.

Helen Irving, a daughter fair  
Of a rich laird of Kirkconnell,  
Possessed genius and beauty rare,  
And she was loved, alas, too well!

Two chiefs of clansmen sought her hand,  
One, noble, valorous and brave;  
The other led a desperate band,  
Shunned and detested as a knave.

Fleming the brave, at once became,  
The favored of the maiden fair ;  
The bloody tyrant, Bell by name,  
Vowed vengeance on the trusting pair.

The heart that would not to him yield,  
He swore his bloody sword should pierce ;  
And Fleming, too—his fate was sealed ;  
A victim to his vengeance fierce.

Along sweet Kirtle's banks, he traced  
The lovers on their nightly round,  
And as they neared his hiding place,  
He sprang upon them with a bound.

His tube was aimed at Fleming's breast,  
And Helen robed in vestal charms,  
The hellish demon to arrest,  
Rushed forward to her lover's arms.

The deadly contents she received,  
Her aim accomplished but too well ;  
Short was the victory achieved,  
Then bleeding, dying, prostrate fell.

A mortal combat now ensued,  
Between the desp'rate rival twain ;  
And hand to hand, with blood imbrued,  
They held carnival o'er the slain.

And Fleming with his well aimed blows,  
The villain in his blood laid low ;  
A cairn of stones to trav'lers shows,  
There 's desecrated dust below.

The lover sinking in despair,  
His country and his home forsook :  
And for a while in rude warfare,  
To foreign, heathen lands he took.

But soon he yielded his command,  
And sought again his native shore —  
The saddened heaths of Scotia's land —  
To leave her fairy scenes no more.

Down where the Kirtle rolls her flood,  
He bent his solitary way ;  
The spot where with fair Helen's blood,  
The joys of life had flown away.

He threw himself upon her grave,  
And with his last expiring breath,  
Back to the world but one word gave,  
The name of Helen — his in death.

One grave their ashes here contains,  
One stone still marks the sacred spot,  
Where lovers, parted, met again,  
Where constancy is not forgot.

And on the spot where Helen fell,  
A sacred cross stands to this day,  
Her deed of faithfulness to tell,  
When years shall come and pass away.

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### A WOMAN'S SECRET.

We've a story related, that once on a time,  
In the days of old Rome when she sat in her prime,  
Her famous sanhedrim a secret possessed,  
And none were her counsels allowed to molest.

And the populace anxious the secret to learn,  
Would listen at key-holes some clue to discern ;  
'T was a dreadful suspense in republican life,  
'T was a painful besetment of each member's wife.

What terrible scourge has the nation befel,  
Are our blessings imperiled, dear husband, *do tell?*  
One lady whose life was in most things discreet,  
But a woman withal, and hence not quite complete,

Her arts night and day to her husband applied,  
And the secret she vowed she would not be denied,



And oaths she would utter, and curses invoke  
Upon her own head, if the secret she spoke.

And with tears she entreated, O why so unjust,  
As refuse in a loving companion to trust!  
At length the old Roman concluded to yield,  
In a manner howe'er that no truth he revealed.

But to rather convince the dear partner for life,  
That a man may have secrets unknown to his wife,  
"We're informed by the priests, that a lark in the air,  
With a plumage so brilliant no bird can compare,

With a helmet of gold on its beautiful head,  
And a spear in one claw with bright crimson blood red,  
Is seen hovering o'er Roman temple and shrine,  
And the priests are at loss its portent so divine.

And now *we're* consulting the soothsayers too,  
To learn what new work we're commanded to do;  
But keep to thyself what from me thou hast wrung,  
For our fate, and a nation's may rest on thy tongue."

Thus said, and the Roman the market place sought,  
While the woman her house-maid in agony caught,  
And as though on the brink of eternal despair,  
She smote her own breast and tore out locks of hair:

Saying, "Woe to my country, my husband and me!  
What horror has come to us? where shall we flee?"

And then she unfolded the whole to her maid,  
And added still more than the member had said.

“But, see for your life that the secret remain,  
Between you and me and not spoken again.”  
The hussy no sooner than out of her sight,  
To the very next servant revealed it outright ;

And she to her sweet-heart the same did confide,  
And he to the market place instantly hied,  
And ere the old Roman the market place gained,  
The secret was public, and wild terror reigned.

Soon he met an old friend, who, with looks of despair,  
Asked about the dread omen, “the lark in the air :”  
“God a mercy, my wife raised the mischief” quoth he,  
“No retailer of news can be nimble as she.”

He soon met the senate, was made to explain,  
And they and the people found quiet again ;  
His bosom companion with contrition deep,  
No more asked of senators secrets to keep.

But thankful the secret had proved but a ruse,  
And Rome was not lost, as ’t was “saved by a goose.”

#### MORAL.

’T is plain there are secrets men have of their own,  
And are good for mankind though to others unknown.

Deception can hardly a virtue possess,  
Yet on the same plane with inquisitiveness ;  
To the test of the Roman we 'd better descend,  
Before we unbosom ourselves to a friend.

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## AUTUMN.

'Tis sad to view the tendrils wither,  
Sad to see the bright hues fade ;  
Side by side they rest together,  
Leaf and flowret have decayed.

Day by day the foliage lessens ;  
Night by night the piercing cold  
Scathes the branch of its possessions,  
Strews the earth with green and gold.

Sad to view the shattered garments  
That have clothed all nature fair,  
Forming shrouds and mournful cerements,  
Living forms for death prepare.

And the winds, how chill and piercing,  
As they sing the funeral dirge ;

Onward as the hosts keep marching,  
Buried 'neath the mighty surge.

One by one the gems are shattered,  
That so long have blessed my sight ;  
Flowers I 've gathered, time hath scattered,  
And my soul hath felt the blight.

So with life, the joys I 've cherished,  
And the friends so near the heart,  
Like the flowers and leaves, have perished,  
And for them the tear-drops start.

And the requiem of sadness,  
Sounds alike the solemn knell,  
O'er departed hours of gladness,  
Where the loved no longer dwell.

But their memory is holy,  
And their forms remain the same,  
While I ponder sad and lonely,  
Friends and flowers I call by name.

And their images before me,  
Give me faith that knows no blight;  
That a springtime may restore me  
To the loved ones gone from sight.

Welcome then these chill Novembers,  
Outward cerements and decay ;  
Rising from the smouldering embers,  
Life and love resume their sway.

## LITTLE DORA.

Little Dora, blithe and gay,  
Making music all the day,  
With her prattle and her play,  
    Like an angel's blessing ;  
Ever gives me hearty cheer,  
Makes me feel there 's something dear,  
That can bind my spirit here,  
    Something worth possessing.

Rosy cheeks and dimpled chin,  
Ruby lips that always win ;  
Smiles bewitching too, as sin ;  
    All my leisure hours beguile.  
Little kisses, O ! how sweet,  
Little ringlets curling neat,  
Ah, my bliss is quite complete ;  
    In my little Dora's smile.

And her little sparkling eyes,  
Bright as stars that gem the skies,  
Ah, it fills my heart with sighs,  
    The thought that we must sever.  
Round some other heart than mine,  
Must this little tendril twine,  
But she 'll leave a light divine,  
    Sparkling bright forever.

## HIRAM MOORE.

Written on a sick bed while the procession was passing.

I hear the measured tramp of feet ;  
    Feel stillness on the air ;  
A sacredness comes from the street,  
    Pure as the breath of prayer.

What form has drawn the waiting crowd ?  
    And why do hearts beat sore ?  
'T is not the form of genius proud,  
    But that of Hiram Moore.

He had no military name ;  
    No literary lore,  
On which dead heroes rise to fame,  
    But simply Hiram Moore.

Yet in that name true manliness  
    And simple worth combine ;  
A genial warmth and gentleness,  
    From friendship's altar, shine.

No greatness since the world began,  
    Has blessed the race like this ;  
A good, a pure, and honest man,  
    Is nature's nobleness.

And Hiram Moore may pass away,  
And others fill his place ;  
The waning crowd forget the day,  
He closed his earthly race.

But yet the world will better be,  
More true, and great, and good ;  
And true reform for him, shall see  
A purer brotherhood.

So when our pure and good men die,  
Virtue and vice compete ;  
And 't is a blessed reason why,  
We 've mourners on the street.

---

TO THE LATE JONATHAN MILLEN.

INSCRIBED TO ONE WHO KNEW HIM BEST.

Farewell, my brother, thou art gone to rest,  
Lonely the knell that bore thy form away ;  
Lonely the halls thy tired footsteps prest,  
No more a welcome at the close of day.

Lonely the twilight glimmers through the pane,  
And lonely falls upon the vacant chair,  
That thou at evening ne'er wilt seek again,  
To rest thee from thy weary round of care.

In treasured memories of long ago,  
The stricken heart still turns to seek relief,  
Still mingling with the bitter dregs of woe,  
A lonely solace in the hour of grief.

Thy words of confidence and faith shall live,  
When death shall set the struggling spirit free,  
And to the soul shall brighter visions give,  
And draw my trusting heart more close to thee.

Thine was a life to virtue ever true,  
And thine a love for man, exalted, pure ;  
Thine was a hope that brings to mortal view,  
A brighter world where life and love endure.

Then farewell, brother, till again we meet,  
Where twilight shadows never more can fall,  
Where friendship's circle has no vacant seat,  
And love responds when loving voices call.



## DEATH.

Death is the death of death !  
That we may die no more ;  
The yielding of a breath,  
A pang that soon is o'er.

In prospect it exists,  
And yet it never is ;  
Like clouds and vapory mists,  
But seen at distances.

We find it ; and 't is naught,  
For life goes on the same ;  
Some change of being wrought,  
While death is but a name.

The death of death, is all  
The term can signify ;  
As leaves in autumn fall,  
But life can never die.

The forms of life will change,  
The lower seek the higher ;  
Life finds a broader range,  
And change brings new desire.

That terror of mankind,  
Death, with its sable pall,  
The phantom of the mind,  
Is but the friend of all.

The death of death alone,  
Is all that death can be ;  
As death is no more known,  
When once the soul is free.

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### THE POWER OF SILENCE.

When being from its depths is stirred,  
Could hallowed love find tongue,  
A loftier poem would be heard,  
Than ever yet was sung.

That poem angels might indite,  
With an immortal pen ;  
Yet not e'en inspiration's light,  
Could bear it down to men.

For things the most sublime and true,  
Come from the subtler realm ;

They pass as visions in review,  
And we've no name for them.

The sweetest bud, with choicest flower,  
In modest silence grows ;  
The deepest stream, with mightiest power,  
Most *still* to ocean flows.

The grandest rythm of the spheres,  
With music most sublime,  
Is unattuned to mortal ears,  
Unknown to things of time.

And oft the heart must feel the power  
Of thought, deep, unexpressed ;  
The silent, consecrated hour,  
The hour of peaceful rest.

The loftiest anthem of the soul,  
Is not in words expressed ;  
The feelings earth cannot control,  
Are not in language dressed.

Though thought may breathe, and words may  
burn,  
Yet silence mute and dumb,  
Will give to heaven the best return,  
For joys that to us come.

And when we bow at nature's shrine,  
And drink her spirit in,  
And nearer seek to the divine,  
Through realms of life within,

We find no language to express  
The truth the spirit feels ;  
For clothed in a sublimer dress,  
Her wonders she reveals.

Then bow, my soul, in silence bow,  
And on life's altar kneel ;  
The silent prayer, unspoken vow,  
Be these my best appeal.

---

### THE ONONDAGA GIANT.

Touch it lightly, men renowned,  
And maids be circumspect,  
For in this mystery profound,  
There may be some defect.

The thing has had a long repose,  
And is from dirt exhumed,

Since what it was no mortal knows,  
    *Too much* may be presumed.

What if his youth was not all right,  
    The painful fact would spoil the show ;  
A sad suspense ! we call for light !  
    Where is Harriet Beecher Stowe ?

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## EPITAPH ON A DOG.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF 17.

Here lies his carcass much disgraced,  
    A dog of high renown ;  
Poor cur, he 's run his earthly race,  
    And laid his body down.

The awful temper that he had,  
    Brought him to this estate :  
He bit his friend, his friend grew mad :  
    And Tiger met his fate.

Thus all mankind from this may learn,  
    This lesson if no more ;

To never let their anger burn,  
For death is at the door.

The man who lets his anger rage,  
Though honored, bold and brave,  
May soon be hurried from the stage,  
To fill a murderer's grave.

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## PRESENTATION

by a friend, of a Tom Turkey to Tom Baker, accompanied with a  
bottle of beer.

I send by the hand of the undertaker,  
The corpse of your namesake,  
A friend good and true :  
Prepare and bury with care, Tom Baker ;  
Shed not a tear, but welcome the *beer* ;  
You must live by your trade,  
So I send it to you.

## A SOUVENIR.

At the age of 55 years I made the acquaintance of Dr. J. H. Gibbons, who proved to be an old schoolmate, and had in his possession a sun-glass received from me, as a memento, 41 years before. He returned it, saying: "When you look at this, know that one heart has remained true to you."

A precious gift, and souvenir,  
The symbol of the soul.  
Within the heart what feelings stir,  
What memories unroll!

As sunbeams through thy disk unite,  
And gather light and heat;  
So there are life-points, golden bright,  
Where friendships are complete.

The chequered past through manhood's years,  
Unfolds again to view;  
And on its page bedimmed with tears,  
I read: ONE heart is true.

It was a simple, boyish love,  
Pure impulse of the heart;  
'T was as the cooing of the dove,  
And without guile or art.

Not politic, but pure, sincere,  
Like sunbeams through the mists;  
O! trusting heart, 't is worth a tear,  
To know such love exists.

To backward trace the voyage of life,  
With wrecks of friendship strown,  
And know that greed and selfish strife,  
Have left me still mine own.

It is enough the heart to warm,  
A faith in man to give,  
'T is like the voice amid the storm,  
It bids affection live.

Then tell me not the shrines are cold,  
Where not one altar burns,  
That mid the dross there is no gold,  
And love to ashes turns.

For there are spots upon life's page,  
All blotted o'er with tears,  
That sunnier glow from youth to age,  
And change not with the years.

Some have passed on, some still remain,  
But friendships that are pure,  
Shall as the sunbeams meet again,  
And as the light endure.



I take the gift, my trusting friend,  
As from a heart that 's true,  
And as you read these lines I send,  
Know ONE still thinks of you.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. G. E. HOLBROOK.

## ACROSTIC.

Sister : o'er thy place of rest,  
Autumn winds thy requiem sigh,  
Roses on thy fair young breast,  
All have drooped and withered lie.  
Hallowed be the sacred shrine,  
Faithful feet the clod shall press,  
Hallowed friendships still are thine,  
Ardent still each fond caress ;  
Life, love and beauty fadeless shall endure,  
Earth cannot hold, or mar a gem so pure.

## "GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION."

DELIVERED IN WATERTOWN, JUNE, 1873.

Written at a period when some of the sects were making an effort to so amend the constitution as to have in it the name of God.

The fool alone looks tow'rd the bending sky,  
And says there is no God who rules on high ;  
Looks through the earth where power and wisdom  
    glow,  
And truth and love in streams of gladness flow,  
In golden sunlight bathes his fevered brain,  
And feels his pulse beat back to health again ;  
For every ill beholds a ready cure,  
And finds the law of compensation sure ;  
Sees harmony in all apparent strife,  
And death apparent struggling back to life ;  
O'er ocean's deep seas, fleets and navies ride,  
And knows a hand is at the helm to guide,  
That wisdom planned to lay the sturdy keel,  
That strong arms wrought and sprung the ribs of steel;  
And yet beholds the myriad orbs of space,  
Each fitted true to fill its destined place,  
All moving on without a jar or flaw,  
As governed by the balance-wheel of law—  
And seeks in vain with his demented mind,  
For a designer in the things designed.

In vain each day proclaims *his* constant care,  
The heavens his glory and his power declare ;  
In vain the heart with inspiration warms,  
In vain *his* breath revives all living forms.  
Why to the fool are all these truths in vain ?  
We pause and let theology explain.

'T is true that nature's page, in every line,  
Proclaims a wisdom and a hand divine ;  
'T is also true the master mind foreknew,  
Creation would contain a fool or two.  
Who 'd fail to trace through principles and laws,  
The steady progress of a first great cause ;  
And here, we theologians agree,  
A small mistake was made by deity.  
Had *we* been present with *our* friendly aid,  
In convocation when the worlds were made,  
We 'd freed from doubt the idiotic mind,  
And made believers of all human kind.  
But none we blame : he labored all alone,  
And when our pious counsels were not known ;  
And so the worlds through the divine neglect,  
Have blundered on still marred by this defect.  
One small suggestion in the eternal ear,  
And idiot skeptics would have seen more clear ;  
But now we look this strange creation o'er,  
And this defect we ever must deplore,  
That he should do his work with so much care,  
And then forget to place his label there !

That in some dialect the word might shine,  
To show the thing created was divine—  
In Hebrew, Latin, or in old Parsee,  
In Dutch or Sanscrit, or in bold Chinee ;  
Or better still, that he should print his name,  
In English type, upon great nature's frame.  
'Tis true no language yet had been devised,  
Nor might all Babel's tongues have yet sufficed,  
To read the name thus stretched across the sky,  
Or give the meaning, or the where, or why ;  
And it might tax the wisdom of the schools,  
To make the explanation plain to fools ;  
But, as such preaching comes within their line,  
No doubt the real meaning they'd define.  
We theologians here all agree,  
We something need, to make the skeptic see,  
More than is furnished in the mighty plan,  
Through which a God reveals himself to man.  
'Tis true in nature there are many things,  
That float around with neither legs or wings,  
That seem upborne by some mysterious force,  
From atoms to a planet in its course.  
If fools can 't see it, how are they to blame ?  
What right have things to float without a name ?  
This wanting name we purpose to supply,  
But wanting means to paint it on the sky,  
And printed on the earth the name might fade,  
We turn from worlds to things that men have made :  
On constitutions we will try our hand,

And thus reveal a God throughout the land.  
Where nature fails man shall be forced by law,  
Till skeptics bow in reverence and awe ;  
The state and nation brought beneath the rod,  
Believe and tremble at the name of God.

'T is thus theology would pave the way  
For creeds and dogmas that have had their day ;  
Disturb the quiet of a peaceful death,  
And give the patient one more lease for breath.  
'T is not the God of nature they 'd proclaim,  
But 't is the God that bears an earthly name ;  
Not one of love to meet men's wants and needs,  
But one of wrath, expressed in human creeds.  
His work however deep with mysteries,  
No label needs to prove that it is his ;  
That work no name to mortal man bequeaths,  
But from that work the eternal spirit breathes.  
His power and wisdom, justice, truth and love,  
Still glow from earth beneath and heaven above ;  
And though no name these attributes should grace,  
The worlds might move, and stars might keep their  
place. .

True science seeks no sustenance to draw,  
From acts or creeds sustained by civil law ;  
It draws its breath from truth's eternal source,  
And moves resistless as the law of force.  
So pure religion — truth's celestial flower,  
Twin-born of science, seek no other dower ;

How insignificant is finite man,  
Who tries the great infinitude to scan ;  
Who to his standard brings the Eternal down,  
And makes him ruler 'neath an earthly crown ;  
His name mixed up in the affairs of state,  
To make the little things of men look great.  
'T is quite enough to bandy it about,  
On legal forms where justice is left out ;  
Where rulings turn upon some verbal flaw,  
Whereby the criminal evades the law.  
Or mouthed more freely in some petty court,  
In oaths administered full half in sport ;  
Where scoffing skeptics, with contemptuous look,  
And lips profane, advance and kiss the book.  
Now as religion fails to gain its point,  
One might suppose there 's something out of joint.  
Those unacquainted with these pious aims,  
Conclude there 's not much moral power in names ;  
For evil still exists throughout the land,  
A problem difficult to understand.

The name divine in state affairs made free,  
Has ever been the bane of liberty. .  
Men's truth and honor have been compromised,  
The deepest schemes for plunder been devised ;  
With perjured seats, and bribery in the chair,  
Our legislation is prefaced with prayer.  
His name invoked where hostile armies meet,  
And rights are crushed beneath the conquerors' feet ;

Where truth and innocence have fled in fear,  
And blood has flowed to conquer an idea.  
The hand that bore the banner of his name,  
Prepared the pile and lit the martyr's flame.  
"What attributes shall to his name be given?  
"What sect is owned and favored most of heaven?"  
Each claimed the God upon the civil throne,  
And favors asked exclusively its own ;  
And so the war went on with pious zeal,  
With no decision as the last appeal.  
Chained to the hostile car of church and state,  
The world dragged on in strife and deadly hate.  
Such is the picture that from life we draw,  
Of forcing God upon the world by law.

Shall we no wisdom from the picture gain?  
Or shall the sects enact the farce again?  
Shall we for heaven attempt to legislate?  
And form a union of the church and state?  
And pave the way for jarring sects to fight,  
O'er creeds and dogmas claiming legal right?  
If so, what name shall we inaugurate?  
The God of nature or the God of hate!  
The triune God, worshiped as one and three,  
Or shall we have the God in unity?  
The God of myth, near by with human speech,  
Or one too far for human voice to reach?  
Or one, who, once familiar with the race,  
Sojourned on earth and moved from place to place!

But who by word, by prophets, bards and seers,  
Has not been heard from for two thousand years.  
The God who hung'ring asked for sacrifice,  
And breathed hot incense wreaking to the skies ;  
Who made a world and then pronounced it good,  
And then repenting, deluged it with flood ;  
One who is jealous, angry every day,  
Permitting nations each on each to prey ;  
Who hears the rumor of a wicked town,  
And to assure him takes a journey down ;  
By him a righteous family is saved,  
Who prove themselves disgustingly depraved.  
Instructs the parent to protect his child,  
Then blesses him by whom it was defiled ;  
For information orders one to slay  
His son, and then the bloody hand to stay.  
Is it this God of ancient Hebrew lore,  
Ye 'd legalize for mortals to adore ?  
Is it the God adored through Papal forms ?  
Or one that Luther bold proclaimed at Worms ?  
Or Calvin's God, of stern decrees and laws,  
Dooming to wrath eternal, without cause ;  
Damning mankind in his eternal plan,  
Long ages ere creative work began ;  
Is this the name the sacred blank to fill ?  
Or Wesley's God, that damns men through free will ?  
In God's own image man was made at first,  
But since that day the order is reversed ;  
Man in his image forms his God *per se*,



Whether in number many, one or three ;  
 His passions all are to his God applied,  
 And to infinity are magnified.  
 And which of these shall fill the chair of state,  
 And make the nation truthful, wise and great ?  
 See Protestant and Catholic contend  
 For power the constitution to amend ;  
 Each Christian sect bring in its little bills,  
 And introduce its theologic pills ;  
 Each has its view of what the name imports,  
 Whether pronounced in pulpits or in courts,  
 And each will bring amendments to amend,  
 And make the name subserve its narrow end.  
 Upon one point, however, all agree :  
 The change must favor old theology.  
 Where God is judge to execute the laws,  
 Christ, as attorney, pleads the sinner's cause,  
 The saints are summoned as swift witnesses,  
 Each creed the standard of authorities ;  
 With these an officer is needed still,  
 To call the court and execute its will ;  
 Satan as sheriff then must have a seat,  
 Hell be the jail, and then the list's complete ;  
 To force compliance, institute the stocks,  
 And we've a government that's orthodox.  
 One inch conceded, and no tongue can tell  
 How soon intolerance will take an ell.

Ye minor sects, imbued with faith and hope,

Are ye prepared with mightier powers to cope?  
To stand once more before the insatiate maw  
Of canons, guarded by the civil law,  
That claim the right through apostolic line,  
To speak for truth, and guard the things divine?  
These are at home in holding power and place,  
And can ye hope to conquer in the race?  
Or will ye heed the lessons of the past,  
And strike for freedom ere the die is cast?

Some doubt the God; whose never ceasing wrath,  
Eternally is on the sinner's path,  
Who having sinned, as he fore-knew he would  
The day he made him and pronounced him good,  
When having spent ten million years in fire,  
A God might feel some softening of his ire,  
Might mark the scalding tears of penance shed,  
And send a draft to cool the lava bed;  
They see no point where crowning goodness fails,  
And conquering evil as an end prevails;  
But mercy's smile that lights all nature's realm,  
Gives proof that good alone is at the helm,  
That evil adds, on life's ascending plain,  
More brilliant jewels to the endless chain.  
Some serve a God who rules by laws within,  
Full measure meting out for every sin,  
Rewarding virtue with the peace it brings,  
Teaching the soul to choose the better things;  
That man must labor and his powers unfold,

And by degrees secure the heavenly gold ;  
That to eternity each soul is free,  
And has the blessings of its own degree ;  
That to the soul there 's nothing lost or gained,  
Through righteousness another has attained.  
We reach through toil along the spiral road,  
Each waiting mansion of the soul's abode.  
These serve a God of law in nature seen,  
And ask no written law to come between ;  
They ask no favors from the civil arm,  
But ask protection of all sects from harm.  
These see a God in sunshine, dew and rain,  
Who crowns the fields with sheaves of golden grain,  
Whose gifts of love are not confined to place,  
But flow unbounded by sect, creed or race.

Our fathers with true liberty imbued,  
Looked o'er the field and all the past reviewed :  
Saw hearts oppressed and crushed for conscience sake,  
And virtue struggling at the martyr's stake ;  
Saw human rights to liberty and life,  
The sport of civil and religious strife ;  
A vain attempt the church and state to blend,  
Through Gods enthroned no mind could comprehend ;  
Saw man to institutions bow, a slave,  
And freedom struggling but to find a grave.  
And so their wisdom drew the first great chart,  
For keeping God's and Cæsar's things apart ;  
For they had faith that things which are divine

Could never lose by this dividing line ;  
And they had faith that civil powers would stand,  
Where truth and justice guides the ruling hand ;  
'T was not that they denied the power above,  
That rules the worlds in harmony and love ;  
They 'd faith in God, they 'd also faith in man  
And human rights, on some more liberal plan ;  
And so they laid the platform broad and free,  
Both Jew and Gentile here have liberty,  
From China, Ceylon, Egypt and Japan,  
From Christian Rome or Heathen Hindostan.

Here all the world may gather, oppressor and oppressed,  
And worship at the altar the God that seemeth best ;  
Though all pervading spirit, or seated on a throne,  
No mind can comprehend him or make his Godhead known ;  
And should some blinded Heathen, imported to our shores,  
Speak through a graven image, to God whom he adores,  
We interpose no statute against his vested right,  
But pass him o'er to reason, and creeds, to give him light.  
What though the bending heavens contain no written name,  
To prove the mighty author from whom creation came,  
Yet justice, love and wisdom, the same from age to age,

Is God's unwritten language on nature's ample page ;  
Through these the vast creation reveals a mighty hand,  
And all that finite beings can feel or understand.

So man reflects his maker, — theology aside —

When justice, love and wisdom become his rule and  
guide.

And so of mighty nations, we trace their rise and fall,  
And though God's name was written and legalized in  
all,

This triune spirit wanting, no outward grand display,  
Could save from desolation, from ruin and decay.

Our neighbors, the confederates, in pious council sat,  
And framed a constitution, but what became of that ?

They placed God's name within it, their government  
to shield,

But somehow its defenders have failed to hold the  
field ;

Although the name eternal was voted in command,  
The great confederation proved but a rope of sand.

And though our constitution may boast no name or  
shrine,

With wisdom, love and justice, its spirit is divine ;

And more than outward symbols o'er which the world  
contend,

Are faith and hope and brotherhood, that in commun-  
ion blend.

Of what avail — this clamor, while pride and av'rice  
reign,

And all our legislation is done through greed and gain,

Why seek to make respected our acts of sin and  
shame,

By printing on our charter the mighty ruler's name ?

Better to look toward heaven in reverence and awe,

And elevate the standard of liberty and law !

To cleave to the eternal, through truth and brother-  
hood,

Nor bring down to our level the only pure and good.

To you, religious bigots, be it known,

It was for civil government alone,

To guard the poor, oppressed of every land,

Our patriot fathers this republic planned,

Where men may worship God, in three or one,

And where they've equal right to worship none ;

The right of conscience, unmolested, free,

Is this great nation's bond of unity ;

From hostile powers this sacred right to shield,

More dear than life, the fathers took the field,

And freed forever human wants and needs,

From priestly ban and bigots' narrow creeds.

The sun arose ; 't was an auspicious morn,

When liberty was with a nation born !

It marks an epoch in the march of mind,

When men serve God by serving well mankind ;

And none are great who others' service boast,

But he is greatest who serves others most ;

It marks the point upon time's dial plate,

When love descending took the place of hate ;  
When man left free to study nature's plan,  
As God designed him, first became a man ;  
To follow undismayed where science leads,  
Nor heed the cobwebs wove by human creeds ;  
And who the dial-plate would backward turn,  
And all this progress toward the truth unlearn ?  
And who 'll propose that human thought be chained,  
And minds again for thinking be unbrained ?  
Go back and tread the field the bigot trod,  
And wipe from earth these footprints of a God ?  
Will you ye creedlings all this light defy ?  
Stake all upon the turning of a die ?  
Must ye have something done for your defence,  
Against this growing age of common sense ?  
On your domain has science interfered ?  
Your shrines removed, and other standards reared ?  
And has the mighty tide of liberal thought  
From dogmas turned, and other channels sought ?  
And can ye hope to stay the onward course,  
Through aid and comfort from a civil source ?  
Know then, when all these aims shall come to naught,  
Science shall lead and carve the grooves of thought.

The power that moves the ages is but the power of  
mind,  
It deals in mighty mysteries, to creeds is not confined,  
Its field the boundless universe, it has no mete or  
bound,

Its source, and end, the infinite, on which no name is  
found.

So in our constitution, the power we recognize,  
Is subtle as the sunbeams, and boundless as the skies :  
'T is justice, love and wisdom, to human hearts ad-  
dressed,

The power of the eternal, without the name expreed.

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### THE FAREWELL.

Farewell, companion, loved and true,  
No more thou 'lt cheer this aching heart;  
'T is heaven decrees this short adieu,  
But yet 't were hard so soon to part.

And must I yield to earth so soon,  
That gentle form I loved so well,  
And bid to virtue's early bloom,  
A long, a lone, and last farewell?

Ah! must I all those charms release,  
Those blessings heaven bestowed to cheer  
Me through this vale, and whisper peace  
To my benighted being here?



'T is so: earth's bliss thus soon must end,  
 Wan grief this heaving bosom swell;  
 Then farewell, ever faithful friend,  
 My fondest hopes, my *all*, farewell.

By faith I see thy spirit's flight,  
 To those bright worlds of bliss above,  
 And wait for wings of heavenly flight,  
 To bear me to my angel love.

Earth once had genial charms for me,  
 Amid its scenes I loved to dwell,  
 But glad I'd leave to be with thee,  
 And bid these fading scenes farewell.

Thy dust must turn again to dust,  
 That form decay and cease to be;  
 Soul to its rest; I yield in trust,  
 And bid a fond adieu to thee.



“UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.”

In vain we strive, while here below,  
 To guide men's thoughts by what *we* know,  
 And make them in one channel flow:  
 Alas, what strange delusion!

All things alike we *can not* see,  
Then let's agree to disagree ;  
Thoughts *will* diverge ; yet there may be  
In peace and love a union.

Love is the mighty power that binds  
In union sweet, *discordant minds*,  
In reconciliation, finds  
Its holiest communion ;  
To misery's plaint is never deaf ;  
It pities sorrow, seeks relief,  
Dries up the welling fount of grief ;  
Such is its bond of union.

'T is when our loved ones droop and die,  
And sorrow dims the aching eye,  
And earth sends up one bitter sigh  
At nature's dissolution ;  
The spirit soars from earth away,  
Beyond its prison-house of clay,  
Where sorrow's night is changed to day,  
And sighs for such a union.

And when from earth it takes its flight,  
To that eternal world of light,  
Where bliss ecstatic fills the sight,  
The feast of one communion ;  
And seas of love eternal roll,  
O'er all exerts supreme control,

And, all in all, fills *every* soul,  
Then there 'll be peace and union.

Then why not here all christians meet,  
In peace and love each other greet,  
And prostrate at our Father's feet  
Implore his grace paternal ;  
To lighten up each dark recess,  
'The sorrowing heart to cheer and bless,  
And make earth's woes and burdens less,  
By this our bond fraternal ?

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## SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

FOR FOURTH OF JULY, 1859.

Still liberty weeps for her patriots dead,  
Though no stone marks the spot, with the names of  
her braves,  
'T is enough that for freedom they struggled and bled,  
And the flag of the Union floats over their graves.

But a nobler banner now trails in the dust,  
And nobler spirits now yearn to be freed ;

Hearts truer than they are by tyranny crushed,  
And holier martyrs to freedom now bleed.

An army with banners in silence they come ;  
From ocean to ocean as brothers they meet ;  
Not a bugle's shrill blast nor roll of a drum,  
To herald the way for the conqueror's feet.

But hearts that lie bleeding, to passion a slave,  
And tear-drops in silence and solitude shed,  
Are the signals that marshal the true and the brave,  
The wreaths that encircle the conqueror's head.

Then look up, ye sad ones, whom might hath borne  
down,  
For the flag of true freedom shall e'er be unfurled,  
And her emblem with lovelier stars shall be crowned,  
When true independence encircles the world.

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### COMPENSATION.

Out on the field of ether blue,  
I fix my anxious gaze,  
And wonder where the souls have fled,  
I loved in former days.

As one by one, my thoughts recall  
The forms of friends so dear,  
I wonder why they 've gone before,  
While I still linger here?

Why they so young and full of hope,  
So gently passed away ;  
While I, in pain still linger on,  
And sink by slow decay?

Why some are bless'd with health and strength,  
And few the ills they bear ;  
While others linger out their days,  
In suffering to share?

A mystery it must remain ;  
But still I know and feel,  
That what in time is mystery,  
The future shall reveal.

Perhaps beyond these chequered scenes,  
In love's eternal plan,  
So great the joy, we may forget  
The world where life began.

Perhaps we 're not yet fully born,  
But trav'ling to a birth ;  
And we may when the new life dawn,  
Forget the pains of earth.

It may be that each pang we feel,  
Is registered on high,  
And opposite is placed a joy,  
That cannot fade or die.

For compensation is the law,  
And its demands are sure ;  
And this should teach us to the last,  
In patience to endure.

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### CREMATION.

Ashes are ashes, and that is all,  
Below or above the ground,  
There 's no distinction of great or small ;  
Dust is dust, wherever found !

Of weary fingers that plied the stitch,  
Of fingers unused to toil,  
The marble alone can tell us which ;  
Both are the same to the soil.

Of tired sinew and nerve that wrought,  
No traces of being remain ;

And the turf holds no feeling or thought,  
No vestige of muscle or brain.

There's nothing left of the sparkling eye,  
The beauty of grace and form ;  
Of the cheerful smile or pensive sigh,  
The glow when the heart beats warm.

The inner soul of beauty and grace,  
Is not to the dust confined ;  
It finds its home in the realms of space ;  
'T is not in marble enshrined.

We consecrate no crumbling dust,  
From which the spirit hath fled,  
But brighter gems we yield in trust,  
To shrines of the honored dead.

Gems of beauty and gems of worth,  
That we prized in days gone by ;  
Gems of spirit and not of earth,  
Affection recalls with a sigh.

True goodness shall live through the years,  
The heart of the world its shrine ;  
True worth its own monument rears ;  
True life bears the image divine.

Let monuments crumble and fall ;  
Let ashes to ashes return ;  
We need not the dust to recall  
The jewels in memory's urn.

## SHED NOT A BROTHER'S BLOOD.

Shed not a drop of brother's blood,  
'T will cry from 'neath the ground  
Like that of Abel's unto God,  
And earth will feel the wound.

That drop would be the spark of fire  
To light the magazine  
Of seething wrath and deadly ire  
Within the hearts of men.

And rushing hosts and champing steeds  
Will devastate the plain,  
And orphans' tears, and widows' weeds,  
The price of *brothers* slain.

One *drop* of blood! a flood shall rise  
No mortal arm can stay,  
And in one blackening sacrifice,  
Shall sweep earth's hopes away ;

Our homes, the altars of the free,  
So long the freeman's pride,  
And e'en the *name* of liberty,  
Be lost beneath the tide.



The tie of Union e'er has been  
Love's soft and golden chain ;  
Why will ye strive, O, sons of men,  
To burst its links in twain ?

Then strive for wisdom from above,  
And seek to do the will  
Of him who gave the law of love,  
And said : "*thou shalt not kill.*"

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## DEVOTION.

Away from contention, from trouble and care,  
To the green shady bowers, who would not repair ?  
Where the wild bird pours forth his sweet musical lays,  
And the wild wood is vocal with anthems of praise ;  
Where warblers unnumbered send forth their glad song  
To the music, that floats on the soft breeze along ;  
Where the streamlet that passes in grandeur sublime,  
To the cool sylvan zephyrs rings out its soft chime ;  
How sweet to the soul nature's banquet to share,  
And breathe to the spirit of love its pure prayer.

Weak confidence strengthens and fond hopes increase,  
The answer comes back in soft whispers of peace.  
To ordaining power that immensity fills,  
Pervades its vast empire, and rules as he wills —  
To author, preserver, kind guardian and friend,  
My spirit in willing submission would bend.  
'T is not that I 'd change love's unchanging decrees,  
The holy and just, who sees not as man sees,  
Who rides on the tempest, directing the storm,  
Dread thunder controlling, his will to perform,  
Who doeth his pleasure, below and above,  
Subjecting all realms to his great law of love ;  
'T is not I would add to perfection so pure,  
That renders the least of creation secure,  
Whose bounty supplies the young ravens that cry,  
And when the sad tear dims the sorrowing eye,  
With love and compassion, the deep gushing flood  
He changes to balm, for the suppliant's good ;  
But for the rich gifts he has laid up in store,  
For these I would pray, nor presume ask for more.  
When crafty temptation presents her feigned smiles,  
For courage and strength to resist her dread wiles ;  
'Midst trouble and sorrow, affliction and gloom,  
Then sink not my soul on the verge of the tomb,  
But ask for a ray of bright hope from thy God,  
And faith pointing up to thy future abode ;  
O, then seek thy rest through the precept divine :  
"Thy will be accomplished, O God, and not mine !"  
Thus own thyself feeble, unworthy and frail,

And trust in that goodness which never can fail.  
Ask grace, all the frailties of life to control,  
Thy prayer be the free, earnest gushings of soul.  
Go pray then in faith, thy reward will be sure,  
'T is heaven to enjoy a communion so pure ;  
Go strengthen thy faith in God's guardian care,  
For this is the blessing — the answer of prayer.

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## ACROSTIC.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Time, with its blighting breath may sever  
Hearts, that burst with anguish riven,  
Earth's thousand ills may blast forever,  
All the hopes the world hath given ;  
Loved fond ones may in future ages  
Be forgotten, prove untrue ;  
Unchanging still, these silent pages  
Must recall ONE fond adieu.

## DISCOURSE.

For Lo ! the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone,  
The flowers appear on the earth,  
The time of the singing of birds is come,  
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

Songs ii — 11, 12.

These are the words inspired wisdom chose,  
In measured cadence of poetic prose :  
A worthy theme to swell the poet's lyre,  
And sweep its strings to music's sacred fire.  
And since stern winter's deathly reign is o'er,  
Mild summer has resumed her reign once more,  
All nature blushes in her robes of green,  
'T is fitting we should dwell upon the scene ;  
And since we seek no poet's skill or fame,  
'T is fitting, too, that we indulgence claim ;  
A scene so grand, so beautif'ly sublime,  
Could only tempt our pen to move in rhyme.  
'T is nature's voice of poetry and song,  
Inviting praise from every heart and tongue :  
Sweet songsters warble forth their maker's praise,  
Then why not *man* the swelling anthem raise ?  
All nature speaks of matchless skill and love,  
And draws our thoughts from earth to things above.

Then let us reason : first, from nature's cause,  
And view the order of *her* general laws ;  
And when considered, these just laws compare  
With those established for our own welfare ;  
And show the order of the general plan,  
Jehovah laid to rescue fallen man.

And, first, go back beyond the track of time,  
Ere man was blessed, or earth was cursed for crime ;  
When nature's laws were vague and undefined,  
And chaos brooded o'er immortal mind ;  
No smiling sun sent down his beams of light,  
For darkness reigned in one eternal night ;  
No being breathed, or flower bedecked the sod ;  
Matter diffused ; all being was with God :  
No note of love or joy went up to heaven,  
No praise to God for blessings he had given ;  
Chaotic darkness only had a place,  
Through all the mighty void of boundless space.  
The maker rose, in majesty and might,  
To break the silence of eternal night.  
But why should God, who dwelt in perfect bliss,  
Contemplate framing such a world as this ?  
'T was not to make *his own* enjoyment sure ;  
*His* bliss was perfect, and his nature pure ;  
His nature *prompted* ; wisdom drew the plan,  
His love approved, and thus the work began.  
Pure happiness *his* being, end and aim,  
He but created to impart the same ;

For *this* his spirit moved upon the deep,  
And slumb'ring nature woke from dreamless sleep ;  
To this great end the night of darkness fled,  
And heaven's smiling light beamed there instead ;  
For *this* the wheeling orbs of heaven were hurled,  
Revolving round their sun, or lesser world ;  
Through wide expanse, unbounded and unknown,  
*Systems* were hurled from God's eternal throne ;  
For *this* each globe of boundless nature, swarms  
With countless myriads of living forms ;  
*All* feast their day on nature's bounty given,  
Lavished by the impartial hand of heaven ;  
All spring to life, with nature's op'ning spring,  
And blessings flow to every living thing ;  
Each in its sphere receives its genial food,  
And all that lives proclaim that God is good :  
Good in creation ; this the worlds proclaim,  
With rich supplies through endless years the same ;  
In harmony and order still they move,  
Proclaiming still that God is changeless love,  
Providing means, impartial goodness show  
In meting out more happiness than woe.  
The sun, impartial, warms the waiting earth,  
And vegetation opens into birth ;  
The dew descends to strengthen and sustain ;  
The sterner herb revives beneath the rain ;  
See budding nature op'ning into bloom,  
And earth all redolent with rich perfume ;  
The living tribes that creep, or wing the air,

All banquet here, and in this bounty share ;  
Not one so small that goodness passes by,  
And naught so great but heaven can supply.  
The songster carols forth his mellow lays,  
And nature joins the gen'ral burst of praise ;  
All feast their day upon this boundless store,  
All revel here till life's great feast is o'er.  
Though winter comes with stern and chilling breath,  
And breathes on all this living beauty, death ;  
And though the earth is bound in icy chains,  
And o'er her empire desolation reigns ;  
Yet when warm spring succeeds the chilling frost,  
The dead revive : existence is not lost.  
Behold, O man ! the proof of heaven's care :  
Who cannot see the God of goodness there ?  
These are the laws the God of goodness gives,  
By which each being on his bounty lives ;  
By which all wants are bountif'ly supplied,  
And all desire is amply satisfied.

Now let us for a moment, view the plan  
That wisdom made for erring, mortal man :  
How grand the work, magnificent, sublime,  
When down the vista of all coming time  
Jehovah glanced ; then into being moved  
Existence human, while his love approved,  
And justice too, with even balance, stood  
And weighed the plan, and then pronounced it good ;  
She deemed it holy, heavenly and just,

To wake for happiness, the sleeping dust ;  
She saw 't were good to let existence reign,  
Where more of pleasure was bestowed than pain ;  
But if one soul were doomed to long despair,  
Stern justice would herself have cried, forbear !  
What ! doom to live, then doom to endless woe !  
Where is the justice would not answer no ?  
Justice and mercy consultation held,  
Each saw their righteous claims would be fulfilled :  
These two agreed, the attributes combined,  
All was concord in the eternal mind ;  
The work begun, the end was understood,  
With *this* in view the maker called it good.  
So man was formed, and ushered into birth,  
Subject to death as other tribes of earth,  
Yet with a nature near to God allied,  
Whose wants, from heaven can only be supplied.  
But this we leave, to contemplate awhile  
Upon his human nature, some call vile :  
His frame like that of other beings here,  
Is fitted and adapted to its sphere ;  
With form erect, and hands and feet to toil,  
Thus man was made to cultivate the soil ;  
We here behold the same protecting care,  
That watches o'er existence everywhere ;  
All nature smiles, in rich profusion drest,  
Man is with every other creature blessed.  
The rain and dew unite their strength'ning power,  
To grow the grain and ope the blushing flower ;



The smiling sun sends forth his golden beams,  
And earth again with smiling plenty teems ;  
Man feasts his day on nature's boundless store,  
His wants supplied, and who can ask for more ?  
Thus blessings flow to life of every name,  
And happiness, its being, end and aim ;  
To this great end, the mighty king of day  
Lights up the east with morning's mellow ray,  
And pours on earth his flood of heat and light,  
To burst her icy chains, dispel her night ;  
For this the seasons change ; the spring returns ;  
The globe upon its mighty axis turns,  
Dispensing blessings ; man is doubly blest,  
In time for labor and in hours for rest.

Earth's laws are sure, for God long since decreed,  
Seed-time and harvest should to each succeed ;  
And on the darkling cloud, the rainbow's hue  
Doth still proclaim the oath and promise true ;  
Millions of years the earth her course has run,  
And smiled in green beneath the summer sun ;  
Order still reigns, and nature's certain laws  
Obey the mandate of a first great cause ;  
Lo, every promise is amen and sure,  
The word of God forever must endure.

In nature, physical, there's full supply,  
All needed temp'ral wants to satisfy ;  
Which leads us now to contemplate the plan

Pertaining to the better part of man.

*This* came from heaven : God pronounced it good,  
A stranger here, its meat is angel's food ;  
Though nature's gifts may feast the ravished eye,  
Yet man has wants these cannot satisfy ;  
He revels here on nature's bounty given,  
His spirit sighs for life, for God, and heaven ;  
In vain the sun emits his dazzling sheen,  
In vain the earth is clothed in living green ;  
The spirit yearns to find a better home,  
And only rests in hope of bliss to come ;  
Then why alone to mortal man, is given  
These hopes and longings, rushing into heaven ?  
Why all these yearnings after purer bliss,  
Than can be found in such a world as this ?  
And shall the God, who heeds the raven's cry,  
Provides for every want a full supply,  
So deviate from his great and gen'ral plan,  
As not provide for all the wants of man ?  
Shall he who clothes the lilies of the field,  
And makes the earth her rich abundance yield ;  
Whose strength'ning care sustains the tender blade,  
Protects existence of the lowest grade ;  
Who sends his sunshine, dew, and gentle rain,  
To rear the grass, and grow the golden grain ,  
Shall he whose very being, name, is love,  
Of holy wants like these, unmindful prove ?  
And shall the spirit's hope, immortal sigh,  
Be never known to God or heard on high ?

Is this the end and destiny of man?  
His spirit's end? believe it ye who can.  
God planted these desires; the same great cause  
Provides for all, and rules by gen'ral laws.  
Man's nature pleads and will not be denied,  
Since every other want is satisfied;  
In earth beneath, in other worlds above,  
All wants are heeded by impartial love;  
'T was this, that moved inspired lips to sing:  
"His hand supplies for every living thing;"  
For *this* immortal angels swept their lyre,  
And music swelled from heaven's cherubic choir;  
For *this* the shining worlds together sang;  
Pæans of joy through heaven's high concave rang;  
For *this* hosannas ushered in the morn  
Portentous, when dependent man was born;  
And words of prophecy in strains sublime,  
Have sounded down the mighty track of time.  
The word went forth from God's eternal throne:  
Hear, O earth! man shall not live by bread alone,  
But by each word the mouth of God doth give;  
On this, and this alone, the soul shall live;  
His word of grace and love's the living bread,  
By which man's better nature shall be fed.  
And here behold the glory of the plan,  
Jehovah laid for universal man:  
As earthly bread the wants of all supplies,  
And hunger, temp'ral, fully satisfies,  
So with the word of God, 't is angel's food,

The soul's existence, its eternal good ;  
Compared to bread, the figure is complete ;  
Life to the world its mission ; all must eat ;  
Existence spiritual must all be fed,  
As earthly is by nature's temp'ral bread.  
The promise made 's immutable and sure,  
Until fulfilled it ever must endure ;  
Gifts as impartial are recorded there,  
As all the varied gifts in nature are ;  
As rain and dew descends on all below,  
The streams of grace shall to all beings flow ;  
For thus saith God : " As rain comes down from heaven,  
                    ven,

To water earth, so shall the word I 've given  
No more return, till all my will is done,  
Accomplishing the work of grace begun."  
Replete with joy, with choicest blessings rife,  
Jesus the resurrection and the life,  
The *word*, revealing immortality,  
Came down to earth to set the captive free ;  
To teach mankind his precepts to obey,  
And guide them to the everlasting way ;  
To rule as judge, as teacher, king and priest,  
Till all imprisoned spirits are released ;  
All shall obey, and grace and mercy own,  
Ere he shall yield his kingdom and his throne ;  
He being bread for all, we think it clear,  
As there 's no transubstantiation here,  
Immortal truth 's the bread that God doth give,

By which a world redeemed from death shall live.  
Can mortals doubt this crowning work of grace,  
That God matured to save all Adam's race?  
As well, then, doubt that nature had a cause,  
Or doubt her order, her impartial laws.  
God speaks to earth; then be attention given,  
And hear the mandate that has come from heaven :  
" My speech and doctrine on the world shall fall  
As rain and dew descend, distilling all ;  
As tender herbage drinks the rain and lives,  
And drooping earth beneath the showers revives."  
The plan was laid extensive as the race,  
And sure as nature's laws, the work of grace ;  
God will his promise and his oath perform,  
For this the Savior of mankind was born.  
All hail redeemer, Jesus, lord of all !  
Who came to save a world from sin's dark thrall,  
Hosanna ! let the note of praise prolong,  
Till all in earth and heaven have joined the song.  
Ah ! well might Gabriel leave his blest abode,  
To bear to earth the purpose of a God ;  
And anthems roll along the eastern sky :  
" Peace to the world ; glory to God on high."  
Well might the seraph strike the golden lyre,  
And angels join to swell the anthem higher ;  
Salvation's theme the highest notes employ,  
" Peace to the world, glad tidings of great joy."  
Sublime the means, God's plans of grace attend,  
Means adequate, sufficient for the end ;

Means of free grace, wrought by the hand divine,  
Ere angels sounded the first note in time.  
As saith the word : "not by the works of man,  
By grace he saved us ere the world began."  
As rolling spheres still move at God's commands,  
Or seasons change, so sure his promise stands ;  
The covenant bow a token still remains,  
That God in grace, as in all nature, reigns ;  
A cov'nant sure to doubting man is given,  
Wrought out by grace ; sealed by the hand of heaven.  
Why then should doubts and trembling fears arise,  
And tears of sorrow fill the aching eyes ?  
No sky so dim, or cloud so dark with care,  
The bow of hope may not be painted there ;  
Immortal life beams from this cov'nant bow,  
Encircling every creature here below.  
As dew descends and gentle showers fall,  
The dews of grace alike descend on all,  
The heavens smile, in living beauty drest,  
Grace feasts the soul, and man is truly blest.

Yet doubting mortals sinned without a cause,  
Distrusting nature and her certain laws ;  
And man distrusts the potency of grace,  
To turn from sin and death a fallen race.  
Cries Nimrod, up ! let 's build a tower,  
Nor trust to God's decree, but human power ;  
Let 's build so high, magnificent and broad,  
All, *if they will*, may 'scape a second flood.

The work began ; see mighty Babel rise,  
With lofty domes to emulate the skies ;  
In sweat and toil how hard the people wrought,  
And in one day this great work came to naught.  
Man's power has failed ; his labor is in vain ;  
Babylon is fallen ; wild confusion reigns.  
But now behold the order of God's plan !  
His will 's accomplished spite of erring man :  
The seasons change ; alternate night and day  
Continue still to come and pass away ;  
The dew descends — the sun and gentle rains ;  
Dame nature smiles, and flowers adorn the plains ;  
Yon orbs the same unchanging power declare,  
That hung them on their mighty orbits there ;  
The heavens speak, in eloquence sublime,  
Proclaiming order, harmony divine,  
And through man's toil a harvest sure is given,  
As though his daily bread dropped down from heaven.

But follow down the race ; there 's doubting still,  
That God in nature will perform his will ;  
See Nimrods rise, proclaiming heaven's ire  
On all below, to burn the world with fire.  
He 'll drown it not, 't is mirrored from his bow ;  
Then will he burn it ? reason answers, no !  
The promise is, the seasons shall return ;  
Then cease our doubting ; earth will never burn.  
If matter cannot be from being hurled,  
Why not retain it in its form, of world ?



Save madmen's cries, the cry of wrath is o'er,  
And earth moves on as steady as before ;  
Man's work can never alter God's decrees,  
He 'll do his will, accomplish all he please.

But let us now salvation's plan review,  
And see what course vain mortals here pursue :  
As has been shown, this work is all of grace,  
Sure as the oath ; extensive as the race ;  
A covenant sure as that with Noah was,  
That gave to nature her established laws ;  
As pearly dews and gentle showers fall,  
His grace is free, and it shall conquer all.  
'T was grace that fitted up the waiting earth,  
With plenty ere dependent man had birth ;  
'T was grace adapted him to nature's laws,  
And linked effect immutably to cause ;  
Made happiness conditional in every grade,  
On nice adjustments to the world he 'd made ;  
'T was grace that gave the force that moves the will,  
That wondrous power that reigns, a mystery still ;  
That gave the Godhood faculties of mind,  
His attributes in miniature combined,  
A force that shall forever hold control,  
And bring from discord, harmony of soul.  
But man, imperfect, ignorant and frail,  
Fails of adjustment in great nature's scale ;  
Against her laws, unmindful of her claims,  
He seeks his happiness in grov'ling aims ;



And pain and anguish, misery and woe,  
Attend his wayward footsteps here below ;  
And onward, in the sphere of life beyond,  
Is misery and woe to correspond ;  
For man must yield his voluntary powers,  
As dew distills sweet incense from the flowers ;  
Must yield to good his voluntary will,  
Ere love divine, his soul with joy shall fill ;  
For only through the faculties of mind,  
Can man receive the bliss for him designed ;  
And these must voluntary vigil keep,  
As man must till the soil, or cannot reap ;  
But grace one human soul will not forsake,  
'T is an allegiance man can never break ;  
Responsibility enstamped upon his brow,  
Shall there remain, eternally as now ;  
God will not yield it, man has not the power  
To loose the tie for even one short hour ;  
'T will follow him through haunts of sin and shame,  
And in all worlds its pleadings be the same ;  
In deepest hells of long and dark despair,  
Allegiance to grace shall meet him there ;  
'T will follow till the heavenly spark within  
To flame shall glow, no longer quenched by sin ;  
And out of darkness, out of death and night,  
Grace shall conduct the soul to realms of light.  
Then seek, O man, the truth as God designed !  
For if ye seek it early ye shall find ;  
Cleave to the right, through all the coming years,

And shun the path of penitence and tears ;  
Prepare on earth to enter circles higher,  
Without the ordeal — the refiner's fire.

But where 's the way that leads to endless bliss ?  
One calls that 'sential, and another this :  
Believe that three is one, and one is three ;  
Transubstantiation, or depravity ;  
With anxious seats ; revivals of all kinds ;  
Grave anecdotes to work on weaker minds ;  
Election first, free grace and then free will ;  
And thus with bolus, anodyne and pill,  
All means are tried, prescribed by every creed,  
By doctors learned, agreed and disagreed ;  
The patient's sick ; here *all* agree : the cure,  
Alas ! beyond the reach of human power.  
Instead of heeding the command, "Obey !"   
They 'd climb to glory by some other way ;  
'T is not a faith in bigots' narrow creeds,  
But active love the soul to glory leads.  
All human plans, it matters not how free,  
Unlike to God's, end in partiality ;  
By these the gentle dews of Heav'nly grace,  
Can only water part of Adam's race.  
The loved, the lost of earth, by death must sever,  
Must part to meet again no more forever ;  
Here kindred spirits take their last farewell,  
Some doomed to heaven, some to endless hell.  
Is this the mission of the gospel plan ?

If so Messiah died in vain for man :  
Ah, well might he who hears the raven's cry,  
Send down another spotless son to die.  
But, praise to God, salvation is secure ;  
Grace crowns the work, and grace proclaims it sure ;  
It reigns eternal in the human soul,  
And of the human will must gain control ;  
Though human plans the earth with sighs may fill,  
The plan of grace is moving onward still ;  
Bright hope points upward to the verdant shore,  
Where beauty blooms and sorrow's storms are o'er ;  
Our waiting souls on faith's bright pinions rise,  
To worlds that bloom beneath unclouded skies ;  
Let man be still, and God's salvation see,  
A gift of grace to set the captive free.  
From terror's chains, from fear of endless woe,  
Free grace is pleading : let my people go ;  
How vain the feeble sons of men appear,  
Who seek for heaven as due for service here ;  
Who look for peace that 's only virtue's prize,  
Not here *in* virtue, but beyond the skies.  
Thus mortals toil and labor, faint and tire,  
At work as servants only work for hire ;  
But grace proclaims a heavenly father's care,  
Calls us children : if children, then an heir ;  
No longer servants groaning under sin,  
But heirs of God, and fellow heirs with him  
Who saves the world from sin and death's dark thrall ;  
God 's our inheritance, and all in all.

Learn this, O man! th' inheritance divine,  
Is heaven's behest; thy father's work, not thine;  
Not for righteousness feeble man has wrought,  
A father's gift, unmerited, unbought;  
And man shall turn from error's devious ways,  
From wrath and sin, to songs of love and praise.  
Though nature fails to feast the aching eyes,  
We hail a spring where beauty never dies;  
We read in nature, man's determined fate,  
A type and prelude of a better state:  
Now summer breathes her pure and ambient air,  
Cheers up the soul, and fans the brow of care;  
The chilling breath of autumn sweeps the plains,  
And one wide waste of desolation reigns;  
Then winter next succeeds with chilling breath,  
Sweeps o'er the earth and all is hushed in death;  
Wide o'er her empire desolation reigns,  
Her limpid streams are bound in icy chains.  
But where 's the spirit of the living green?  
It is not dead, but sleeps in lands unseen;  
New forms return with nature's op'ning spring,  
And life returns to every living thing;  
The storm-god seeks the frozen north again,  
And smiling Juno follows in his train;  
The streams are rippling 'long the grassy shore,  
And all is life where all was death before.  
So man sinks down when shadows intervene,  
His winter comes and ends the closing scene;  
Dust back to dust returns again as 't was;

Such is the mandate sure of nature's laws :  
These active limbs must moulder and decay ;  
This living frame must change and pass away ;  
Sweet summer flowers may smile above its tomb —  
*Faint* emblems of the soul's immortal bloom ;  
The spirit free shall wing its heavenward way,  
And clothed upon, not subject to decay,  
Shall bathe in heaven, inhale its balmy air,  
And dwell in one eternal summer there.

Hail, lovely spring ! immortal bliss sublime !  
Our spirits fain would leave the shores of time,  
T' inhale the odors of thy fadeless flowers,  
Where streams of grace chime thro' thy blissful bowers ;  
Where floods of bliss and heavenly knowledge roll,  
From God's pure throne to feast the waiting soul ;  
Where glory beams in everlasting light,  
Faith fades away and hope is lost in sight ;  
Death's winter's past and sin's long reign is o'er,  
And blasts of sorrow chill the soul no more ;  
Death, pain and crying, all have passed away,  
No night is there, but one eternal day ;  
The flowers appear, celestial, o'er the plain,  
And there life, love and beauty only reign ;  
There trees of life perennial bud and bloom,  
To load the balmy air with sweet perfume,  
While from the bowers the bird of paradise,  
In music clear pours forth his mellow voice ;  
There's music there ; all nature joins and sings ;

With jubilee the boundless concave rings ;  
To notes of praise the turtle tunes his voice.  
So here the lowest of the race rejoice ;  
All join the praise with heaven's immortal choir,  
The full, loud chorus bursts from strings of fire ;  
Hosannas peal the everlasting throne,  
And higher still they peal through worlds unknown ;  
Unnumbered spheres, through space that knows no  
    bound,  
Unite in one to raise the thrilling sound ;  
Creation's free from evil's blighting thrall,  
And one unbounded spring encircles all.

Such is the scene we view in prospect rise,  
To feast our souls with strange yet sweet surprise ;  
Such is the faith to dying man is given,  
To read in summer's bloom a type of heaven ;  
To look through nature's works to worlds unseen,  
Where summer smiles in everlasting green ;  
To verdant vales where flowers immortal grow,  
And streams of grace in rich abundance flow ;  
There ceaseless praise unnumbered tongues employ,  
While universal nature shouts for joy ;  
New scenes of beauty rise before the view,  
Inviting praise in songs forever new ;  
But O, how feeble is the poet's lyre !  
To paint celestial glories, would require  
A seraph's language ; an immortal pen ;  
We gaze in wonder and respond : *Amen.*

## CHRISTMAS CALL,

FOR WASHINGTON HALL, DEC. 25, 1873, TO WHICH THE ORPHANS  
OF THE HOME ARE INVITED.

Come, come to the banquet of joy and delight,  
With hearts that are merry and bounding and free  
Bring gifts for the altar, on Christmas bright night,  
Till hearts that are burdened and hearts that are light,  
Shall in the bright bond of sweet friendship unite ;  
Bring gifts, for the famed Christmas tree.

Come, come to the banquet while Christmas bells call,  
'T is the day in the year the most cherished and blest;  
More blest at the hour when the night shadows fall —  
The evening of all when the lights in the hall,  
Shine brightest ; bring gifts that are brighter than all :  
Bring gifts of the choicest and best.

Come, come to the banquet, for time flies apace,  
And soon we exchange this brief life for the new.  
Then let us do good to the struggling race,  
To the hearts gay or sad that will soon fill our place,  
And let us then help them to fill it with grace :  
Bring gifts, gifts from hearts that are true.

Come, come to the banquet and make no delay,  
And thick on the pavement let tiny feet fall,  
Let the clouds of dull care all be driven away,



And with hearts lighted up with the sunlight of day,  
Let old age join with youth in the prattle and play :  
Bring gifts, precious gifts, one and all.

Come, come to the banquet, not long you may lend  
To the dear little waifs that are left to your care ;  
Then be to the orphan, the friendless, a friend,  
And the angel of mercy your life shall attend,  
More peaceful and blest it shall be to the end ;  
Bring gifts, Christmas gifts to the fair.

Come, come to the banquet, let sweet pleasures flow,  
As streams in the desert, all sparkling and bright ;  
We never can feel, and we never can know,  
Of the bitterness drained from the chalice of woe,  
Of the hearts, O, so lonely ! that feel the deep throes  
Of anguish : Bring gifts, gifts to-night.

---

#### SUMNER'S RESOLUTION.

Why not wipe out the bloody stain,  
And close the book of fate ;  
And why exult o'er brothers slain,  
With records of our hate ?



Why should we fan anew the flame  
Where smouldering embers lie ;  
And keep alive the strife for fame,  
Ye patriots, tell us why ?

Wipe out the record bathed in blood,  
And bid the genial reign  
Of faith and hope and brotherhood,  
Smile on the land again.

Strike from our flag the ugly scars,  
The label from each gun,\*  
And let our eagle, stripes and stars  
Proclaim that we are one.

We're not two mighty hostile bands —  
Two nations bound to strife ;  
With venomed hearts and bloody hands  
To sap each other's life.

But through our veins forever free,  
The blood of kindred flows ;  
Then let no flag on land or sea  
Proclaim that we are foes.

The sons of brave heroic sires  
Should know no North, no South ;

---

\* The captured guns in the navy yards at Washington are all labeled with the time and place where taken.

The bond of unity requires  
No hostile cannon's mouth.

It were a sin to blot the page  
With wrongs by fathers done ;  
And taunt them with their parentage,  
And joy o'er victories won.

Under this ban we all might fall,  
'T would curse each father's son ;  
Our noble sires were rebels all,  
And so was Washington.

Let justice live though thrones decay,  
True merit meet reward ;  
Our civil discords pass away,  
While we but good record.

Our hatred 's written in the sand,  
Our love 's on memory's page,  
Protecting still with heart and hand,  
Our goodly heritage.

Then wipe the record from the page,  
And treat no more with scorn  
The children of each coming age,  
For being Southern born.

Brave, honored statesman, draw the line,  
Let Senators debate

The issue between love divine,  
And hearts of venom'd hate.

Then let the blackened record stand,  
Of those who thee oppose ;  
That men with infamy may brand  
The Union's REAL foes.

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### BLUE LAWS.

Written on the preface of a copy of the Blue Laws.

The laws are called a transcript true,  
Through which a nation's heart is seen ;  
But here we find the laws are blue,  
Although their framers all were green.

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### OUR CITY TOY.

Behold Rebecca at the well,  
Our City Fathers' dear dam-sell,

Enveloped in her *little shower*,  
Resembling more some modern *flower*.

Behold her, in the public street,  
Exposed to view in her bare feet ;  
Tax-payers rout the plundering crew,  
Or soon you 'll be bare-footed too !

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## REPLY TO THE POEM OF THE MAN IN JAIL.

BY ONE WHO HAS LICENSE.

Och, man ! and what makes ye feel cheerless and bad,  
Because ye 're shut up for safe kaping ?  
And why should the childers so cry for their dad,  
Because through the bars he is paping ?

Is it a license ye failed to obtain ?  
And had n't ye money to buy it ?  
And had ye the babes and the wife to maintain ?  
And ye 'd rum and your neighbors would try it ?

Or did the exciseman, betwixt ye's and me,  
Draw the summary line of distinction,  
Declaring my character better nor ye,  
To build me up on your extinction ?

Ye know that the sellin' the crayther is bad,  
And the law of the right has a nice sense,  
It feels not for mother, the children or dad,  
If the vendor has nary a license.

And sure ye need n't be whining at all,  
For though the pure liquor may cost well,  
For fifty odd dollars, a sum very small,  
Ye make it as right as the gospel.

To be sure your poor childers may feel very bad,  
And go hungry for want of a dinner;  
And mine will get all that the poor things would had,  
For I am the saint — ye 're the sinner.

At morning, at night, or at noon,  
My childers and wife have no yearnings,  
For Patrick Maguire and Michael Muldoon,  
Give me by law all their airnings.

And 't is not for me to know who shall have bread,  
Or who is in jail for transgressing,  
For freedom our forefathers drank rum and bled,  
And FIFTY secures me the blessing.

## L A W .

Law Divine is certain, sure;  
Like its author, just and pure.  
But too far we're down the stream,  
We get skim-milk instead of cream ;  
And of all uncertain things  
Save the crown on heads of kings.  
Nothing can compare with law,  
Hanging on caprice or flaw ;  
Such as courts and lawyers deal,  
Subject to the last appeal.

---

## INDEPENDENCE ODE FOR 1863. .

With the bugle's shrill blast and the roll of the drum ;  
With the bell's merry peal and the cannon's loud  
    roar,  
Again from the mountains and valleys we come,  
With the banners unstained that our forefathers  
    bore.

We bear them aloft as they merged from the fight,  
Though tattered and torn all the stripes still remain,

And the stars that have guided through peril and  
night,

Increase as they lead us to freedom again.

From Brunswick's bleak coast to Pacific's far shore,  
The crags of New England and plains of the west ;  
From the regions of Gold to Niagara's wild roar,  
A nation rejoices in freedom's behest.

As the anthem of peace with our car rolls along,  
And the forest and desert we thread with a glance,  
The savage turns pale at the whistle and song,  
And the pioneer shouts as our eagles advance.

Again we assemble our pledge to renew,  
That we gave to our fathers who periled their all,  
Whose spirits rejoice in the hearts that are true,  
And that ever respond to true liberty's call.

Our dear native land and our freedom so dear !  
Twice purchased with treasures more precious than  
gold ;  
What offerings of ours can your heroes revere,  
What shrines for the new and the martyrs of old ?

We will hallow the dust of our loved ones who sleep,  
And the rose and the myrtle above it shall bloom,  
And the heart of a nation her vigils shall keep,  
And the tears of her children be shed o'er their  
tomb.

Though their spirits made free we would never recall,  
Yet their deeds shall be hallowed in memory's  
shrine,  
Till the thrones of all despots shall crumble and fall,  
And the stars of our freedom triumphantly shine.  
Then hail the rejoicing of freedom's fair day,  
As States re-united respond once again,  
And their sons and their daughters with laurels of Bay,  
Again wreath our freedom with love's golden chain.

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### SOUL LIFE.

Soul life is not in months and years,  
For these are only seeming ;  
But joys and woes, and hopes and fears,  
Make up the sum of being.  
Time, is a problem none can solve,  
It cheats us at its leisure,  
It varies as the worlds revolve,  
And has no standard measure.  
And so revolves the human soul,  
Conditions are its measure ,  
In pain its days are near the pole,  
But farther off in pleasure.



## REPLY TO "OLD SCHOOL."

Who doubted the fever being Typhoid.

TYPHOID — resembling Typhus — weak, low. — *Webster.*

The unruly tongue has been supposed  
To be a great deceiver,  
But nearly everybody knows  
It tells the *truth in fever.*

If that organ is *\*quick silvered o'er,*  
There's no dispute about it,  
You've *license* then to sink down *lower*;  
'T is typhoid — none can doubt it.

But sinking down with cleanly tongue,  
Is folly and presumption;  
Like talking of a healthy lung  
While dying with consumption.

O, foolish man, to starve yourself!  
And *think* you're *low* with fever;  
With food a plenty on the shelf;  
Like any unbeliever.

\*Quick, means immediately after the attack.

Look to your tongue before you cave !  
Then bid the thing defiance,  
And full two months lost time you 'll save,  
By giving heed to *science*.

By the Victim. — Who fasted 21 days under the above delusion.

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### THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The deed is done, it is no joke,  
Let Cyrus have promotion ;  
He 's laid another wire to soak,  
Clean through the deep blue ocean.

The third time he has stirred the deep,  
And filled its realms with wonder ;  
Has waked the codlings from their sleep,  
And made them stand from under.

We cannot tell what next he 'll do,  
Unless he asks protection ;  
Whate'er his scheme, he 'll put it through,  
Nor wait for an election.

And if again his cable fails,  
Be sure he 'll not discard it,

But organize a line of whales  
And porpoises to guard it.

Their rights, we hope they 'll understand,  
Nor yield one jot or tittle ;  
Nor do like fish that live on land,  
The big eat up the little.

But should disturbances appear,  
He 'll send out a commission ;  
Lawyers and sharks might find their sphere,  
In guarding the position.

(We mean by lawyers, useless fish,  
So named by those who 've caught them,  
Who strive to get into our dish,  
When nobody has sought them.)

And these might warn of danger near,  
And when it comes, combat it,  
And ever guard the line, for fear  
Small fish *might nibble* at it.

We hope the realms will feel resigned,  
Nor let "this line" disturb them,  
Since by "this plan" 't was not designed,  
In any way to curb them.

The courage we can but admire,  
The zeal and firm devotion,

Of Cyrus Field, who laid his wire  
Across the Atlantic ocean.

His name shall sound the ages through,  
Be taught by sires and mothers,  
To show their children they can do  
Some things as well as others.

But time and trial will disclose,  
The virtue of this tether ;  
If binding freedom to its foes,  
Is what "God joins together."

If Cyrus should control the sea,  
Because that he is able,  
And make a huge monopoly  
Of his Atlantic Cable ;

And nabobs by it rule the day,  
In foreign speculation ;  
While labor has the bills to pay, ;  
'T will curse each generation.

But it may run a year or two,  
To pay the sums invested,  
And with a "People's Line" in view,  
While this is being tested.

Then if 't is wise for us to seek  
To bring all nations near us,

And that whene'er we think or speak,  
Despotic powers should hear us ;

Then merging interests with theirs,  
MAY prove to us a blessing ;  
They mixing up in our affairs,  
A *jewel* worth possessing.

Our sires who wished a sea of fire  
Between them and Old Britain,  
Would certainly have spurned the wire,  
'T would bear her what they 'd written.

But times have changed, and it may be  
We 'll find ourselves the gainer,  
By sending thoughts across the sea,  
With Ocean for a strainer.

We 'll hope when years have rolled away,  
And things become more stable,  
Our children may not rue the day  
When Cyrus laid his cable.

## NOT READY TO SHAKE HANDS.

O, no ! ye never will shake hands,  
Across the bloody chasm ;  
But closer still will draw the bands,  
Though death is in the spasm.

Ye choose the rule of wrath and hate,  
Because ye have no other ;  
Of liberty and union prate,  
And then oppress your brother.

And when they *rise* to plead their cause,  
Unsheath the bloody dagger ;  
And when they 'd *sit* to make their laws,  
*You 'd* send a carpet-bagger.

Ye prate of victory and peace,  
The dear emancipation,  
And think a set of loyal geese,  
May quack and save a nation.

Ye talk of equal rights of all,  
Of national communion,  
And then spread bitterness and gall,  
And call the thing a union.

Ye once rebelled against your God,  
And hope to be forgiven ;  
But should He thus apply the rod,  
Where are your hopes of heaven.

And if to you is meted out  
What ye mete out to others,  
Your souls may take a different route  
From some of your Southern brothers.

While tugging at a plundered South,  
And lugging off your booty,  
Some day you 'll meet a sudden drouth,  
In regions of old Sooty.

The walls you 'll find are hard to scale,  
Grant and re-nomination  
Will be to you of no avail,  
Towards emancipation.

You 'll have no need to lay in coal,  
Against the coming weather ;  
You 'll find your travels toward the pole  
Prove useless altogether.

For if as you have measured out,  
The same to you is meted,  
There 's in the mind but little doubt  
The stool where you 'll be seated.

Ye 'd better turn before too late,  
For Sooty stands in waiting,  
And once the other side his gate,  
You 'll reap the fruits of hating.

And when you strike the burning sands,  
And writhe in fearful spasm,  
You 'll wish yourself a shaking hands,  
Across the bloody chasm.

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## TOOTH-ACHE POETRY.

A PARODY.

Dentist! spare that tooth;  
Break not the well-arched row;  
It was my pride in youth,  
And I 'll defend it now.

Then with a careful hand  
*Remove* the filthy rot,  
And plug, and let it stand;  
Those beaks shall harm it not.

That old *familiar* tooth,  
Whose stately polished crown



Has faithful been as truth ;  
And would you crush it down ?

Dentist ! forbear thy stroke ;  
Cut not its nerve-bound ties ;  
The thought it may be broke,  
Brings *tears* into mine eyes.

When but an idle boy,  
I sought thy grateful aid,  
And good things gushed with joy,  
When on thy altar laid ;

Sweet candies kissed thee here,  
Fresh from my father's hand ;  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let the old tooth stand.

My brain-strings to thee stick,  
And grasp thee tight, old friend ;  
Detested be the *Pick*  
That would this union end.

Old tooth ! again be brave !  
From Forceps guard the spot ;  
While there 's *one hope* to save,  
Those beaks shall harm thee not.

## ·    REPLY TO "DON JUAN."

Your poem I've read,  
That puts money ahead,  
And substitutes greenbacks for brains ;  
That the wise of our schools,  
Has compared with the fools,  
Whose knowledge is only of gains.

And I ask who are they,  
That endorse what you say,  
Of those little, self-satisfied elves ;  
But those who have heads,  
As empty as sheds,  
And are fools, aping fools, like themselves.

Know my friend, there's a world,  
With its glories unfurled,  
Undimmed by the shadows of this ;  
That has treasures untold,  
Far more valued than gold,  
By those who have tasted its bliss.

'T is a world of your own,  
Though to mammon unknown ;  
It has wealth such as science can give ;  
With its food for the mind,

And its truths well defined,  
You have something that makes the *soul* live.

Your diamonds that shine,  
May not be from the mine,  
Where earthly possessions lie stored ;  
And your outward display,  
Not as dashing and gay,  
As the wealth of the world can afford.

But you 've jewels more bright,  
That will blaze in the light,  
Of a world to the bigot unknown ;  
Then why should you care,  
In the world-wealth to share,  
Since you have a world of your own.

Then what though you are poor,  
And must labor endure,  
And are "*vulgar*" and quite "*unrefined* ;"  
If you feel you have worth,  
In a soul not of earth,  
You have something to keep you resigned.

And when, my dear friend,  
You arrive at the end,  
Where true gold from the dross is refined ;  
And of wealth, men let go,  
You 'll have something to show,  
As the odds betwixt *money* and *mind*.

## FOURTH OF JULY ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

In Words of light penned by the ancient sage,  
The theme of prophecy adorns the mystic page ;  
When truth and science through the earth shall go,  
And men discomfited run to and fro.  
When kings shall bow and despots yield the rod,  
And man stand forth the image of his God :  
No monarch fear, no earthly master own,  
No homage pay save to the eternal throne.  
A sovereign free, himself his priest and king,  
No more unto an *earthly* altar bring  
His sacrifice ; no earthly tribute pay  
To rulers bearing arbitrary sway.  
Th' old earth and heavens of wrong and pious hate,  
As ships at sea, shall strike and meet their fate ;  
Old scenes of discord as one mighty scroll,  
All folded up and be together rolled.  
The elements shall melt beneath the fire of love,  
And truth and justice, bending from above,  
A brighter scene shall open to the view,  
And from the throne proclaim all things anew.  
And now, behold faint streaks of light appear,  
The morning dawns — this day is drawing near ;  
Already freemen shout the harvest home,  
And hail it as the golden age to come.

Hear it, ye monarchs, to it list, O earth,  
Bear on the tidings of a nation's birth ;  
Well might the anthem swell the poet's lyre,  
And sweep its strings to *freedom's* sacred fire.  
United millions chant the thrilling lay,  
And celebrate a nations natal day.  
'T is freedom's song demands the willing strain,  
Then let the theme the richest numbers claim.  
When tyrants swept the land, as storms the deep,  
And reason slumbered in magnetic sleep ;  
When men with all the zeal of *pious* hate,  
Were dragging at the car of church and state ;  
And science, 'mid the elemental strife,  
First effort made to struggle into life,  
The earth, on its imaginary base,  
Stretched out for aye, into unbounded space,  
The starry lights that decked the azure sky,  
Wandered forth, man knew not where nor why ;  
With trembling lip at length fair *science* spoke,  
And timid *reason* from her slumber woke.  
The world's loud clamor checked the rising strain,  
But reason simply closed her *eyes* again,  
To 'scape the fury of the bigot's scorn,  
Reveling in the glory of the full orb'd morn.  
One spirit true, *daring* the proscriptive ban,  
Stands forth a free and independent man.  
Celestial *truth*, his glowing mind inspires,  
One hope, one wish, alone his bosom fires.  
*Intent* upon his thought, the Genoese

Lives in a world beyond the trackless seas ;  
Whole *empires* far beyond the Western skies,  
With cities crowned, salute his anxious eyes.  
What hopes for mortals hang suspended here !  
Eternal *destinies* on one idea !  
But 't is no *fancy*, fickle, wild and vain —  
That thought's a *link* within the golden chain  
Of truth, matured in the eternal plan,  
To fill complete the destiny of man.  
The struggling thought appeals in vain for aid,  
Through courts and schools : yet nothing can dissuade  
From its firm purposè, that young mind obscure,  
Until the object of his life's secure !  
The hour arrives — portentous to the world !  
And unknown seas behold the flag unfurled !  
A smile of pleasure lights the hero's brow —  
Those struggles, conflicts all are over now.  
The humble fleet, with full and flowing sail,  
Day after day speeds on before the gale.  
The old world lessens — disappears from view ;  
But firm the *purpose* to descry the new :  
To plant the standard and the cross of Spain,  
And found an empire far beyond the main.  
Speed on thy course, O dauntless pioneer !  
Thy thought long struggling, now can know no fear ;  
Bear onward still, thou bravest of the brave,  
E're thine no prow hath ever cleft the wave !  
Long days and nights the vessel cleaves the deep,  
The anxious crew a fearful vigil keep,

Till one by one stout hearts began to quail —  
With mute despair each seaman's lip grows pale.  
No promised land breaks on the longing view,  
And mutiny is rife among the crew.  
In this tried hour the arm of God's made bare,  
Strange *odors* float upon the balmy air ;  
Incense of *flowers* perfume the western gales,  
And *birds* are singing in the tattered sails !  
A cry of land ! behold the prize is found,  
That gallant brow's with fadeless glory crowned.  
Hail, land long famed in poesy and song !  
For thee have suffering millions waited long —  
Hid from the nations by the hand divine,  
Till mind progressive in the march of time  
Should rise and break the arbitrary bands  
That hold in servitude all other lands —  
Till genius bold is for the conflict rife,  
And freedom waits to struggle into life.  
For freedom fair hath genius oped the way,  
And ushered in the long expected day.  
For this the tide of emigration poured,  
Lit up *free altars*, *drew the freeman's sword* —  
Back from our shores made proud oppression flee,  
Made common cause to vindicate the free.  
For this we meet to kindle *new* the fires  
That warmed the bosoms of our patriot sires :  
We hail no pomp, no monarch's jeweled chain,  
But bow serene 'neath freedom's gentle reign.  
Fair freedom, hail ! rich boon to mortals given,

Born late in time, yet eldest heir of heaven !  
Hard thy life struggle when thou forth wast bro't !  
Dread the leagued powers, thy young existence  
sought !

Eternal right thy God-sire by thee stood,  
Saw thy young form baptized in patriot blood,  
Gave thee protection, and in after time  
Inheritance bequeathed — this Western clime.  
With promise sure, thy kingdom shall not fail,  
Till o'er the earth shall cease oppression's wail.  
And now behold, from Brunswick's rock-bound shores,  
Where 'bove the mists the screaming eagle soars,  
E'en to California's golden strand,  
Thy song, fair freedom echoes o'er the land !  
Borne on the gale, it sweeps the distant sea,  
Bids hearts be strong, and nations to be free.  
Th' inspiring tones on fair Italia's strand  
Re-vibrate — " Freedom and the rights of man !"  
Man crush'd to earth beneath oppression's wrong,  
Has learned to hope, to suffer and be strong.  
Leagued usurpation to its centre shakes,  
And on her *throne* of *skulls* oppression quakes.  
Such is fair freedom ; palsied be the hand  
Uplifted not to save her native land  
From power aggressive, foul reproach and shame,  
That tyranny would heap upon her name !

And here my muse would fain a tribute wreath  
To those who 've bled this freedom to bequeath.



In retrospect would live those days of yore  
And fight our country's dreadful battles o'er ;  
Those names immortal as Columbia's name,  
Would fain exhibit on the scroll of fame,  
And all that host as valiant in the fight,  
More *recent* fallen martyr's to the right,  
Whose names engraved on mem'ry's page shall stand,  
As brave defenders of the rights of man.  
But we forbear ; the tribute due is sung ;  
The meed of praise is rife on every tongue.  
Our arms have triumphed ; freedom spreads her wings,  
Woe to aggression, and a dread to kings !  
We've taught the world to stand in awe profound,  
And know fair freedom's soil is holy ground.  
T' approach it not, till they the eternal word  
Obey, "strip off thy sandals and thy sword !" .  
Think not my muse a devotee to Mars,  
Who owes existence to this god of wars ;  
A friend of peace ! she hails the rising day,  
When wars shall cease ; but naught can lead the way  
But freedom fair ; boon to the nations given,  
To fit earth's kingdoms for the reign of heaven.  
*Tyrants* must fall, and man to man be just ;  
*Thrones must dissolve and crumble* into dust ;  
Wrongs human vanish ; all aggression cease,  
And then shall follow universal peace.  
But 't was in blood fair freedom was baptized,  
And till she conquers, wars and feuds *must* rise.  
Then onward, freedom ! and prepare the way

For this eventful and auspicious day ;  
When knowledge fair from pole to pole shall run,  
Link soul to soul and make all interests one ;  
Before thy march, all bondage must recede,  
Thy onward progress nothing can impede.  
Alas, that some should lightly estimate  
This boon of liberty in church and state !  
Whose murm'ring souls must seek in vain for rest,  
In this free land, above all others blest ;  
Who look with jealous eyes, with vulture's bill  
Peck at the *nation's faults*, their maw to fill ;  
Like quacks, with nostrums, bound to heal or kill,  
Would jeopardize the good to cure the ill.  
These quack physicians, north and south, agree  
The *nation's sick* ; but ask the remedy.  
The two extremes no more together meet  
Than *ippecac* and *blisters* on your feet.  
So 't is agreed both drugs shall be applied,  
And if they fail, then let the patient slide !  
Alas, that men should make the aim of life,  
To stir up discord and engender strife !  
To them these countless blessings are for naught,  
In vain these rights for which our fathers fought ;  
All news of lesser evils they devour,  
As bumblebees suck *honey* from the flower —  
One theme, one burden only to their song,  
There's little right, and always something wrong.  
A *nation's* freedom they can scarce perceive,  
Living on grievance, always bound to grieve.

While on this day, the nation's anthems swell,  
They 'd raise her flag half-mast and toll the bell !  
Is this, alas ! a freeman's fondest boast,  
Thus to requite the Mighty Lord of hosts,  
Whose arm made bare hath crowned with blessings  
more

Than any nation e'er was blessed before ?  
Is it for naught our yearly surplus store  
Gives aid to millions on a foreign shore,  
While multitudes down-trodden and oppressed  
Find peace and plenty in our prairie West ?  
And rich abundance compensates the toil,  
Where honest industry subdues the soil,  
And labor everywhere commands more worth  
Than any other spot on this round earth.  
Is it for naught we 're bound to pay no tithes  
For creeds and doctrines we esteem as lies ?  
Nor proud officials haunt the poor man's door,  
Exacting tribute from his scanty store ?  
Is it for naught while others cringe with fear,  
We rest secure, no foe or danger near ?  
Safe in our homes there is no draftman's lot  
Can drag us forth to shoot or to be shot.  
In best parades of *military* skill,  
Strength of *powder's* all the foe we kill.  
A man in buckram with a sword so dull,  
No head might fear with ordinary skull,  
To show how *we* can drive the foe away,  
Leads forth battalions on a training day,

With rusty firelocks drawn out in a row,  
And barrels empty — as this whole vain show.  
How rich the boon to lead a patriot's life,  
Secure from war and military strife.  
Each man a sovereign, jealous of his throne,  
Tilling the soil he proudly calls his own.  
No rights of kings, no despot for his guide,  
He frames his laws and bows to none beside.  
Such are the blessings of this favored land,  
Which heaven hath scattered with unsparing hand.  
Fair freedom spreads her arms o'er lakes and seas,  
From arctic regions to the tropic breeze ;  
From southern climes the northman seeks his gain,  
In interchange for cotton and the cane.  
New England spindles yield a full supply,  
For her bleak summits, barren, waste and dry ;  
The prairie-west pours in her surplus store,  
As she the southern clime supplied before ;  
And then the east with southern labor blest  
Sends forth her fabrics, to north, south and west.  
The seas are whitened with our bending sails,  
And other lands are blest with southern bales.  
These interchanged for foreign goods and stores  
From northern vessels, land upon our shores,  
And save our nation so much gold and pelf,  
That Uncle Sam can lay upon his shelf.  
In harmony the interchange goes round,  
With no discordant note or jarring sound.  
Our sails of commerce whiten every sea,

And freedom waves her banner o'er the free.  
Our varied products of our varied soil,  
Bring compensation to the hand of toil.  
The interchange of these in every clime,  
Makes interest one, and harmony sublime ;  
The poor man's labor amply is repaid,  
While men of all professions, rank and trade,  
Look up with smiles upon a hopeful brow.  
May still fair freedom bless this land as now !

But yet how many claiming to be free,  
Still bend in servitude the willing knee ;  
With souls and bodies trim'd like Shakespeare's plays,  
In every scene to suit the public gaze.  
Slaves in the market, chained to fashions mold,  
Set up at auction, ready to be sold.  
They distort nature from her first design,  
With th' human seek to better the divine.  
And health and pleasure, happiness and ease,  
They sacrifice some morbid taste to please.  
No settled idea reigns in all their head,  
Their only say what some one else has said.  
Ask their opinion, you must wait a day,  
Till known what Mr. So-and-so will say.  
Their aspirations raise to nothing higher,  
Than ape their wealthy neighbor's gay attire.  
They turn the knobs on other people's doors,  
With fine Brussels adorn their *borrowed* floors ;  
Their gaudy trappings shine in *hired* halls,

And gilded landscapes decorate their walls ;  
For these dumb shows they spend a life of toil,  
And die intestate to one foot of soil.  
We boast of freedom from such paltry things,  
As lords and nobles, princes, dukes and kings ;  
And yet from cabinet to country town,  
We pay allegiance to a foreign crown.  
London or Paris give our latest style,  
As much as Egypt's watered from the Nile.  
Who ever heard of fashions from New York ?  
More than from Dublin, Timbucto or Cork ?  
Bacon and Blackstone regulate our laws,  
Without them justice cannot gain her cause.  
We 've foreign schools to educate the *young*,  
And if you learn to speak a foreign tongue,  
And conjugate, *amo, amas, amat*,  
So that the world can't tell what you are at,  
Straight a diploma done in parchment neat,  
Proclaims your education quite complete.  
Thus men are blind-fold led from day to day,  
And bought and sold like Fallstaff in the play.  
A rich man sells himself a slave to pride,  
The envious poor man, not to be outvied,  
*Becomes* a slave, to make the same display,  
To bonds and contracts he can never pay.  
The rich man's goal the poor man fails to meet,  
They're independent, who sail clear of each.  
Who feel in humble garb a sovereign's worth,  
Proud to be free on this free spot of earth.

*Scorning* to live by artificial rules,  
*Abhorring* to be made the dupes and tools  
Of slaves or despots ; proud in honest toil,  
To live as freemen on a freeman's soil.  
No bill of rights can ever give us leave,  
To live beyond the income we receive.  
What if your foot must grace a cobbled shoe,  
*Wear* it until you're able to get new.  
Better to live on half a loaf a day,  
Than meet full-fed a dun you cannot pay !  
What if your cloth is not quite superfine,  
Your coat quite old and threadbare worn like mine,  
(Though this I chance to have on is more new,  
I've just laid off one with the elbow through),  
'Tis finer far, than meet a tailor's bill —  
Be free, be independent, *wear it still!*  
What if your hat is seedy, worse for wear,  
An ordinary *plug* is better far,  
Than be obliged your neighbor's door to shun,  
For fear he'll out upon you with a dun.  
Be true — be democratic if you can,  
If not a *narrow pattern* of a man.  
Do not forget this freedom was designed,  
To break the shackles from the human mind.  
But if you *cannot* to these rules adhere,  
If sad misfortune brings you in arrear,  
Trust the divinity which shapes our ends,  
Will give the worthy, honest, poor man friends ;  
Should other obligations be delayed,



Let doctors and dental surgeon's bills be paid.  
For health and beauty are two things of earth,  
Not compromised with circumstance or birth ;  
In aristocracy of thought and mind,  
With faith in man and manly deeds combined,  
The only true nobility is found,  
With which true sons of freedom should be crowned.  
The rich by a provision just and wise,  
Dead Latin and dead Greek monopolize ;  
There let their sons their solemn vigils keep,  
And o'er the tombs of Cæsar, Homer, weep.  
The living lesson of this living age,  
Is not upon the past but future page.  
Most rich men's sons are of but little worth,  
Hence God ordains the *more* of *humble* birth.  
Poor men's blessings are our nation's pride,  
By them our fading ranks must be supplied.  
These masses we must truly educate,  
To take the helm, and guide the ship of State.  
Our government, our institutions, laws,  
Must intercede and plead the poor man's cause.  
The man has wealth who bears our country's name,  
Has treasures, and entitled to the same.  
Upon the masses rests our country's fate ;  
'T is here the lowest of her sons are great.  
These ask to quaff at learning's flowing tide —  
To them the State must ope the fountain wide ;  
What e're she drops into the crystal urn,  
A hundred fold shall back to her return.



With education for our chart and guide,  
The Union's safe — all politics aside.  
A *true* religion must the heart imbue,  
And man to conscience and the right be true ;  
In times like these, when freedom is disgraced,  
By men who only seek for power and place,  
When truth is left to fiery party zeal,  
And hypocrites before her altars kneel,  
And office-seekers lay all honors by,  
And storm the gates of justice with a lie ; —  
Whose moral ethics on the rights of men,  
Means half a score divided by just ten ; —  
At public evils claim to fire their squibs,  
Though always aiming at the public cribs —  
When honest men are thrown into the shade  
By vagrants who make politics their trade,  
We pause, we ask, and we demand  
A purer platform than on which we stand,  
For *statesmen* we must raise the standard higher,  
Till *politicians* from the field retire.  
The path in which progressive man must rise,  
Through treasures of unfolding science lies.  
Let but our nation to this line be true,  
And day for nations bursts upon the view.  
With motto now aloft — the mind's the man,  
Upon this spiral path she leads the van.  
With pinions plumed for still a loftier flight,  
New truths are gleaming from the standard's height ;  
Intent her onward mission to fulfill,

The elements are chained to do her will.  
The fire-king before the nation's gaze,  
Has set the land and ocean in a blaze ;  
The lightnings chained to her triumphal car,  
With speed of *light* bring off'rings from afar,  
And crown the altars of progressive truth  
With all the vigor of immortal youth.  
Nature's laws shine forth in magic rays,  
And 'lumine earth with light of former days.  
Then stand not man where those before thee stood,  
But onward press and battle for the good.  
What monuments of fame our fancy rears  
To those whose unknown fate commands our tears.  
Gone down to rest in seas before unkeeled ;  
Brave pioneers, uncoffined, unannealed !  
But dearer to each feeling heart is he,  
Who found at last that looked-for open sea ;  
Who forced the ice-barred gateway of the north,  
And dauntless led his trusting comrades forth.  
The frost-bound mystery a thousand ages sealed,  
In solemn towering grandeur is revealed.  
At last he stands upon his destined goal,  
Where God hath wreathed a necklace round the pole.  
The ice-crowned crest pays tribute at his feet,  
And lo ! the out-spread map of earth's complete.  
The pioneer is on one voyage more,  
His bark's at rest upon his native shore ;  
He'll need it not upon that shoreless sea  
That laves the treasures of eternity.

With Britain's fated voyager hand in hand,  
The pioneer explores the better land.  
Resound his deeds from every ocean main,  
With laurels crown the brow of gallant Kane !  
How many sons with patriotic zeal,  
Have risen up to guard our nation's weal ;  
How many tears in mournful silence flow  
For those whose resting-place we may not know ;  
Sons of New England battled for the right,  
And side-by-side have fallen in the fight ;  
With Carolina's soldiers, fearless, brave,  
Their dust has mingled in one common grave.  
And there beneath the eagle, stripes and stars,  
War-worn and marred with fresh and bleeding scars,  
Brave, weary soldiers, bending 'bove their bier,  
*A band of brothers*, shed the farewell tear.  
New York has poured on old Virginia's plains,  
The choicest blood that coursed her patriot's veins ;  
And from Virginia flowed the purple tide,  
Where Warren bled and gallant Mercer died.  
The *Union* was the altar of the free,  
The *Union* was their pledge of destiny.  
Such was the blood that flowed on Bunker Hill,  
And through this nation's pulse 't is flowing still.  
*This* sacred pearl still glows undimmed with years,  
Enshrined in orphans' sighs and widows' tears.  
While o'er the world the star of despots wanes,  
*This* beacon light of *liberty* remains.  
Not unto us alone this bond is dear —

The hopes of bleeding nations centre *here*.  
O'er land and sea then be our flag unfurled,  
Till independence echoes round the world.

To conclude, I will say to the young and the old,  
Covet this treasure, more precious than gold.  
Guard and defend it with lives that are true ;  
Let the mild reign of virtue, distill as the dew,  
Till bonds of oppression and every foul stain,  
Shall fade from our cities and warm sunny plains.  
The patriot's spirit of love we invoke,  
None other can shield us and break every yoke.  
'Tis true we may differ, as differ we must,  
Yet in God and our country we all put our trust ;  
We all are enlisted in freedom's great cause,  
We all love our Union and cherish its laws.  
Let tyrants invade, and as one we 'd unite,  
And forget party feuds in the battle for right.  
From ocean to ocean our heroes would come,  
At the thrill of the wire, and the roll of the drum ;  
Not a note would be heard of political jars,  
Defending our eagle, our stripes and our stars.  
Then welcome this day, to each patriot dear,  
When men meet as brothers, with peace and good  
cheer ;  
While our broad lakes and rivers, our cities and plains,  
Peal forth their thanksgivings in jubilant strains.

Shades of our fathers, 'round us hover still,  
As ye have purchased, *guard* a freeman's will !

Immortal spirits of a patriot band,  
Encircle still and guard our happy land !  
God of the nations, unto thee we pray,  
O, shield this blessed Union from decay !

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## RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

I stand on thy shore where rude sentinels hoary,  
Have guarded through ages thy course to the sea ;  
And thy bright sparkling waters reflect back the story,  
That likens the tide of all being to thee :  
    Flowing forever,  
    Faltering never,  
    Beautiful river ;  
    On, on, to the sea !

Here calm in their beauty thy waters are sleeping,  
As the trill of the waves ripple soft to the shore,  
And evergreen shadows night-watches are keeping,  
And stars of bright promise look down evermore :  
    Beautiful river,  
    Faltering never,  
    Rippling forever,  
    Soft, soft to the shore !

Now o'er thy blue surface soft zephyrs are straying,  
And all dimpled with smiles, as youth blushing and  
free,  
And the stars and the shadows like naiads are playing,  
And nature's green foliage seems dancing with glee :  
Onward forever,  
Faltering never,  
Beautiful river,  
All blushing and free !

As streams of affection, thy bright waters meeting,  
Flow onward together, away and away ;  
Now severed by islands, now rushing, now greeting,  
Down cataracts, foaming and bursting in spray :  
Lingering never,  
Wonderful river,  
Rushing forever,  
Away and away ;

So the river of *life* has flowed down through the ages,  
Now placid, now rushing, as wave after wave  
Has recorded the epochs, on time's rocky pages,  
Engraven in granite, in coral and cave :  
Mystical river,  
Lingering never,  
With rythm forever,  
In wave after wave !

Still onward thy flow tow'rd the mystical ocean,  
Forever replenished by brooklet and stream ;

Here mirror of beauty, there whirled in commotion,  
Like the river of rivers, the pride of my theme —  
On flows *this* river,  
Tow'rd the All-giver,  
Replenished ever,  
By brooklet and stream !

Flowing forever, stream, brooklet and river,  
River of life to the ocean of love ;  
From cataract's foam to the green isles of pleasure,  
Reflecting the beams from the brightness above :  
Flowing forever,  
Wonderful river,  
Back to the giver —  
The ocean of love !

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## IN MEMORY OF

LUCY ANN, wife of A. H. HALL, Esq., aged 36 years.

She's gone from our midst like the dew from the  
flower,  
And our sorrowing hearts beat with anguish sup-  
pressed,

As we buried her urn in the lone woodland bower,  
And hallowed with tears the dear place of its rest.

The angels that gathered from holier spheres,  
Sang anthems of praise, for a spirit was born ;  
As the dew on the rose, was the incense of tears,  
Exhaled on the beams of eternity's morn.

O, then we rejoiced that her anguish was done,  
For we felt that her presence was soothingly near,  
With news of a spiritual kingdom to come,  
To teach us to live it, and hope for it here.

She 'll come to our hearts in each scene that is past,  
That so fondly we 've treasured in memory's urn,  
When her hand soothed the brow that with grief was  
o'ercast,  
And the steps that bent downward were heaven-  
ward turned.

She 'll come when in sadness our spirits are bowed,  
When her loved ones are weeping o'er earth's sev-  
ered ties,  
And rend from our visions the mystical cloud,  
With light from her beautiful home in the skies.

To our altar she 'll come as an angel of light,  
When the flame that illumines it burns feeble and dim,  
To guide through the lone and the perilous night,  
The soul as it's leaving its bondage of sin.



No longer we 'll weep for the loved early dead,  
Though the vase that is shattered was precious  
    dear ;  
The gem to a heavenly casket hath fled,  
And *visions* of beauty *more* brilliant appear.

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## THE ORPHAN'S GRAVE.

A tribute to the memory of a brother, who died in Illinois, August  
8th, 1845, aged 17 years.

Let the loved one sleep on,  
And disturb not the stone ;  
O, stranger, tread light o'er his grave in the West !  
Pay the tribute — a tear ;  
'Tis the orphan sleeps here —  
The emigrant boy — O, disturb not his rest !

No sweet counsel to guide,  
Since the mother had died —  
Forlorn and dejected the brothers would roam —  
None to welcome their stay,  
So they hie them away,  
To the land of the prairies — the emigrant's home.

O, the bitter tears fell,  
When I bade them farewell !  
A prayer for my brothers — the orphans — I breathed;  
“ Kind Father,” I cried,  
“ Be their guardian and guide,  
A friend to the friendless — the orphans bereaved.”

Then I thought of the woe,  
They must soon undergo,  
As exiles to wander, in sorrow bereft ;  
But *his* anguish is o’er,  
And Wisconsin’s far shore,  
Is the home of the wand’rer — the orphan who ’s left.

O, kind Father, still guide  
This bereaved one who ’s tried ;  
The deep vale of sorrow alone he hath trod ;  
May thy spirit of love,  
Grant him, where he may rove,  
For affection maternal, hope in his God.

Long the green grass may wave  
O’er the lost loved one’s grave ;  
The notes of the wild bird his requiem sing ;  
Ere my footsteps shall tread,  
Where the loved, early dead,  
Receive one sad tear, as an offering I bring.

But, if yield them we must,  
In the promise we ’ll trust,

Redeeming our kindred ; to cheer us 't was given ;  
Though estranged here on earth,  
From the land of our birth,  
There 'll be joy, there 'll be greeting when friends  
meet in heaven.

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## WATCHING AND WAITING.

I know thou art gone, but the way is still bright,  
With the glory effulgent that lighted thee on ;  
And there 's no time for sorrow, though dark be the  
night,  
For the light is returning, the way thou art gone.

I know thy tried spirit has gained the bright shore,  
I gaze through the shadows, the path is still there ;  
There 's some one returning, the bright pathway o'er,  
'T is some one who seems in my burdens to share.

Yes, some one is coming, the light draweth near,  
Some one who has traveled the same pathway o'er ;  
I see through the shadows, all radiant with cheer,  
A visage like one I have studied before.

Yes some one is coming, I 'm nearing the strand,  
Where some one once left me, the bright path to  
tread,  
I see now more clearly : there seems a bright band ;  
The light seems dissolving to bright forms instead.

All radiant in beauty, in garments of light,  
The circle seems nearing the shadowy shore ;  
And it seems like the morning, that dawns on my sight,  
I feel I have traveled the night shadows o'er.

Those faces familiar, how near to the heart !  
But some one seems leading, more near than the  
rest ;  
And narrow, more narrow, that keeps us apart,  
The space where the shining feet yet have not  
pressed.

And some one is coming, yes, already here,  
And some one is waiting, though waiting not long ;  
The light through the pathway again will be clear,  
For others are coming to meet the bright throng.

And some will be looking, along the bright way,  
Where forms are receding, who 've joined the bright  
throng ;  
Will wait in the shadow the coming of day,  
Still watching and waiting, but waiting not long.

So, watching and waiting, each soul for its own,  
 Some still in the shadows, and some in the light ;  
 And so will they watch, through the ages unknown,  
 As some one is watching and waiting to-night.

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## DO YOUR DUTY WHERE YOU ARE.

Where your line of life hath fallen,  
 To your destiny be true :  
 Know the goal of your attainment,  
 Is most wisely hid from view ;  
 Though your soul hath aspirations,  
 Far beyond life's daily care,  
 If you 'd reach the grand ideal,  
 Do your duty where you are.

Do your duty ! 't is the first step,  
 Then the next will easy grow ;  
*Forward* is the true direction,  
 And the motto : "*sure and slow.*"  
 Think not you 've some higher mission  
 And for that you must prepare ;  
 Would you fill some higher station,  
 Do your duty where you are.

Fate has linked your life to others,  
With the cords you can not break ;  
And you hold a lease in common,  
By the law of give and take ;  
Should you shirk one obligation,  
Nothing can the breach repair ;  
Though you list to fine spun logic,  
Do your duty where you are.

Do it freely, without flinching,  
And with earnestness and cheer ;  
And you 'll find each burden lighten,  
And the way will seem more clear ;  
And you 'll find your manhood strengthen,  
For your "mission" 't will prepare ;  
There 's no firmer base of action ;  
Do your duty where you are.

Straight onward may be great achievement,  
In the line of life you tread ;  
Yet not by crossing paths of others,  
Has one path to greatness led.  
Men of genius, men of wisdom,  
Gained the heights of knowledge rare,  
Heeding step by step the lesson,  
Do your duty where you are.

Duty sanctifies the action,  
Brings each age one circle higher ;

'T is the main-spring of invention,  
Builds the forge and lights the fire ;  
Ring the hammer and the anvil,  
That some heart less burdens bear ;  
This is life's true end and mission,  
Do your duty where you are.

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## THE REBUKE.

“ 'T is not mete to take the children's bread  
and cast it to the dogs.”

Thus spake the Savior of Mankind,  
Whose words were always mild,  
To one who came relief to find,  
For her afflicted child.

And why should He indulge in hate,  
Who came the lost to save,  
With publicans and sinners ate,  
And wrong and sin forgave ?

A Gentile woman why refuse,  
And coldly turn away ;  
And lavish kindness on the Jews,  
Who'd gone like sheep astray ?

Why compound with self-righteousness,  
The Gentile treat with scorn ;  
Nor heed the wail of deep distress,  
Of one not Jewish born ?

Why turn aside from human need,  
Refusing friendly aid ;  
And seek to those of narrow creed,  
Who from the fold had strayed ?

'T was not the savior of the race  
That spake these words so drear ;  
But cutting satire took the place,  
Of gentle words of cheer.

Keen irony was in his eye ;  
The woman did not fear ;  
She knew the needed aid was nigh,  
That saving help was near.

Disciples saw in that keen look,  
*Their* narrowness of soul ;  
And in the sentence felt rebuke,—  
“Thy daughter is made whole.”



## P A R O D Y

On the exhibition of the Davenport Brothers, in the box.

Hark ! from the box, a creaking sound !  
The Davenports are tied ;  
Ye gaping crowds come gather round,  
While spirits toot inside.

Doubters ! this box must be your proof,  
In spite of all your towers ;  
And hornpipes fiddled 'neath its roof,  
Be test of Spirit powers.

Good Lord ! is this our certain doom  
While ghosts shut up secure,  
Come back and fiddle from the tomb,  
Till all our doubts are o'er ?

Grant us to tie the ropes so tight,  
No mortal can untie ;  
Then when we hear Durang's Hornpipe,  
We 'll fit our souls to fly.

## NEW KIND OF FREIGHT.

On occasion of two regiments leaving Elmira for  
Washington in cattle cars, full to bursting.

Dear Uncle Sam ; your telegram,  
Has near o'ercome the muse ;  
But here 's a theme, unless I dream,  
So clear the track for news !

Knapsacks and guns ; our gallant sons  
Have started for the wars ;  
Lord save the right ; they 've gone to fight,  
Cooped up in cattle cars.

Now patriots shout, no longer doubt,  
For 'less the cars should burst,  
When *beef and ham* meet *t' other Sam*,  
*He 'll* surely get the worst.

Young Sam the brave will surely cave,  
Nor dare with U S a battle ;  
Their duds they 'll pack and leave the track,  
Before these northern cattle.

Was it to show how apropos,  
Our soldiers had been quartered ?  
Or did our weal and pious zeal,  
Demand that they be slaughtered ?

Lord save the mark, we're in the dark  
About our *nation's honor*;  
If *treason* be, to fail to see,  
This poet is a *goner* !

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## E P I T A P H

ON MY MOTHER'S TOMBSTONE.

Calm was her life's morning,  
Serene was its day,  
With the sunlight of hope  
To illumine its way.  
And calmly resigned  
When it sank in death's wave,  
Entrusted to Him  
Who is mighty to save.

---

## FOR L.

Ye weeping friends suppress the tear,  
Nor be to frenzy driven ;  
The transient flower that faded here,  
Shall bloom anew in Heaven.

## THE VISION OF LIFE.

Anxious some theme to find, that might adorn  
And make complete the pages of my book —  
Some legend, myth, or fairy tale of love,  
That would a moral point or lesson teach,  
Whereby the coming ages might withal  
Reap profit, when the hand and brain that now  
These lines indite shall long have ceased to act —  
Something in which the author's name might live,  
As gold survives the dross and base alloy,  
And still remains a thing of worth undimmed —  
Some thought that might the reader's mind direct  
Back to the thinker, in communion free —  
I'd read the books of myth, searched Plutarch through:  
His wondrous morals on the rules of life :  
And theories more modern, on the rights of men,  
And tales of death and love that flood the world  
In froth and foam, from which the youth attempt  
To slake their thirst, and find it more increase,  
Till passion and wild fancy quench the light  
Of love, now smold'ring dimly in the soul.  
Still with the burden of my theme imbued,  
I mused and walked the streets by day and eve.  
A tragic scene now filled the public mind,  
And pierced with horror many feeling hearts :  
A youth convicted of the highest crime,

Through circumstantial evidence, condemned,  
And twice respited, that the public mind  
Might be divested of its doubts of guilt,  
Had on the gallows as a martyr died,  
Protesting innocence, e'en to the last.  
And though appliances the priesthood use,  
From first to last in faith were tried, in vain  
The surplice and the gown ; in vain the book  
Held sacred as the Christian's chart of life  
Was used ; and lessons teaching faith and hope  
To those whose souls are steeped in deepest guilt,  
If they repent and all their sins confess.  
The Psalmist's words : " The Lord my shepherd is ; "  
And then to change the theme from love to fear,  
The well known legend of the sheep and goats  
Was read, as though 't were *literally* true,  
And not a figure, that Gentile and Jew  
Should in this world change places — each with each ;  
The one to wander up and down the earth,  
The other to the Savior's kingdom cleave,  
As since the prophecy has been fulfilled.  
The awful doom that waits the guilty soul,  
That unrepentant goes to meet its God :  
All these were tried : The counsel's soothing words ;  
And words of friends the dearest — hands in his,  
With eyes and cheeks all streaming down with tears,  
Looking in those eyes so charged with guilt,  
That also streamed with bitter tears of woe,  
That, on the moment, seemed as innocent

And pure as those through which the Savior looked  
On men, when up the steep he bore the cross.  
And though conviction filled his trembling soul,  
That Christ had died the sinful lost to save,  
And bring mankind through penitence to Him ;  
And though the Book of Life was near his heart —  
A sister's gift to point the way of life —  
Yet to entreaties of most loving hearts,  
Through tears of anguish he would still declare :  
“ I have no knowledge of poor Wenham's death.”  
And fervently he prayed God to forgive  
The many sins of his poor chequered life ;  
And being innocent of this great sin,  
And now about to suffer, he could trust  
'T were easier to forgive his lesser crimes,  
And in His mercy he would ever trust.  
He to a friend his sister's gift bequeathed,  
One who had counseled with him to the last,  
And dedicated with his name the gift,  
In witness that in innocence he died.  
Then held the book within his clammy palm,  
And took his place beneath the fatal beam.  
The words, “ I 'm innocent,” fell from his lips,  
The last he spoke, then met his tragic fate.

'T was nearly ten ; I walked the streets at night,  
Absorbed in contemplation on this scene  
That had so rent the heart with pain and grief,  
That to its depths the social compact stirred,  
And brought regrets and tears to many homes :

And wondered if the man who bravely died  
Were really innocent, or only brave.  
And why on circumstantial facts, alone,  
The law should jeopardize the lives of men,  
Or how the sacredness of life is shown  
By taking life. Another murder planned  
By church and state to balance the account.  
Or where, if *innocence* must bear the sin,  
Comes in the law of compensation *sure* :  
As taught by many philosophic minds.  
Here innocence not only suffers death,  
But loving friends must for the victim weep,  
And on the future born a stigma rest.

Lost in these thoughts, a female form I passed,  
One who seemed wandering on the street alone,  
As though an outcast from the social world,  
Seeking a substance in mysterious ways.  
The air was chill and thin was her attire !  
Without a word or look I hurried past,  
As though a word or look might desecrate  
The dignity in which a soul should walk.  
Another phase of woe that blights the earth !  
With these conflicting thoughts, I sought my couch,  
And soon all outward sense was wrapped in sleep,  
And dream or vision captive held the will,  
And scenes in which the senses played a part,  
Seemed real as the scenes of real life.

In some deserted street alone I stood,  
And in the stillness of the midnight hour,  
Watched the long shadows thrown from dome and  
spire.

High in the old church tower, the bell struck two,  
And then like sentinels that guard the night,  
Responses came from in the distance far,  
As though a signal to the world in sleep  
That man had done his part, and all was well ;  
That all within these walls, where pride and ease  
Beguile the languid hours of day and night,  
Had to the outward world their duty done,  
And were entitled now to peaceful rest.

But as the sound upon the air had died,  
Out from the shadow of an old church tower,  
Into the moonlight passed a figure, wan  
And pale, and words of lamentation spoke :  
“While those within are served with heavenly bread,  
Outside we perish for the bread of earth.”  
And then two sisters came locked arm-in-arm  
And joined the lone one, greeting with their smiles,  
But smiles that met with no response within,  
And joined the song with hollow mirth and glee ;  
Then chorus added in a wild refrain,  
“But though we perish and our souls are lost,  
We must have bread, whatever be the cost ;  
We have no access to the bread within,  
But we'll have bread, though 't be the price of sin.



Talk ye of virtue, 't is a hollow name,  
Ye have the vices that in us ye blame."  
They then drew near and touched my garment's hem,  
And then I answer made, "Come not too near,  
Lest I become as vile and low as ye."  
"Then give us money, ye who are full fed,  
Or honest toil wherewith to purchase bread."  
And here three dimes, I from a well filled purse  
Extracted, as a gift to those in need ;  
Then to its place the precious roll returned.  
And as I turned away to take my leave,  
They all in concert laughed a fiendish laugh.

And next a fiendish form in male attire  
Approached, and with firm grip himself attached  
Fast to my garments, cleaving to my side,  
And at my wallet now and then would clutch ;  
But still I held it fast within my grasp,  
And to obtain it quite he lacked the power.  
And ever and anon we strove with blows,  
But neither could the other overpower,  
Until we reached without the city's gate  
A forest dense with trees of evergreen.  
And in the wood the conflict was renewed,  
He striving to obtain and I to hold  
The prize ; But soon from out the shadows dim  
Forth stalked another actor on the scene.  
A turban'd Turk, in gown and cossack robed,  
That marked him as a priest of Allah, stood

Before us, and the bloody combat ceased.

“ Know God is God”, the priest aloud proclaimed,  
“ Mahomet is his prophet and his son.”

I come for justice in the prophet's name,  
And why this strife where love and truth should reign?  
Then spake the sprite, “ I met this Christian dog,  
Once on a time ; he robbed me of my all,  
And though his strength seems equal that of mine,  
Yet I through years have followed him in vain,  
And now to this retreat for reasons two :  
Not only did he take my purse, but more —  
At thy great prophet's name he would not bow,  
But talked about a Nazarene instead,  
Who both for love and justice died for men,  
Yet gives he not one penny to the poor !”

Thou'st served him rightly, said the priest in wrath,  
Then took a sabre from beneath his cloak,  
And with it cut into my flesh ; and keen  
The smart, as though the pointed steel had pierced  
My very being to its core ; and then  
Said he, with piteous look and seeming love,  
“ I will not chide thee more, nor take thy purse,  
But till thou perish it may cling to thee,  
And let it be thy bane ; when seeking good,  
This selfishness thy punishment shall be,  
And woes and crimes thy money might have saved  
The world, before thee shall in judgment rise,  
As they demand in vain the good, the help

That justice e'en requires as due from thee.  
Not without reason do the poor complain ;  
And say that riches hoarded without use,  
Belong to them ; and they the whole might take  
And when exchanged for raiment for the poor,  
None would be losers, but the world would gain.  
This miser-spirit has more hearts inflamed  
To break o'er legal bounds than want itself ;  
And were all outward law abolished quite,  
The miser's pile would fall the first a prey ;  
For there's no thief but has some conscience left.

“ But justice to the world shall come at last,  
For in thy very selfishness of soul I see  
The seeds of good implanted that shall grow ;  
For those who wait, in thy estate to share,  
Who, watching fortune's pendulum, that swings  
To far extremes on either side the line  
Of truth and justice, waiting for their turn,  
Shall in disgust of thee, take the extreme  
Of fortune farthest opposite from thine ;  
And taking wings and scat'ring here and there,  
The fruit of sin shall turn to blessings rare,  
A harvest for the poor and wronged to reap,  
With easier access than through bolts and bars.  
As for this sprite, you need not fear of him,  
Too near akin to thee to do thee harm ;  
Although the closer thou dost hug thy purse,  
The closer he will draw and cleave to thee ;  
But there's no wrong when like attracts to like.

“And ’t were no sin to take his well-filled purse,  
As he’s no law but one, that might makes right,  
And he’s a lawful prey to all the world ;  
He never blessed the world, but only cursed ;  
And hence the world were better were he slain.  
But he has lived since time began, and thrived  
Upon the enemies that sought his life.  
The church and state at times have aimed their shafts,  
But by his magic powers from church and state  
He’s many converts to his kingdom made.  
No law and no religion has been known  
Of strength sufficient to withstand his wiles.  
And by the prophet’s beard ! I thought one blow  
On thee might cripple some his power that seemed  
Incorporate in a weaker form than his,  
And do some service to my cause and thine,  
As both confess a prophet for our guide.

Thou ’st sinned against thyself and not the world ;  
Thy motive being bad, with thee ’tis sin ;  
But hadst thou given to the world so wronged,  
The gains that thou so long hast kept from him,  
Some merit might be placed to thy account.”

And here another form arose in view,  
His manner and his beard bespoke the Jew ;  
And to the turbaned priest he made reply :  
“I ’m not to Christ or thy religion bred,  
I worship Abram’s and not Ishmael’s God,

Justice alone is my strict law and creed ;  
What God requires of duty between men,  
I find laid down in his commandments ten.  
And love to God, far as we comprehend,  
Is clearest shown in our good will to men.  
He looks for deeds, and not for idle words,  
Whether Christian, Mahometan or Jew ,  
He serves him most, who is to duty true.  
Thy rules of justice with mine own agree,  
Except I've sheathed the sword, and thou hast not.  
I've yielded up to civil law the power to smite,  
And left to God and conscience man's religious rite.  
Hence I have come a witness 'gainst the sprite.  
I've known him well ; for brethren of mine  
Have made large fortunes somewhat in his line.  
Although the Christian he has damaged much,  
The sprite was never by the Christian wronged ;  
They were but partners in the thrift for gain.  
And each received in settling the account  
His rightful share, as by the terms prescribed.  
And not content to claim what is his own,  
He taunts this Christian as an arrant thief ;  
And having never done a kindly deed,  
Would make his victim even worse than he.  
For I have known this man whom he berates,  
To do some deeds by which the poor were blest.  
Three dimes he to as many sufferer's gave,  
And had no motive "to be seen of men";  
He's aided public charities withal,

And though the motive may not be so clear,  
Yet joy, the same, attended on the gift.  
This joy is with the world ; motives with God ;  
Yet at this private gift so small, the sprite  
Evinced more wrath than at the larger sums  
Of thousands on more worthy souls bestowed."

The Turkish priest here bowed assent and said :  
"Gold is but trash, 'less put to rightful use ;  
The miser scans all motives, for excuse,  
Whereby he turns aside when duty calls,  
And hugs the gold that in his coffers falls."  
Then at his feet the well-filled purse I threw,  
The same repeating : "Gold is but trash" to me,  
So take this purse, good priest ; 't is for the poor.  
How I obtained it first, I hardly know,  
It came not by one effort I have made,  
'Twas gathered by some other hand than 'mine.  
It may, or not, to charity belong ;  
May be the sprite's ; if so, and from the poor  
He first obtained it, still give to the poor,  
And give the sprite whate'er befits him most.  
Leave but to me a crust, and it shall be  
To me the bread such as the Savior blessed  
And sanctified to feed the life within,  
So I but feel that other lives are fed."

And every eye except the sprite's beamed joy ;  
And then the priest divided into thirds

The rich donation for the poor ; one gave  
To me, another to the Jew, and said :  
“ We three are on the same good object bent,  
And each shall do in his own way his part,  
In making glad the needy sons of earth.  
'T is meet that love and justice should combine,  
For each without the other would be false  
To human good ; united, they are one ;  
And on the same good errand, true to each.  
Then all the forest seemed to glow with light,  
All nature smiled, and darkly frowned the sprite.  
To him the priest the cutting saber gave,  
Saying, this weapon best befits a knave.  
The sprite the weapon turned upon the three.  
In union and the right our strength was firm  
For all defended each in bold defence.

Next in my vision I had gained the street,  
On which bright lights from lowly dwellings gleamed,  
And I seemed hurried on apace, until  
A gate was opened in a castle wall,  
And here I entered ; Near the castle stood,  
All decked with green, with flowers and golden fringe,  
With golden steps down leading from its side,  
A sweet pavilion as a place of rest.  
A door now opened and I entered in,  
And as it closed the sprite fell on the tent ;  
Then from below I heard a cheering voice  
Say, “ reach thy hand so that the monster kiss  
Thy fingers' ends ; and say, with thee I 'll walk



To-morrow on the lawn ;” And I obeyed,  
And so the form withdrew : and then below  
Down but a step, there opened on my sight  
Apartments so gorgeous, fair and grand  
In their appointments, that no words nor pen,  
Nor painter’s genius can describe to earth.  
Near to the tent there sat a female form,  
So beautiful and fair, so richly robed,  
She seemed a princess more of air than earth.  
Her robes with diamonds sparkled of a hue  
Not found in earthly mines, and jewels rare  
Bedecked her form, beside which gold is dim.

With hand and voice she to me welcome gave,  
And then congratulations, that at last,  
I had the sprite escaped, and freedom gained.  
Then she explained : “ His presence never passed  
Beneath the tent ; but sometimes when in form  
Of earth, on deeds of charity sent forth,  
He follows by my side as though in love,  
And claims if he my finger tips may kiss,  
'Tis happiness enough for days on earth ;  
But 'tis the well filled basket at my side  
He to the poor begrudges, brings him near,  
And not the finger-tips, but jewels worn,  
And of a nature he ne’er comprehends.  
His taste for these is as the swine’s for pearls ;  
And yet his greed for gain is so intense,  
He’d take the brightness from the moon and stars,



If it in guilders could by mint be coined.  
I've sometimes stripped my finger's jewels off,  
To see him clutch them in his greedy grasp.  
And though they turn to ashes or thin air,  
The moment of his touch, he seeks them still.  
His name, known, loved and feared on earth, ye'd  
    know,  
'Tis Avarice ; none can his wiles withstand,  
Save those who wear the shield of Christian love.  
This shield of love thou hast of late put on,  
And what thou soon shalt learn within this place  
Shall help thee for all time to keep it bright.

And now before me stood an aged man  
Who smiled so sweetly on me that he seemed  
As 't were an aged youth ; though old in years  
Yet bright and clear in faculties of mind,  
Agile in form, and fair as youth could be,  
He seemed the warden of the place ; to guide  
All those who by the grand pavilion come,  
And show them round the circling spheres of life,  
To see the problems of existence solved.

"First," said my guide, "beginning where we stand,  
At this pavilion enter those whose lives  
Were in the outer world imbued with love ;  
Whose deeds were deeds of love for goodness' sake.  
*Some* good, from circumstance beyond control,  
Being born to virtue, e'en as like itself

Produces — where all circumstances tend  
To guard the path of right, and keep the will  
From ever yielding to the tempter's wiles —  
Their birth was one of virtue ; and their life  
Had but surroundings that to virtue tend.  
These have a peaceful death with conscience free,  
And here find life the same as when on earth ;  
For both are spent in doing good to all.  
Others have through tribulation fought their way,  
Beset by adverse circumstances ; these  
Have borne the burden on them cast through sins  
Of others, and the victory thus gained  
Brings more enjoyment than the even tide  
Of life ; its ebb and flow's more deeply felt ;  
For as they've keenly suffered, so their joys  
Are correspondingly at times more full.  
And this is justice ; for they merit more  
Than those who have no bad to overcome.

And here are those who through their outward life  
Have pain and sickness suffered, not for sins  
That they committed, but for others' sins,  
Both in the present and the ages past ;  
Not only suffering physical, but more :—  
Anguish of spirit o'er their helplessness,  
And want of strength to reach the goal desired,  
To which their mental faculties all point,  
As the divine intent that gave them life ;  
Qualities hereditary, that might aspire

To greatness in the arts, or science teach.  
Might delve the earth, or might the heavens scale;  
And bring the trophies of their genius rare,  
With which to crown the altars of new truth,  
And bring to man the good their souls conceive.  
But bodies of hereditary taint  
Have somehow these great yearning souls encased,  
Thus making discord of earth's harmony,  
And life a failure in its first degree.  
These souls, whose fine ideals proved their bane,  
Now from those same ideals reap reward.  
For they, dissevered from the crushing weight,  
Are free to follow where their genius leads.  
Here truths adapted to the bent of each,  
Are made the study as are those on earth;  
For know the outer and the inner world,  
In truths and laws and all things, correspond.  
This is the key by which you may unlock  
The mysteries that so bewilder men;  
The law of compensation, making plain;  
For instance: some are domestic'ly inclined,  
Who never knew the joys a parent feels  
In nurturing with tender care, the child;  
And those who've yearned through life for friends  
and home,  
Yet never had a home: like him who sang  
In sad lament, and from a feeling heart,  
Of pleasures and of blessings never his,  
Save in the yearnings of a lonely life;  
All these tired souls have found the goal they sought."

And then I looked, and saw sweet infant forms  
Clasped in fair arms, and pressed to loving hearts,  
And from each brow gleamed pleasure and delight ;  
And groups of men were in the circle seen,  
As though from wand'rings lone they 'd just returned ;  
These sang, " Sweet home," and far the chorus rang,  
It seemed the *spirit* of the song they sang.  
I saw the bliss of these would for a time  
Be greater for the loss they had endured.

I now seemed borne, as by the speed of thought,  
Far to the outer bounds of this bright sphere,  
To where this circle to another joined ;  
Not by a line defined, but gradual,  
As marks the circle of the outer life ;  
And here were those who 'd led a life of sin,  
But had through discipline and sorrow learned  
That wrong done tow'rd another does not end  
Its mission there, but as the tiny wave  
A pebble starts, to ripple to the shore,  
So one foul deed becomes a baneful cause  
That waves in dire effects e'en to the shore,  
O'er all the surface of life's mystic sea ;  
And back upon the soul the tide will flow,  
As waves recede that break upon the beach ;  
And when the soul awakes and has the power  
To see the ruin scattered 'long life's way,  
Its misery and woe are more intense,  
And then come penitence and bitter tears :

And were it not that hearts are tender still,  
And grant forgiveness as they 'd be forgiven,  
This suffering so intense would never cease ;  
But human hearts will melt at grief and pain —  
And such the antidote for every bane ;  
And when forgiveness fills each human breast,  
We 'll trust to God and goodness for the rest.  
Heaven is not an abstract, undefined,  
In which the higher faculties of mind,  
As love and sympathy, can take no part.  
'T is *action* not atrophy of the heart.  
The earthly body is no surer dead,  
When from the brain the vital stream has fled,  
Than would the joys of heaven be incomplete,  
Should hearts in sympathy no longer beat.  
Were not here practiced every Christian grace,  
This realm would be a weary stagnant place.

Here, too, are those who quaffed the flowing cup,  
Not through their own free will, enticed to sin,  
But by a taste perverted, through the sins  
Of others : an inheritance bequeathed,  
Yet not inheriting the power of will,  
The demon to resist ; these having sinned  
Against the laws and social rights of men,  
Through ignorance, and through a nature base,  
O'er which they 'd no control, here suffer less  
In conscience than do those more highly blest,  
In circumstance of birth and life and death ;

And while the earth knows but one law for each,  
Its judgments here by justice are reversed,  
And souls thus weak are pitied more than blamed.

All sins are backward to their causes traced,  
As is on earth each physical defect,  
Or as to cause physicians trace disease,  
Each to the other similar, for both  
Bring pains : of body, one — the other, mind.  
The object of all human skill should be,  
Effects to cure by rooting out the cause;  
And both from outward and from inward foes,  
Protection to the social compact bring.

So here the very elements are scanned,  
That culminated in the lives of men ;  
And human spite and blame in these dissolve,  
And deep compassion reigns supreme instead.  
To give protection to the rights of men,  
Justice assumes a form severe and stern ;  
But *here*, with no such object to attain,  
She in diviner, milder form may reign.

And then I looked and saw a crowd in tears ;  
Women and men to others kneeling down,  
And in repentent anguish asking these,  
If they for all the wrongs received, could breathe  
The words of pardon to their anguished hearts.  
And then I saw them raised by kindly hands,

And lifted to their feet, while tears of joy  
Streamed from forgiving eyes, and words of love,  
As streams of light, flow free from loving lips :  
“ We do forgive as we have been forgiven ! ”

Then came an echo from the vault afar,  
That seemed the very breath of heaven ;  
As though 't were borne along from star to star :  
“ We do forgive as we have been forgiven ! ”

And then more near I saw the ranks advance,  
All moving onward tow'rd the grand pavilion,  
And saw no soul was left, the sport of chance,  
Through all the circles of that vast quintillion.

It seemed the joy of one, to elevate  
A brother, sinking weary by the way,  
Through words of love and confidence and hope ;  
And farther on tow'rds the dark abyss,  
Were those instructing others in the truth —  
Through which desire of penitence might come.  
And female forms whom social wrongs had crushed,  
(But still had souls that scorned the vileness low  
In which they sank to gain the bread of earth,)  
Were ministr'ing to others of their kind,  
Whose very loves had led their feet to stray.

I saw the victims of the gallows there,  
And by their side men plead in their behalf ;  
These last were men I'd seen more near the tent



That guards the passage of the good to bliss.  
And here my guide explained: "These forms you see  
Were also by the gallows crushed, but died  
In innocence, through the mistakes of law;  
But being guilty of some other crimes  
Against the rights of men, they entered there,  
By yonder dark pavilion, where the clouds  
Look dark — the ingress where the spirits dark  
Enter and wait, till light begins to dawn.  
But those you here behold, have worked their way  
Through all the grades of darkness to the light,  
That beams in glory from the higher sphere.

"These having suffered in like manner, know  
Full well the sympathy those souls most need.  
And deeds like these bring back so sweet reward,  
In seeing guilty souls in penitence,  
The joys and pleasures of this inner life,  
Bring compensation for those joys cut short  
On earth, through ignorance and laws unjust.

"Now," said my guide, "from what you see and feel,  
And thus far having traced the loving law,  
And learned in what true life and heaven consist,  
You better are prepared to teach to earth,  
"The law of justice is the law of love."

"In this, all mystery is solved, and e'en  
In yon dark region is the law the same.



And though that line of darkness has been there,  
Since human life its strange career commenced,  
Long symbolled in the books of sacred lore,  
By outer darkness and the loathsome worm  
That dies not ; and by fire that's never quenched ;  
And though the same dark shadows there will brood,  
While earths are peopled from which souls are born,  
Yet ever coming from the dark abyss,  
Through tribulation's dark and stormy path,  
And meeting on their way at every step  
Some friendly hand to guide, shall souls progress  
Towards the bright pavilion of the blest.  
And souls once lost, returning to the fold,  
Shall be to higher spheres the theme of joy."

Thus said, and I before the princess stood.  
With smile of approbation she arose  
To be my escort back to outer life.  
Saying, "Thou hast a mission to perform,  
And then thou shalt return, more pure and blest,  
Prepared to bear the higher glory bright,  
That shines for thee in more celestial spheres.  
I hold the key, and when on thy return,  
Thou bring'st the fruit and harvest of thy toil,  
By my permission thou shalt enter in.  
My name is Charity ; these shining gems  
Are but the Christian graces that adorn  
All dwellers of the higher spheres of life,  
And show that love when crystallized in deeds

Brings souls once lowly nearer the supreme."  
Then from her finger she a jewel took,  
Saying, "This means patience; keep ever bright  
The gift; I saw 't was one thou needest most."  
And as I gazed, I saw its name deep chased.  
And when the gift was on my finger placed,  
My very being felt a thrill of joy.

"Now go," said she, "thou has a work to do;  
Thou art my servant to the outer world,  
And what thou 'st consecrated to the poor,  
Shall prove a blessing from thy hand dispensed,  
Two fold: the giver and receiver blest.  
'In faith and hope the world will disagree,'  
But more than faith and hope is charity:  
While Jew and Mussulmen its call obey,  
Go, Christian friend, and do as well as they."

Here from my brain sweet gentle Morpheus fled,  
I found the vision pictured there instead;  
I've tried in words to paint it to mankind—  
The better painting still is in the mind;  
One is for you, the other wholly mine,  
Dear reader. Ponder well upon each line!  
Trace back each life and its conditions scan,  
Before you rashly judge your fellow man;  
Before you praise too much the good and true,  
Each circumstance of birth and life review;  
Reflect that while you others' errors blame,

Had your surroundings been through life the same,  
Sure as effects from causes' law obey,  
You, too, had fallen down as low as they.  
Degrees of guilt that stand to God revealed,  
Are with life's mysteries from man concealed ;  
And many sins we here on earth deplore,  
Has jeweled Charity *there* covered o'er.  
Leave things to God, not fully understood,  
Who still "from evil art educating good,"  
Let justice and true charity combined,  
As rain and dew descend and bless mankind.

---

## MY MOTHER,

WHERE DOTH THY SPIRIT DWELL?

Ah, sad, yet anxious, welcome thought,  
Why linger still upon my brain,  
With raptured hopeful visions fraught,  
Yet fraught with sympathy and pain ;  
Though not with fear, for all is well,  
Wherever may that spirit dwell.

I must those tender smiles deplore,  
    'The love which never can forget ;  
*That love* 't is more than mortal power,  
    It guides my very being yet ;  
Deep in the soul's most secret cell,  
Still doth that gentle spirit dwell.

I ask the boundless, deep blue sky,  
    Where in its mighty templed dome,  
Far from the reach of sorrow's eye,  
    The loved, the lost, has found a home ;  
But space unbounded, ne'er can tell,  
Where, mother, does thy spirit dwell.

I ask of all the living green  
    With fragrance sweet, and op'ning flower ;  
They answer : we have ever been  
    Nurtured by changeless love and power ;  
That same soft hand that guards *so* well,  
Guides safe the spirit where to dwell.

I ask the twinkling gems of night,  
    Where is its blest, divine abode ?  
Are ye the suns that give it light ?  
    The answer comes : it is with God ;  
And grief no more the bosom swells,  
Where that seraphic spirit dwells.

I ask the stream, with gentle flow,  
    Towards the deep blue rolling sea ;

And passing by in murmurs low,  
It answers : in eternity ;  
Pure rivers flow, and oceans swell  
Of love ; 't is there pure spirits dwell.

There floods of bliss and knowledge roll,  
New varied scenes of grandeur rise  
To pour new pleasures on the soul,  
Whose flight is through eternal skies ;  
Peans of heavenly anthems swell ;  
There does my mother's spirit dwell.

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## OBITUARY.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN SIGOURNEY.

So passing away, are the forms that we cherished,  
And friendship's sweet voices are hushed on the air,  
All lonely and silent the halls where they perished,  
For, spite of the sunlight the shadows are there.

But there's something beyond, where the soul's true  
ideal  
Can never be dimmed by earth's shadows or tears,

Where the subtle and fancied become but the real,  
And loves are not bounded by distance or years.

Then may we rejoice, that set free from its prison,  
The pain and the anguish, the shadow and gloam,  
Adorned in its beauty, a spirit hath risen,  
And hearts were in waiting to welcome it home.

---

## CARRIER'S ADDRESS

OF THE WATERTOWN POST, 1874.

Patrons kind, I bring you greeting,  
Words of thanks and words of cheer,  
And with heart of friendship beating,  
Wish a NEW AND HAPPY YEAR!

Cold the winter winds are sighing,  
O'er the forms of summer dead;  
Cold the beauteous earth is lying,  
All her lovely garlands fled.

Cold the form of the departed.  
Stretched upon his icy bier,

Cold, benumbed and broken hearted,  
Nature weeps the dying year.

All the gems of beauty faded,  
With their tints of green and gold ;  
All the bowers the green leaves shaded,  
Scathed and blasted on the wold.

And amid our scenes of gladness,  
That within our homes abound,  
Ever comes the wail of sadness,  
As the feast of joy goes round.

Cold the pang of woe comes stealing,  
To the recess of the heart ;  
All the fount of love unsealing,  
And the pensive tear-drops start.

One by one the forms we cherished,  
Pass before us in review ;  
Like the autumn leaves they perished —  
Faded from us as the dew.

And though time has touched us lightly,  
And our hearts are young and warm,  
Yet the fate that holds us tightly,  
Cannot shield us from the storm.

Life has changes like creation ;  
Hope in spring her garland weaves,

Summer brings imagination,  
Autumn with its withered leaves

Brings to man the pensive season,  
When the past he ponders o'er ;  
Winter stern brings thought and reason,  
Pointing to the other shore.

What means all this desolation  
Closing avenues of life ?  
*Where* the law of compensation,  
Running through this din and strife ?

Jewels still within earth's bosom,  
Are unfading as the light,  
There is soul to bud and blossom,  
That no winter storm can blight.

Outwardly the leaf may perish,  
And the flower in earth decay ;  
Summer forms we so much cherish,  
Crushed and withered, pass away.

Yet remains a living essence,  
Changeless as the law of force ;  
Acting with as firm persistence,  
As the planet in its course.

Only outward forms are changing,  
Substance is the force within ;



Death is but a new arranging,  
Where *new forms* of life begin.

So the winter of existence,  
Blasting all the plans of earth.  
To the *soul* is no resistance,  
Tending to a heav'nly birth.

Matter never has addition,  
From it nothing is destroyed ;  
And throughout the vast creation,  
Nature knows no empty void.

So the mind exists eternal,  
With God's attributes endowed ;  
Destined to the life supernal,  
When it bursts its fleshy shroud.

Destined by the power it's given,  
Upward still to wend its flight ;  
And its progress marks its heaven,  
As its wisdom guides it right.

And how blest will be the spirit,  
If we've wealth laid up in store;  
Wealth that soul-life can inherit,  
When we reach the other shore.

When our Old Years all are numbered,  
And we hear the distant chime,

May our spirits unencumbered,  
Bid farewell to things of time.

And a New Year bright, unending,  
With no change as planets roll,  
Brighter tints of beauty blending,  
Break in raptures on the soul.

One word, kind patrons, for the needy :  
There is famine in the land ;  
Though there 's bread enough to feed the  
Poor with an unsparing hand—

Yet goes up the wail of anguish,  
And grim spectres haunt the door,  
Where God's children pine and languish —  
O, have pity on the poor !

Cold and hunger still are with us,  
In this land where patriots died !  
Cold and hunger ! God forgive us !  
We should turn thy law aside ;

That the ghosts of speculation,  
Enter every poor man's cot,  
That in money, — pride of station,  
Common *justice* is forgot.

That with feelings near satanic,  
Men should hoard their paltry pelf,

Till our household word is "panic!"  
And there's nothing on the shelf.

Think of mortals freezing, starving!  
While the men who sit in state,  
Are their ducks and turkeys carving,  
Giving us an empty plate.

They our liberty's defenders,  
Our exemplars, leaders, they  
Vote themselves more legal tenders,  
Taking *back and forward* pay!

Labor, burdened with taxation,  
And with stern demands to pay,  
Having lost its situation,  
Stands aghast in wild dismay.

Then, kind friends, the poor remember,  
Give from your abundant store.  
Cold and bleak has been December,  
And stern winter is not o'er.

Bread you cast upon the water,  
Shall prove wealth without alloy;  
Give the Carrier-Boy a quarter,  
And his heart will bound for joy.

And we'll still bring words to cheer you,  
In our yearly weekly round;  
To this end no Journal near you,  
Like the cheerful "Post" is found.

## MY FATHER.

Gone, as the day declines at eve,  
As sunbeams in the twilight fade ;  
As tints that in the summer weave,  
In autumn seek the realms of shade.

'Tis hard to feel that thou art gone,  
So much my spirit feels of thee ;  
So close my heart to thine is drawn,  
So much thy counsel is to me.

I've lingered o'er thy words of truth,  
Thy wisdom ever was my pride ;  
The same in manhood as in youth,  
My friend, my counselor and guide.

None knew thee but to speak thy praise,  
None sought thy confidence in vain ;  
And many were thy weary days,  
Of sacrifice to others' gain.

Thy work was done ; and it were well  
To close the record of thy years ;  
And with a grief no tongue can tell.  
I blot the page with sacred tears.

A life so placid and serene,  
A death so calm, a hope so bright ;  
Thine was a faith in things unseen,  
Leading from darkness up to light.

Far from my childhood's cherished home,  
The silent halls, the vacant chair ;  
Henceforth my weary footsteps roam,  
And turn no more to seek thee there.

But from thy home where now thou art,  
I feel thy presence near to me ;  
A sacred spell that binds my heart  
More close to thee ; more close to thee.

---

CONVENTION POEM.

We come a band of freemen,  
With hands inured to toil ;  
We represent no clique or ring,  
We represent the soil.

No law for high protection,  
From government we crave,

We act on the defensive,  
Our hard earned means to save.

The bread that feeds the nation,  
The butter on it spread,  
Are deemed of small importance,  
By those on office fed.

Why not give fair protection,  
To products of the land,  
As well as speculators,  
'Tis hard to understand.

To give to wheat and barley,  
From government no aid,  
While aiding corporations,  
Has been a game that's played.

For capital and labor,  
One law of right we claim ;  
Each one should aid the other,  
And both be taxed the same.

We'll have no Credit Mobilier  
To gather up the spoil,  
And wring from honest labor  
The products of its toil.

We'll have no bond and mortgage,  
Made from taxation free,

And taxed and burdened homesteads,  
The price of liberty !

We 'll grant no money lender  
The full of his desire,  
To pay for him his taxes,  
And a per centage higher.

We 'll have no salary grabber,  
Wed to the custom ring,  
To spend a term in Congress,  
And back a fortune bring.

We 'll have no third-term President,  
Secured for double pay ;  
While for a chance to labor,  
Men beg from day to day.

We 're led on by no party,  
We ask but what is due —  
A man to represent us,  
Who 'll to his trust be true.

Help curtail the expenses,  
That sap the nation's life,  
And heal our past dissensions,  
And end our shameful strife.

This man shall represent us,  
To him we 'll trust our cause,

To save us from all moieties,  
And all sedition laws.

We come a band of brothers,  
With hands inured to toil ;  
We represent no party,  
We represent the soil.

We seek the nation's honor, .  
As calm succeeds the storm ;  
The motto on our banner,  
“ Retrenchment and Reform !”

We're gathering through the nation,  
From Mexico to Maine,  
A host that will not falter,  
'Till tyranny is slain.

We come a band of farmers,  
We represent the soil,  
Forevermore defending  
The dignity of toil.



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

WRITTEN AT IDAHO SPRINGS, COLORADO, MAY, 1872.

Ye stand in your grandeur and glory sublime,  
And hold in your archives the records of time ;  
As we bow from your altars for light from on high,  
Ye lift your proud summits and science defy.

Down, down through the ages your streamlets shall  
    flow,  
And your summits be wreathed with their garlands of  
    snow,  
And your canyons re-vibrate the song of the breeze,  
As it sighs through the boughs of the evergreen trees.

And many a heart shall respond to the moan,  
Like the desolate vase round which breezes are blown ;  
From many a dome, turret, temple and spire,  
Shall grandeur and glory the bosom inspire.

Your dark frowning cliffs and your valleys of green,  
And your parks and your meadows with deserts  
    between,  
With your mysteries deep and your treasures untold,  
Are the types of the soul as its glories unfold.

And ye point tow'rd the land where the weary shall  
rest,  
And the heart throbs no longer with sorrow oppressed,  
Where no longer a stranger the pilgrim shall roam,  
And love finds its own in the mansions of home.

---

### REST FOR THE WEARY.

Though the waters be dark, and the wild surges roar,  
And the deep, heaving billows are crested with foam,  
Yet the mariner knows there is light on the shore,  
And hearts are in waiting to welcome him home.

Still true to his trust with his compass and chart,  
Though each lodestar in heaven is hid from the  
view,  
His hand guides the helm through the waves as they  
part,  
Tow'rd the haven and home, and the hearts that  
beat true.

And so with life's journey, we're nearing the goal,  
And sometimes the light is obscured in the sky;

But there 's rest for the weary — there 's rest for the  
soul —

There is rest in the beautiful mansions on high.

And we 've friendships to cheer us that never can fail,  
And hearts we have trusted that beckon us o'er ;  
We 've a chart and a compass to guide through the  
vale,  
And loved ones in waiting with lights on the shore.

What though our frail bark may go down 'neath the  
wave,

And the tempest tossed billows above it may roll,  
Yet we know far above where these dark waters lave,  
There is rest for the weary, there 's rest for the soul.

---

## RESPONSE

to a poem received from E. F. M.

And these lines bring me more  
Than the words can indite :  
For each bears a setting,  
Of no earthly light ;

A something to treasure  
On memory's scroll,  
As pure and as free  
As the breath of a soul.

'T is the soul of the poem,  
And not its mere form,  
That can compass the being,  
And make the heart warm;

But like a true life, is  
Thy poem complete;  
The form and the substance,  
Exquisitely sweet.

---

### O, FOR A LAND.

O, for a land where the weary may rest,  
And the blossoms of spring never wither nor fade;  
Where the foot of the tyrant the sod never prest;  
A land free from debt, where the taxes are paid;

A land where no longer the sorrowing tear  
Shall be shed in regret o'er earth's follies and woes,

Where the word that is spoken is ever sincere,  
And the truth, what there is, is expressed in plain  
prose ;

A land where the poor man no longer may toil,  
To gather up fortunes for others to spend ;  
Where each has a right to inherit the soil,  
And neither need trespass, nor borrow, nor lend ;

A land where each soul to itself shall be true,  
Where each lets the faults of his neighbor alone ;  
Where men have the courage the right to pursue,  
And no policy ticket is voted or known ;

A land where religion is practiced sometimes,  
And can one day in seven from politics rest ;  
Where party and plunder are dead as old Grimes,  
With a small, corner lot in which truth can invest ;

A land where affection may wreath its bright chain,  
And the shackles of selfishness crumble and fall ;  
Where godliness true shall be counted as gain,  
And not ask fifty cents to be heard in a hall.

If there be such a land in some part unexplored,  
O, leave us sufficient to settle the fare !  
We will steam through earth's desert, and cross the  
last ford,  
Though we die in the effort, still look for us there.

## OPENING HYMN.

Tune—Red, White and Blue.

Brethren, we welcome you hither,  
And greet you at liberty's shrine,  
Where hearts brave and true meet together,  
And friends of true freedom combine ;  
Then hurra for the old constitution,  
The freedom our forefathers won ;  
The stripes and the stars, and the union,  
In harmony blending as one.

'T is meet we should hail you as brothers,  
Enlisted in freedom's great cause ;  
And sectional strife leave to others,  
For God, for our country and laws.  
Our charter ; no sword shall amend it !  
While we to our rights shall prove true ;  
Our banner : we swear to defend it !  
"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

AGRICULTURAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

Here 's a theme for the muse that is worthy the pen,  
Here is rhyme on the motives and actions of men,  
Here is truth against fiction, so strange in this age,  
When lying and fraud daily darken the page,  
When Credit Mobiliers all over the land  
Grasp the reins from the people and drive four-in-  
hand ;  
When arrogance fattens on plunder and pelf,  
And leaves modest worth to take care of itself ;  
When indolence clutches its ungodly gains,  
And labor, defrauded, is writhing in chains ;  
When the men who make laws on three dollars a day,  
Purchase houses and lands and no trouble to pay ;  
In an age of defaulters, when men high in power,  
Look down on the people as prey to devour ;  
'T is to virtue refreshing, to honor relief,  
To point to a record that holds not a thief ;  
An incorporate body with claims to a soul,  
With truth for its motto, and good for its goal,  
That did not the day of small favors despise,  
Nor attempt on the ruins of others to rise ;  
As the twilight dissolves in the full blaze of day,  
So the clouds disappeared and the mists passed away ;  
Though blinding the light in the face of her foes,  
The sun in its might towards the zenith arose,

And 't will never go down in the shadows of night,  
As truth never falters, upborne by the right :  
It will follow the earth in the path of the sun,  
Until nations rejoice in the deeds it has done.

Ye jealous aspirants against her may plot,  
But on her fair fame you cannot leave a blot,  
You may issue in private your venom and gall,  
Still her banner triumphant o'ershadows you all.     ♦  
The old Agricultural, firm as a rock,  
Can stand your aspersions and not feel a shock,  
She has seen conflagrations of cities and plains,  
Yet no vestige of fire on *her* garments remains;  
And the tongue of vile slander she still will survive,  
Though her foes for her downfall may plot and connive;  
Chicago may burn and old Boston may blaze,  
And great lights of insurance go out in a haze,  
Still forward ! Excelsior enstamped on her brow,  
She'll never e'en halt from the kick of a cow.  
Her assets are a million and ready at hand,  
Five thousand have never at once made demand,  
She knows where her safety, her interest lies,  
And knows no demand can exceed her supplies,

When the drouth and the famine were sore in the land,  
And no cloud floated downward the size of a hand,  
Then the prophet of Israel went forth in his might,  
And a draft on the heavens was honored at sight.  
With a strength and a will, and a faith in his cause,



He e'en asked a blessing from nature's fixed laws.  
A plague not so grievous was known in the land,  
When in faith and in purpose this system was planned;  
Throughout the whole nation the grievance was sore,  
And the rates of insurance were voted a bore :  
As it made no distinction 'twixt country and town,  
Two cases unlike as a verb and a noun ;  
The one the same rates of the other must pay,  
And the farmer came out but a fool in the play;  
And only the country 'gainst cities was matched,  
When insurance was planned but for buildings de-  
tached:

And although on the scene no Elijah appeared,  
Yet a voice for the people triumphant was heard,  
And many a heart beats secure from the blight,  
And many an eye sleeps in quiet at night ;  
And e'en though fair cities in ashes are laid,  
It moves not a sleeper with policy paid.  
And old Watertown, as a child of her own,  
Bears her features the same for integrity known ;  
With assets still increasing and stock ranging higher,  
The old Agricultural and Watertown Fire  
Will march in the van, both in country and town,  
Spite of agents, sly hints and vile newspaper's frown ;  
These may sneer at the journals that stand for the  
right —

That array true religion 'gainst venom and spite ;  
These may howl their anath'mas and make their  
appeal,

And fill their waste-places of knowledge with zeal ;  
But honor and truth still their vigils shall keep,  
When the vile tongue of slander forgotten shall sleep,  
And the homes they've protected will still rest secure,  
In the faith that the pledge of protection is sure,  
And will join with the muse in denouncing your crime,  
And will laugh at your folly unfit for his rhyme.

Here's a health to the men with firm muscle and nerve,  
Who in serving themselves strive their neighbors to  
serve;  
Who make us secure through low rates we have paid,  
Though the wealth of a city in ruins is laid.  
All honor and praise to the men who're alive,  
Who have given this rap on the insurance hive,  
That has caused such a buzzing of bees in the air,  
And has bid hungry swarms for new quarters prepare ;  
Entitled to rank as humanity's friends,  
Long may you enjoy your well earned dividends,  
And your names on the scroll of the future unfurled,  
Be pronounced as a blessing and joy to the world.

## L E W A N A .

I'm for my theme indebted to a friend,  
By whom the incidents in prose were penned,  
And ask the reader's patience with my verse,  
Most thankful that the diction is not worse.  
While wandering by a western river side,  
In search of relics, whether old or new,  
Near by, three little mounds of earth he spied,  
Just as a pensive stranger came in view ;  
And as he met the stranger's placid gaze,  
A tear-drop glistened in his dark blue eye ;  
His thoughts seemed backward turned to other days,  
While to the questionings he made reply ;  
And as they spoke of early hardships in the state,  
He told this story, which I now in rhyme relate :

'T was autumn ; and the grass was sere and dead  
On fair Wisconsin's rolling plain,  
And clouds lay floating on a sea of red,  
Like ships upon a phantom main.  
And as the dark of twilight deeper grew,  
A lonely traveler bent his way,  
And where the path diverged, a rein he drew,  
Uncertain whence his journey lay.  
No friendly guide, no settler's cabin near,  
No shelter from the gathering night ;

He mused awhile, and still in doubt and fear,  
Reined his trusty charger to the right.

'T was here he'd hoped to reach a friendly camp —  
Had thought to find his comrades here ;  
But silence reigned, and ashes, cold and damp,  
The only land-mark of the pioneer.  
They'd struck their tents and gone, but where were  
they ?

The night-breeze only answered, where !  
The gloom of solitude before him lay.  
But where the forms once gathered there ?  
The runaway path — an ancient Indian trail —  
Diverging here, half hid from view,  
With throbbing pulse he scanned without avail,  
For marks of foot-prints gave no clue ;  
And on he rode into the peerless night.  
The gray of twilight paler grew,  
The stars came out, the moon arose in sight,  
As near a river bank he drew.  
He saw the dark waves break in flashing foam,  
The moon-beams drink the sparkling dew,  
And thought upon his old New England home.  
And as he mused more pensive grew,  
And legends old, in memory half forgot,  
Of native loves and Indian lore,  
Like flitting visions chained him to the spot,  
As great Manitoo he bowed before.

Here on the Indian's native hunting ground,  
Far from the busy marts of trade,  
He knelt upon an ancient Indian mound,  
And asked of the Great Spirit, aid.  
His dog, as though with Inner sight imbued,  
And conscious of his master's needs,  
With anxious gaze turns toward a neighboring wood  
And in dumb show for furlough pleads.  
Go ! said the traveler to the trusty hound —  
And off he bounded with a will ;  
Fainter and feebler the receding sound  
Of crackling feet : then all was still.

Who'll say but here some guardian angel good,  
Had found in faithful trusting care  
An avenue whereby, not understood,  
The hound might answer bring to prayer ?  
Who'll say that reason only dwells with man —  
In lesser forms is but a name —  
Believe the faithless dogma, ye who can,  
Fidelity remains the same.  
The fine, keen sense, the clairvoyant power,  
Of beings the most mute and dumb,  
Is everywhere the heav'nward op'ning flower,  
With fragrance of the life to come.

But to return : the sound had died away ;  
But soon upon his backward track,  
Was heard, far up the stream, the hound's deep bay,

And soon with joy was welcomed back.  
Again he mounted on his weary steed,  
And rode into the star-lit night,  
His noble hound still faithful on the lead,  
Until a cabin rose in sight.

The youth here paused, and then with cautious tread  
Toward the stranger-hut drew near ;  
A plaintive moan broke from the humble shed —  
A well-known voice fell on his ear.  
Welcome, thrice welcome, to the weary one,  
Who, faint at heart, and travel sore,  
Had journeyed on toward the setting sun,  
In search of comrades gone before.  
Far from New England's spires and sacred domes,  
And classic halls of stately pride,  
They'd chose the prairie for their future home —  
A homestead by the river side.

The two were Edward Keene and Adam Brown,  
Who'd made the first rude land-marks here,  
All from the same New England town —  
Our hero's name was Charles Levere —  
Tried friends all, in youthful prime of life,  
By youthful follies undefiled,  
Had left the city's splendor, din and strife,  
For fortunes in the western wild.  
What tear of sorrow, for the loved ones shed,  
What bosoms are by anguish torn,

What lovers' hearts have for the dear ones bled,  
Destined in solitude to mourn.  
O, sea of earth, what shattered, broken ties  
Lie buried in thy coral caves !  
What shrieks of agony from wrecks arise,  
Descending 'neath thy restless waves ;  
And few may know what storms and tempests rise,  
Or where the shivering wreck is strewn ;  
For round that wreck the dearest, sunniest skies  
Apparently have brightest shone.

Frail Edward Keen lay in that humble shed,  
With fever wasting day by day;  
And Adam Brown had held his aching head,  
Watching till he should pass away.  
A native Indian and his dusky child,  
A daughter fairest of her race,  
Upon the way-worn emigrants had smiled,  
And given them a welcome place.

Joyful and sad, that meeting by the stream,  
More holy seemed the moon's soft rays,  
And Edward had that night a soothing dream,  
'T was of the loves of childhood's days.  
The forms from fairy-land appeared more fair,  
The angel-whispers seemed more near ;  
A holier calm seemed the response of prayer,  
The night that welcomed Charles Levere.  
And day by day they watched the waning fire

Low on life's smouldering altar burn,  
And saw at length the flickering flame expire —  
The ashes mouldering in the urn.

We may not know what angel forms that night  
Were bending o'er that closing scene,  
When savage hearts e'en felt a chilling blight,  
And dropped a tear for Edward Keen.  
And as the sun was sinking in the west,  
Close down upon the river's verge,  
They laid the weary emigrant to rest,—  
The murm'ring stream his fun'ral dirge.  
There oft the Indian maiden would repair,  
With wild flowers oft would strew the mound ;  
The meed of love, the silent prayer,  
Were breathed from consecrated ground.

How silent sorrow of the aching heart,  
In others finds a tender string ;  
And other tear-drops, too, will start,  
As sympathy's best offering.  
And so the friendship thus begun,  
Grew riper, purer, day by day ;  
In friendship that unites as one,  
No hearts were closer knit than they.

Spring had returned : the sun's soft rays  
Had set earth's snow-bound captives free,  
And songsters poured their mellow lays



From copse and glen and tower and tree.  
But in that cottage by the river side,  
Winter had left a scanty store ;  
Gaunt want and hunger, pleading unsupplied,  
In ghostly form knocked at the door ;  
And fever, too, with hot and blasting breath,  
The cup of human woe to crown,  
Stalked in and parley held for life or death,  
With Charles Levere and Adam Brown.

The native Indian and his dusky child  
Their vigils kept from night till morn,  
And each, in turn, by day would roam the wild  
For game to lengthen out their stock of corn ;  
And soothing draughts, that in the Indian lore,  
Were cooling to the fevered brain,  
To grateful lips with native love they bore,  
And never was the draught in vain.  
And day and night the silent watch was kept,  
By those rude natives of the wild,  
And anxious eyes that neither smiled nor wept,  
Guarded as parents guard the child.

The surplus store at length was nearly drained,  
The prairie gave but scant supply,  
A terror wild of boding famine reigned,  
And hope near left the leaden sky.  
The moon looked famine : Stars at night,  
Like eyes of wolves upon their prey,

Glared down a pale and ghastly light,  
As if to mock the coming day !

The sun looked hungry when it rose,  
And spectres seemed to fill the air ;  
And ghosts of want from earth arose,  
With shriveled limbs and sinews bare.  
The Indian Chief ; and what of him !  
He wandered in pursuit of game,  
Returned with crushed and bleeding limb,  
Crushed more in spirit, feeble, lame.  
And poor Lewana was with watching worn,  
Had given freely of her scanty store,  
With fortitude had want and hunger borne,  
For those she loved, and sighed that 't was not more.

The fever now had left the twain,  
And hunger came with fierce demand,  
And waiting in her ghastly train,  
Fever no mortal may withstand.  
Ah, 't is a painful hour of human needs,  
When fell disease has left the feeble frame,  
And hunger hourly for the victim pleads,  
And though receiving still remains the same.  
To watch the long and tedious hours go by,  
And feel a want, no school of human skill,  
With all its boasted science, can supply ;  
A void, thou filling we can never fill ;  
Yet there with friends and plenty at the board,

We feel that time may change the fierce demand,  
And when to health the victim is restored,  
The law of compensation is at hand.  
But when our health would in the flowing cup,  
Return to make the thirsty spirit live,  
And build again the wasted temple up,  
And there 's no nectar in the cup 't would give —  
When friendly hands are stretched for our relief,  
But there 's in Gilead for us no balm,  
And to our cry the very gods are deaf,  
And offer to us but an empty palm —  
'Tis then the agony is living death.  
When hope that taunts us is despair,  
And doubt must burden every lab'ring breath,  
That seeks the fount of life in prayer !  
And such a fate peered through the cabin door,  
As if in waiting for the inmates there ;  
The craving hunger and the scanty store,  
Defiance bade to human love and care.

Lewana rose as from a sleep entranced,  
Firm resolution kindled in her eye,  
And from the couch she to the Chief advanced,  
But one word spoke : My sire, for help I fly !  
Her Indian blanket and the faithful hound,  
Were her equipage for the fearful flight ;  
Her feet already cleaved the dewy ground,  
As day-break fringed the east with mellow light.  
On, on, through prairie, wood and glen,

For ten long leagues her fearful journey lay,  
Ere she should gain the haunts of men.  
She near had gained it, at the close of day,  
And then she slept ; ah, fearful sleep !  
With fever wreaking in the brain,  
A breath delirious, hot and deep,  
Each heart-throb but a thrill of pain.  
And morn ! what agony it brought !  
The heaving breast, the swimming head !  
In vain her onward course she sought,  
Then sank upon her earthy bed.

So fate had mocked all human power.  
But know, vain man, a higher will  
Can, in the darkest, gloomiest hour,  
Say to the troubled soul, "be still !"  
And there are links both deep and strong,  
And powers implanted by a master hand,  
That e'en to meaner brutes belong,  
That have upon us mortals some demand.  
And there are ties as strong and deep,  
As in their low and narrow sphere can bind ;  
And truer vigils they will keep,  
Than will the lower species of mankind.  
Through them the mighty power above,  
That bathes the universe in light,  
Can manifest his care and love,  
Till all our doubts are put to flight.  
And Hero seemed as one inspired,

To do for those he 'd cherished long ;  
Some thought his instinct must have fired,  
And in his purpose made him strong.  
He licked the hand that gave him food,  
Then gave one confidential look,  
Before the maid one moment stood,  
And then the runaway path he took.  
One cry went up, as only hound can make,  
When startled by the boding fear,  
That home and friendships are at stake,  
With all that man and brute hold dear.  
And there Lewana in the forest lay !  
The fever burning in her brain,  
And waiting till the lurid day,  
Should to its zenith wax and wane.  
She heard at last the more than welcome sound—  
A tramp of feet break from the wood ;  
The baying of her trusty hound,  
Then human forms before her stood.  
And Hero had, with low and plaintive cry,  
With anxious signs that boded ill,  
And meaning in his sad dark eye,  
Bent to his aid the human will.

They bore her to the white man's cot,  
And she the story of her comrades gave ;  
And men soon journeyed to the spot,  
Laden with stores, and just in time to save.  
Then months rolled on, and once again,

That little group stood side-by-side,  
And friendship's bright and golden chain,  
Bound hearts together true and tried.

Time wore on, and other cottages were reared ;  
The sterile prairie was subdued ;  
New comers on the changing scene appeared,  
And other loves less wild and rude.  
And from the old New England hills,  
Fair maidens came and claimed a place,  
To bend and mould the sterner wills,  
Of those who boast a higher race.

The Indian and his dusky child,  
Still to their native instincts true,  
In search of game would roam the wild,  
Nor more enlightened paths pursue.  
And yet, they long a welcome found  
With those they 'd saved from famine dire,  
And oft they 'd quit their hunting ground,  
And to that calm retreat retire.  
And childhood prattled on the knee  
As blithe and happy as the morn ;  
And everything to them was free,  
They ne'er had need for meat or corn.  
But all the gifts and all the stores  
Could not their wand'ring feet restrain ;  
For all the wealth of golden ores  
Would never count to them as gain.

But when age bent the old man's form,  
And bowed his strength, he left the chase,  
And dwelt with hearts that still beat warm —  
Thence passed to his last resting place.

The warrior fell as falls the ripened sheaf,  
They laid him down by Edward Keen,  
Lewana, three days bowed her head in grief,  
Then fled and vanished from the scene.

'T was said her soul had felt a blight,  
And hope within her breast had died,  
Since on that one eventful night,  
The pioneer received his bride.  
'T was also said she journeyed to the west  
And died in some rude Indian town ;  
And as her weary spirit sank to rest,  
Her farewell words were "Adam Brown."

Years since that hour had come and passed away,  
And left sad memories in the thoughtful brain,  
Until one evening, in the twilight gray,  
A dusky pair alighted from the train.  
And through the little wicket gate,  
Where oft the chief and child had passed,  
Lewana led her dark-eyed mate,  
The welcome home had come, at last.  
With buoyant spirit she had come,  
And, hand in hand, with one she loved,

Had sought her well-remembered home,  
From which in agony she roved.  
And Charles Levere and Adam Brown,  
A homestead reared to cage the pair ;  
And on the site they settled down,  
As from the chase they 'd hours to spare,  
And Hero, loved and worn with age,  
Sank in the twilight shadows dim,  
And as we close the chequered page,  
We 'll drop a farewell tear for him.

The stream flows on in all its pride,  
The same as on that star-lit night.  
The comrades three sleep side-by-side,  
And yonder are their graves in sight ;  
And upward, on the rising ground,  
Three cheerful habitations stand,  
Where peace and plenty still abound,  
And friendships mingle hand in hand.  
Around the one the wild flowers bloom,  
Lewana there sometimes presides ;  
And visits oft the old chief's tomb,  
And in her native faith abides.  
And nearer dwells famed Adam Brown,  
The brave and trustful pioneer ;  
And in the cottage farther down,  
Your humble servant, Charles Levere.

And thus my simple tale I've told,  
The threads in which my life is wrought,



To me full many a truth unfold,  
That gives me ample food for thought.  
Mind still I recognize as *mind*,  
Whether it be expressed or mute,  
Much of the brute in man I find,  
And much of manhood in the brute ;  
And since in each the two combine,  
And bear in each the self-same fruit,  
Where shall we trace the well marked line  
Between the human and the brute.  
And if intelligence survives,  
And cannot be in time destroyed ;  
If in the brute affection thrives,  
And nature knows no empty void ;  
And if progression is the plan,  
Development the only means  
By which we rise from brute to man,  
Through nature's ever changing scenes —  
Then who shall say the faithful hound,  
That feasts his life's short day and dies,  
Is tending only to the ground,  
While man alone ascends the skies ?  
And who shall say, but all that's good,  
In all the lower tribes of earth,  
Shall by some law not understood,  
Ascend through higher forms of birth,  
And all the attributes of mind,  
So feebly in their day expressed,  
Shall rise to forms still more refined,

And only with the angels rest.  
And that in some far future sphere,  
We'll meet again the same caress,  
And all the loves we've cherished here,  
Shall meet us only but to bless.  
No parting tear, no aching void,  
But flows as rivers to the sea,  
Affection pure and unalloyed,  
That knows no stint nor jealousy.  
And in some form, I hope to meet  
The faithful friend that brought relief,  
I need, to make my bliss complete,  
My Hero and the Indian Chief.  
And dear Lewana — nature's child!  
How much to her I owe of life!  
She's taught me that the Indian wild,  
Has nobler ends than war and strife,  
That in the fierce and savage breast,  
The cords of love are deep and strong,  
And when by human kindness prest,  
Will surely vibrate deep and long.  
Where many a cherished life is lost,  
And fields with war and carnage strown,  
All had been saved with half the cost,  
With but a little kindness shown.

But they are fading from the earth,  
A doomed, dejected, fallen race!  
Then let us cherish all their worth,

And give their generous deeds a place.  
They 've bid adieu life's sunny hopes,  
With bleeding hearts and sore,  
Are passing down the western slopes,  
Towards Pacific's shore.  
And soon the last receding waves  
Shall wash their footprints from the sand,  
Not e'en a stone to mark their graves,  
Their voice be silent in the land !  
But let us ease their weary feet  
By kindness on their pathway strown,  
And in their wild and last retreat,  
Requite the harshness we have shown.

And here my story with its moral ends ;  
The theme is worthy of an abler pen ;  
But still contented if its spirit tends  
To wake right feelings in the hearts of men.

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## ANTICIPATION.

Hoping, still hoping,  
And day after day,  
Toiling for something,  
To add to life's cheer.

And though the dark shadows  
Lie thick in the way,  
There is always a point  
Where the blue sky is clear.

May be it is distant,  
And clouds intervene ;  
But there's always a light,  
Like a sunbeam astray ;  
Some spot where the clouds  
Wear a silvery sheen,  
Like the first streak of morning,  
That heralds the day.

And somehow we feel  
That the dark clouds will part ;  
Though the gloom gathers deeper,  
More piercing the storm ;  
And down in the depths  
Of the desolate heart,  
There's a place still unblighted,  
Still throbbing and warm.

And there seems a response  
To the tremulous thrill,  
As the music that vibrates  
From fingers concealed ;  
As the breath of the rose,  
That is lingering still ;

Though the tendrills that hold it  
By frost are congealed.

There is something within,  
Ever urging us on ;  
And there 's something without  
That will heed and respond.  
And 't is well that our trust  
Is not ever quite gone ;  
That there 's always some good  
Just a little beyond.

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## THE GARDEN FLOWER.

She stands beside the garden gate,  
Amid the flowers beguiling ;  
The only flower that droops its head,  
And all the rest are smiling.

In vain each violet rears its form,  
The lilies smile upon her ;  
The warblers of the sunny bowers,  
Unite to do her honor.

It is the place where souls might dwell,  
And live in inspirations ;  
And where the heart to nature tuned,  
Might offer its oblations.

'T is strange she sees and feels no charms,  
But bending 'bove the wicket,  
Directs her gaze, to where the path  
Emerges from the thicket.

'T is there she's watched for many an hour  
The path by wild-wood shaded,  
Until each bud and leaf and flower,  
Has into darkness faded.

And then returned to broken rest,  
Her thoughts upon the billow,  
With faded, tearless cheek has prest  
Her tedious, lonely pillow.

For there went out from her, one day,  
A heart to her's united ;  
And that one flower, now far away,  
What if it has been blighted !

And what are all the flowers to her,  
In tints of beauty shining,  
And what are tulips, roses fair,  
With tendrils intertwining.

The fragrance of a cherished flower,  
Still in her mem'ry lingers ;  
It has a spell, a magic power—  
Touch it with gentle fingers !

The world is cold, for warmth is gone,  
The light that cheered her dwelling ;  
And as she walks at early dawn,  
The lines of grief are telling.

Her look is but a vacant stare ;  
Her thoughts are on the water :  
And where is love's paternal care  
Can save a cherished daughter ?

They've brought her to the wicket gate,  
Strong arms are twined around her ;  
And hearts seem yielding up to fate  
The earthly ties that bound her.

Her languid eyes the pathway trace,  
There bends a form above her  
That gazes on that pallid face :  
'T is said it was her lover.

And that the flowers all smiled again,  
As when her love was plighted,  
When two young hearts, long rent in twain,  
Walked there again united.

Ah ! many a soul with joy would leap,  
And bleeding hearts be fewer,  
If, when we gaze upon the deep,  
Old ocean would prove truer.

But lovers that have each proved true,  
Shall meet as last they parted ;  
And at life's gates the pledge renew,  
And save the broken hearted.

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### THE VISION IN A TEAR-DROP.

As in the old church-yard I strayed,  
And marked the place where loved ones sleep ;  
As day dissolved in twilight shade,  
A weary mourner came to weep.

Where amaranth and flowrets crowned  
The sacred place of dreamless rest,  
She knelt above the little mound,  
And pressed a rose bud to her breast ;

And on the bud there fell a tear,  
It glistened in the moon's soft ray ;



She breathed a prayer but *one* might hear,  
One violet plucked, then turned away.

But ah! the tear, it glistened still,  
A mirror to my anxious gaze,  
And as I looked it bound my will,  
And took me back to other days ;

The changing scenes of years gone by,  
Were mirrored in that little world,  
And to my clairvoyant eye  
The backward scroll of life unfurled :

I saw what men have seen before —  
And needs no inspirator's light —  
Reflected from the days of yore,  
The war betwixt the wrong and right ;

I saw the strong oppress the weak,  
And hearts as true as crystal steel,  
Through every quivering fiber speak,  
And men were deaf to their appeal.

Among the crowd, a youth I saw,  
With appetites and passions strong,  
Whose birth, legitimate by law,  
Was in the sight of heaven, wrong ;

For physical and moral taint  
Were by inheritance bequeathed,

Though he by *rule* was born a saint,  
Yet sin was in the air he breathed ;

Inharmony by nature's laws,  
Not recognized in modern schools ;  
Transmitted as effect from cause,  
Defying arbitrary rules.

I saw the youth become a man  
And wedded to a spirit pure ;  
Saw *her* with visage pale and wan,  
Yet strong to suffer and endure ;

And years had added to her care,  
Three precious buds of promise sweet ;  
And there appeared no vacant chair ;  
The mother's bliss *seemed* near complete ;

For all her life was centered now,  
On these dear pledges from above,  
And more to her than marriage vow,  
The three bright jewels of her love.

But there was poison in the cup,  
Although it seemed a boon from heaven ;  
And death from sin came welling up —  
A sin not easily forgiven.

And then I saw within this tear,  
Still other tears reflected ;

The mother stood beside the bier,  
Worn, weary and dejected.

Again I saw her watch alone,  
Through hours of midnight, dreary,  
In anguish sighing for her own,  
Her spirit worn and weary.

And these three forms lie buried here,  
They were her all, and only ;  
And this is why she dropped the tear,  
And looked so *sad* and *lonely*.

I see now, why three spirits pure,  
From her so soon have parted ;  
Why they were destined to endure !  
Why *she* is broken hearted :

I see the wreck of human life,  
That with her once was mated,  
Still rev'ling in the din and strife,  
With passions unabated.

And custom claims the union right,  
And sanctions the relation,  
Though she but saves herself by flight,  
*He* lost in dissipation.

'T is but one tear the mourner shed,  
I 've looked through as a mirror ;

But countless others may be read,  
With records that are drearer.

If all the tears in anguish shed,  
By true hearts crushed and bleeding,  
Could by the world at large be read,  
'T would profit by the reading.

---

#### ACROSTIC.

Hope lifts her white banner once more to the breeze,  
O'er our lakes and our rivers and tropical seas ;  
Returning from hate that has blackened her fane,  
A nation turns back to true freedom again.  
Coming, yes coming, the hearts that are free,  
Each beating pulsations for union and thee.

Great as the nation's thy heart has been proved ;  
Righteous in judgment, men's hearts thou hast moved ;  
E'en now they are moving o'er land and o'er sea,  
Each bringing a tribute to union and thee ;  
Love with the olive our altars shall crown ;

Envy and hate, and the bigots dark frown,  
Yield to the banner of Greeley and Brown.

Too long have been severed in malice and spite,  
Hearts once united for truth and the right :  
Every pulsation o'er land and o'er sea,  
Nearer, brings nearer to union and thee:  
Every true freeman is waiting the day,  
Waiting till brotherhood comes to bear sway.

Perishing liberty gives back the sigh,  
Righteousness calls from her home in the sky ;  
Every fond heart with the love of its sires,  
Sighs for the altars of freedom's quenched fires.  
In the dear homes where the desolate wait,  
Dearer thy name than the names of the great ;  
Every fond heart turns confiding to thee,  
Nations shall hear it, from over the sea,  
Thou 'st conquered in love and a land is made free.

---

### LIFE'S FAILURES AND SUCCESSES.

There is more in the life of each being,  
Than seen on the surface of things,  
And only the wisdom all-seeing,  
Can fathom its deep hidden springs.

No soul, life a failure can reckon,  
That ever has done a kind deed ;  
And when by all else 't is forsaken,  
*This* for its redemption will plead.

There are beautiful souls, once deemed failures,  
With angels now leading the van,  
Who've been judged by the *needs* of their natures,  
Reversing the judgments of man.

And along the rough ways of existence,  
Is many a desolate sigh,  
O'er the loss of the power of resistance,  
By mercy recorded on high.

Not the *virtues* that mortals *inherit*  
From birth, or from honor or fame,  
Are mostly entitled to merit —  
Or the *vices* most worthy of blame ;

But the soul that still heavenward presses,  
Though in every attempt it may fail,  
Shall find in its failures, successes,  
When *motives* are placed in the scale.

There are those to whom much has been given,  
And others whose talents are few,  
And both by surroundings are driven,  
And each to his trust proves untrue ;

But their efforts recorded in heaven,  
 Count more than the hypocrite's boast ;  
 And oft has the more been forgiven,  
 To those who have trespassed the most.

There are evils beyond our resistance,  
 But these we may reckon as good,  
 If we find at the close of existence,  
 We've met them the best that we could.

These yearnings of soul after duty,  
 So often we fail to attain,  
 Are adding with lustre and beauty,  
 New links to the heavenward chain.

And however humble our mission,  
 The chances are nine out of ten,  
 With fortune and *better* condition,  
 These yearnings had never have been.

The soul may feel soul-wealth increasing,  
 Though earth-life's a struggle to live,  
 And with the immortal be feasting  
 On bread that the world cannot give.

Then let's be content with existence,  
 Its changes through woe and through weal ;  
 Still trusting to time in the distance,  
 Its uses and ends to reveal.

## EPISODE TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Now rise, thou bold eagle, and bend to thy load,  
And bear off the harvest—wild oats you have sowed—  
Your motto, “still onward”, and progress your cry,  
Now measure your strength and endeavor to fly!  
There! balance the weight, and now heavenward sail,  
With this debt and free suffrage attached to your tail,  
With blood from thy vitals still fresh on thy beak,  
And faint from the throes of thy last freedom shriek;  
Ye have something to do since ye merged from the  
fight,

To bear all these burdens, nor lag in the flight.  
Bonds, greenbacks and plunder and taxes and tears,  
And the shrieks of maimed victims still piercing your  
ears,

And the vulture of prey, like fierce hounds on your  
track;

And wilt thou still rise with this load on thy back?  
Yes, onward! Still onward! We've faith in thy  
strength;

So measure your wings in their breadth and their  
length.

Know ye not that a nation its last hope hath pinned  
To thy talons, and all now depends on thy wind?  
Thou proud bird of freedom, we still look to you;  
In the days of our peril you've ever pulled true;



And though o'er our nation the tempest may lower,  
And wrath and destruction the storm-cloud may pour,  
We have measured thy powers, and firm is our trust,  
Thou wilt save freedom's banners from trailing in  
dust.

Then onward! old game fowl, and go not to roost  
Till out of our perils you give us a boost.  
We have gold in our mountains and silver in veins,  
And teeming with wealth are our valleys and plains;  
On the flash of the lightning our thoughts cleave the  
sea,

And the pulse of the nation beats bounding and free.  
The warm glare of genius has forced us to feel  
As one body, united by strong nerves of steel,  
And distance and time have both yielded with grace,  
Till freedom is freed from the shackles of space.  
The demagogue's rule, for a time may bear sway  
Against honest statesmen and hold them at bay;  
But honor and justice shall rise in the scale,  
And ever the truth and the right shall prevail,  
Though we've drank to the dregs the deep chalice of  
woe,

And the pride of the nation lies humbled and low;  
Yet the bright star of destiny beams in the sky,  
The guardian of freedom, that never can die.  
Again o'er the nation our banner shall stream,  
And soaring in triumph our eagle shall scream,  
As the stars of our Union, long severed in twain,  
Shall be re-united in love's jeweled chain.

## THE TOMB OF HORACE GREELEY.

A tiny, worn, faded American flag and a staff cut from the farm at Chappaqua, standing in the earth, at present alone mark the place where rest the remains of the great sage and philosopher.

WRITTEN ON THE SPOT.

'T is the pride of his country, though tattered and torn,  
And the stars and the stripes on its folds have grown  
dim ;

'T is the staff that sustained him when weary and  
worn —

What relicts more sacred can guide us to him !

For the stripes and the stars and the Union as one,  
He gave a life's labor of muscle and brain ;  
And in that sad death was a new life begun,  
With its star in the zenith that never can wane.

Ah ! rest, noble spirit, that strove for the prize !  
And struggled with death-throes thy country to  
shield ;

But saw her proud eagles descending the skies,  
And the vultures of plunder usurping the field.

The stars in the distance, the stripes growing pale,  
And the spirit of love on the wing to depart,

And thy pure words of warning no longer prevail,  
As when thou wert trusted, and heart spoke to  
heart.

But still to the emblem thy noble soul clung ;  
On the staff of thy faith didst confidently rest ;  
Till from thy tried spirit in anguish was wrung  
The dregs from the cup, to thy fevered lips prest.

Forever the staff and the flag shall be thine,  
So long as true worth is the boast of the free ;  
So long as true labor and love shall combine,  
For the staff and the flag have been honored by  
thee.

Then rest from thy labors, so long misconstrued !  
Await, noble spirit, what time shall reveal !  
When the heart of a nation, with wisdom imbued,  
The warning shall heed of thy dying appeal.

---

“TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.”

Mercy on the man whose vision  
Must be held to such a view ;  
When he takes the world's decision  
Of himself, and calls it true.

When we yield our inmost being  
Up to others' tender care,  
And depend on others' seeing,  
To determine what we are ;

Then 't is time to cease our labors,  
Let our own affairs alone ;  
Use the judgment of our neighbors,  
So much better than our own.

Some with optics so far-sighted,  
They can distant things discuss,  
Anxious that the world be righted,  
Turn their double lens on us.

They labor to reform creation,  
And they might affect it some ;  
But they start the reformation  
Just one man too far from home.

Fine to gaze on others' actions !  
On their motives judgment pass ;  
Far more pleasing than reflections  
Studied in a looking-glass.

See ourselves as others see us !  
Who would look on things so small !  
Better be as Nicodemus,  
Who would not be seen at all.

## TEMPERANCE SONG.

Water pure, and water free,  
Rushing on towards the sea ;  
Rivers, brooks, and sparkling rills,  
Gushing from the woods and hills,  
Nature's bev'rage, pure and free —  
Water is the drink for me.

Thirsting earth drinks in the rain,  
Clouds drink from the earth again,  
Tender bud and fruit and flower,  
Drink the pure refreshing shower ;  
Nature's bev'rage, pure and free —  
Water is the drink for me.

No polluted stream can flow  
From clouds above or hills below,  
Life and health the dews distill,  
While all nature drinks her fill ;  
Water, gushing, pure and free,  
Is alone the drink for me.

Water pure and water cold,  
Richer than earth's mines of gold,  
Nature's pure and living wine,  
Flowing from the fount divine ;  
Precious gift of heaven free !  
Thou art life and health to me !

## THE PLATE OF TEETH.

W. C. THOMPSON, ESQ.

Your teeth are now ready to put on your jaw,  
With a plate that is perfect, no blemish or flaw,  
So the *flexible* rubber you'd better discard,  
And put on your palate a rubber that's hard.  
'T is a plate I will warrant to give you no pain,  
Should you chance to speak truth in the coming campaign.

To do this I fear the old plate would not let ye,  
For it had such a method of making things stretchy.  
And now my dear Judge, without parley or joke,  
I think it is well the old flexible broke,  
That the words may pass free without stammer or  
wretching,  
And the truth be forced forward without so much  
stretching.

It is said when a ball passed from Calais to Dover,  
That the sea remained calm while the bullet pass'd  
over ;

So this shall stand firm and hold fast to your gullet,  
Whatever the whiz of political bullet.

If the work from the worker receives an impression,  
That of the possessor sometimes gets possession,  
And can between error and truth make decision,  
Then perhaps you have reason to fear a collision ;

But of the result you have nothing to dread,  
If this rubber shall come out a little ahead.  
When in color compared, this new plate is much  
lighter,  
So we trust that the words passing o'er will grow  
whiter,  
For you know in time past most political preaching,  
Would have been much improved by a process of  
bleaching.

---

## IN MEMORIAM.

DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. I. P. POWERS.

Gone, gone to its rest in the dawn of its day,  
As the dew-drop distills in the sun's mellow light;  
In the sunlight of love the dear form passed away,  
And life's sparkling vision has palled on the sight.

The sweet pledge of your love, and desire of your  
heart,  
Like a beautiful vision has passed from your view;  
But the vision remains and can never depart,  
And a love made celestial is waiting for you.

Though but lent for a season, its mission was filled ;  
For your loves are made purer — your lives are more  
    blest,  
As the vase from which incense has once been dis-  
    tilled ;  
Or as hallows the casket, the place of its rest.

In the beautiful dreams of the loved one that's gone,  
In visions of beauty that innocence weaves ;  
Through windings more sacred your lives shall flow on,  
And the harvest of life bring more beautiful sheaves.

The young life that was lent you so sweet and so pure,  
Hath mirrored the depths that affection can feel,  
And hath taught how in sorrow the heart can endure,  
For the love in the beautiful Land of the Leal.

Then cherish the dear one as something of Heaven ;  
To smooth life's rough places, and lighten its gloom ;  
As a blessing to cherish, a moment but given ;  
A treasure of life that death cannot entomb.

The guardians of mercy in waiting still stand,  
And the guardians of childhood still wait on the  
    shore ;  
And daily they come from the beautiful land,  
And the child is still with thee, with *thee* evermore.



**HARMONY AND INHARMONY.**

Pity alone has filled the space,  
Through all the void of squandered years,  
Where love has found no resting place,  
No cup of joy unmixed with tears.

And life in clouds is ever veiled,  
Where sunlight struggles to break through  
Its plans — its highest aims have failed,  
And still the phantom men pursue.

By destiny still onward prest,  
Towards some new delusive goal ;  
Still ever seeking for its rest,  
Still upward struggling, is the soul.

And yet the world is full of light,  
And love from every object gleams,  
As sun and warmth in heaven unite,  
And flow to earth in golden streams.

So for each fond and yearning heart,  
There are responses we might feel,  
That to ourselves sustain a part,  
Waiting their sunshine to reveal.

There 's not a plant, or shrub, or flower,  
But that to nature is allied,  
And every want is armed with power,  
By which 't is bountif'ly supplied.

Yet clouds and darkness intervene,  
And man goes sorrowing for the light ;  
And barriers ever stand between  
The soul, and its God-given right.

'T is not alone life's end and aim,  
For future blessings to prepare ;  
The soul is every where the same,  
Its wants are sacred here as there.

We leave no true soul-wealth behind,  
As for the future we prepare ;  
We carry only what we 'll find ;  
Our heaven here — our heaven there.

Evil 's sufficient for the day,  
So also is the highest good ;  
It 's bliss alone shall lead the way,  
When life is rightly understood.

There 's no effect without a cause,  
And so as now 't will ever be ;  
To harmonize with nature's laws,  
Alone, is man's true destiny.

As light and heat with power divine,  
Flow through creation pure and free ;  
So as the truth and love combine,  
The soul finds peace and harmony.

---

## THE APPARENT AND THE REAL.

Who can calm the deep heart-burnings,  
And the fevered mind control ;  
Find a solace for its yearnings,  
And make harmony its goal ?

There 's that between man and his maker,  
Mortal language cannot tell ;  
Of which none other is partaker —  
Sacrilege to break the spell !

All our forms are but external,  
When made public to the view ;  
But in *seeming* are fraternal —  
Only to the *outward* true.

Who 'll apply the balm of healing ?  
Who can know the hopes and fears ?  
Who shall probe the inner feeling,  
Deeper than the fount of tears ?

No one soul is like another —  
Has a sanctum of its own ;  
And not e'en a cherished brother,  
Can find access to its throne.

Who then, with no tie in common  
With the heart's most secret springs,  
Can prescribe to mortals human,  
In the spirit's subtle things ?

Each true heart knows best its trials,  
Best what conscience shall approve ;  
Best what pleasures, what denials,  
Brings it near the fount of love.

Outward things of earth are seeming,  
And the *real* is within ;  
And from thence the light is beaming —  
Not to follow *that* is sin.

'T is by experience we find it,  
Each himself must seek that light ;  
Long may the mists of darkness blind it,  
E'er we learn to seek aright.

None can know save the Creator,  
Of the paths in which we stray ;  
God within us — God in nature,  
Leads through discipline the way.

## THE TWO CITIES.

There are two cities side by side,  
And each is broad and long ;  
Both gleam with vanity and pride,  
That to the race belong.

The one has towers and guarded gates,  
And grandeur and delight ;  
The hoarded wealth of men and states ;  
Where might contends with right ;

Its paradise of bliss and love,  
Its hells of wrong and hate,  
Its gorgeous spires that point above,  
Its bowed form crushed by fate ;

Its penury that pleads in vain,  
Its souls of heavenly worth,  
Who wear through life the galling chain,  
From circumstance of birth.

The other, is a city old,  
Where discords are unknown ;  
None pine in want, none sigh for gold,  
Or in oppression groan ;

It has antique and marble halls,  
And domes are o'er it spread ;

But cold and silent are its walls —  
This city of the dead.

It needs no force to guard its gate,  
Where all must pass in time,  
The high, the low, the small, the great,  
Old age, and childhood's prime.

No war, no famine can invade,  
Or pestilential breath,  
These deep and silent realms of shade,  
This downward tramp of death.

But there 's a city far more bright,  
Beyond this of the dead,  
Whose gates stand open day and night :  
The city overhead.

---

#### MAY MUSINGS.

Once again, 'o'er field and meadow,  
May, the beauty — May, the queen,  
Comes to greet us at our window,  
Smiling in her robes of green.

Then why should we roam for pleasure  
When the air is full of love ;  
When God's blessings, without number,  
Fall like manna from above ?

When the earth puts out new beauty,  
And there's transport in the air ;  
When the birds in heath and woodland,  
Carol music everywhere ;

When the May flowers upward springing,  
With their tints of green and gold,  
Turn their faces to the sunlight,  
As the tender buds unfold ;

When the prattling voice of childhood,  
And the tramp of tiny feet,  
Greet us in our morning rambles,  
Making music on the street ;

O, then who would roam for pleasure,  
Lured and dazzled by a name ;  
While the glow and bloom of nature  
Greet us everywhere the same.

If the heart that's pure and chastened  
Finds another heart its home ;  
If they both beat true to nature,  
Who would then for pleasure roam ?

Not in place the soul finds heaven,  
Nature's laws are here as there ;  
True to these the soul has freedom,  
Peace and pleasure everywhere.

---

## IN MEMORIAM.

Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. B. Primeau,  
on the death of their son.

Folded in his little casket,  
With the flowers upon his breast ;  
Sleeping in his snow-white mantle —  
Lay the lovely form to rest.

Bud and flower may fade together,  
Dust reclaim its kindred dust ;  
And the given to the giver,  
Be returned in holy trust.

Earth receives into its bosom  
Only that which is of earth ;  
Into life a sweet bud blossoms,  
Angels waiting at its birth.



Gone in life's sweet rosy morning,  
As the sunlight drinks the dew ;  
Or as clouds succeed the dawning,  
So the loved hath passed from view.

But the light still ever beaming,  
Shall the clouds of sorrow rend ;  
And those tints of life and beauty  
In the light of love shall blend.

Loved and loving, both are waiting  
Till the light shall rend the veil ;  
Outward form alone can perish —  
Pure affections never fail.

Then adieu, our precious darling !  
Till our forms, too, press the sod ;  
Life more pure, and home more sacred,  
Where thy tiny feet have trod,

Till we meet beyond the river,  
In the soul's divine above ;  
And we bless the loving angels  
For the care on thee bestowed.

## WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Let no hand but that of friendship,  
Guided by a heart sincere,  
And that's worthy thy remembrance,  
Dare to leave an impress here.

'T were a blight on all these pages,  
In each joy infusing pain ;  
Like the casket filled with jewels,  
Yet containing mortal bane.

Though each line has imperfections,  
No less precious shall it be,  
If it speak from the affections,  
Written in sincerity;

Though the heart that pines in sadness,  
May pour forth its plaintive strain ;  
Or as blest in hours of gladness,  
Here may seek to live again —

Sweet as balm on wings of healing,  
Be the thoughts recorded here ;  
And each meet responsive feeling  
As life's lights and shades appear.

## EDITORIAL CHAIR PRESENTATION.

Accept the gift, so choice and rare,  
And when you're cozy in it,  
Pray envy not that other chair,  
Or him who chanced to win it.

The gift is from the feeling heart,  
Love is its consecration ;  
A genial spirit 't will impart.  
To every inspiration.

Then when you feel your patience tried —  
Your faith in goodness sinking ;  
Here you may find your hate subside,  
While of the donors thinking.

And now, kind sirs, you have our prayers,  
In every good endeavor ;  
And like the givers, may these chairs,  
Abide in peace forever.

And let them both with truth be crowned,  
And error here be smitten ;  
Fraternity and love abound,  
In every line that 's written.

Here let no right, however small,  
To party zeal be yielded ;  
And let no pampered wrong at all,  
By party love be shielded.

We in your confidence would share,  
As wine with water mingles ;  
Then please accept this easy chair,  
From friends of Moss and Ingalls.

---

#### ACROSTIC DEDICATION.

True to friendship, pure and holy,  
Hallowed may these pages be,  
Every line contain a blessing,  
And a wish or thought of thee.  
Lifelong may these sweet mementos  
Be a solace for each sigh,  
Until glow from brighter pages,  
Memories that never die.

## HOMER'S ILIAD,

BY POPE,

Is a work of genius, but is said to fall far short of the Iliad in Greek.

The Iliad's the wonder of our times ;  
From Homer's Greek transposed to English rhymes,  
In verbs profuse and adjectives arrayed,  
That leaves the groundwork wholly in the shade.  
'Tis well for us that the immortal nine  
Retained the label and prefixed the sign,  
Lest when it strayed to some Greek classic shelf,  
Th' original might fail to recognize itself.  
If spirits come again to visit earth,  
'T were well if Homer never had a birth.\*  
Better a myth, as author's still contend,  
Than real sire and such a child defend.  
Had he but seen in one promiscuous batch,  
The nouns and verbs that make these rhymes to match,  
And seen the gods with all their motly train,  
On every page intrude to swell the strain ;  
Seen nouns and verbs the gods and men unite,  
In tedious pairs to lengthen out the fight  
'Twixt Greeks and Romans, for one blue eyed maid,  
He'd in despair of mastering the trade  
Have sunk behind this English poet's shade ;

---

\* It is disputed by authors whether Homer ever lived.

And well content to hear the wondrous rhyme,  
Though he remained a myth through coming time.  
The perspicuity of Homer dead,  
Here disappears, and glowing in its stead,  
Is genius rare, that gleams on every page,  
A mystic wonder to each coming age.

---

## THE BOY, THE MAN, AND THE MORAL.

CHILD.

Papa, the little top you gave me,  
I've been spinning all the day,  
And the boys all thought me crazy,  
But it was envy, I dare say.

Papa, I've been thinking lately,  
O, how happy I should be,  
With a top that's tall and stately,  
Mounted off like jewelry.

Have it gold and silver mounted,  
Set with jewels, sparkling bright,  
That could not be hardly counted,  
They would dazzle so the sight.

If I had what cash I wanted,  
It should be a perfect gem !  
I would have it diamond pointed,  
With a gold and sapphire stem.

Then I'd show the rising gentry,  
I've a top that's not outdone,  
And I'd glory in their envy,  
When they see my jewel run.

And I'd spend my all upon it,  
Night and day, out doors and in ;  
O, what joy I'd gather from it,  
Only just to see it spin.

All things else I'd count but folly,  
And all else would sacrifice,  
And never could be melancholy  
With the darling little prize.

FATHER.

Ah, my boy, you've wrongly reckoned  
On the ends and aims of life ;  
That which only should be second,  
You've put foremost in the strife.

Tops should be but things of leisure,  
Not hard work, but simply play ;  
Only made to give us pleasure,  
Not the burden of the day,

Foolish child, to spend your money  
On the thing to see it run.  
A little while it may be funny,  
But in time 't will prove dear fun.

Tops were not designed for manhood,  
Only children live in toys ;  
And the pleasures of our boyhood  
Cannot bring maturer joys.

Every thing we find in nature,  
Is the blessing of a friend —  
Means bestowed by the Creator —  
And our happiness the end.

## MORAL.

In this world are children grown up,  
Who are like this little boy ;  
And should all things else be blown up,  
Only care to save their toy.

On their hobby you will find them,  
Spurring on without control —  
Never see the wreck behind them —  
Party triumph is their goal.

With government they 'd rule the nation,  
Stake their all to see it run ;  
Could it run o'er all creation,  
'T would so much increase the fun.



Little do they heed the object,  
For which governments were made,  
Not to crush the free-born subject,  
But to lend him friendly aid.

Not an end to crush the neighbor,  
Calling for his hard-earned pelf,  
But a means to lighten labor,  
By which man protects himself.

That earth makes her revolutions,  
Not that men may see it spin ;  
Man not made for institutions,  
But that they were made for him.

Many minds, alas, perverted !  
Through a zeal the state to save,  
Make by means and ends inverted,  
It their master, they the slave.

These may joyous be a season,  
Like the little boy at play,  
But like men will think and reason,  
With a few demands to pay.

## OUR CITY SEXTON.

Mournful and solemn his life-task must be,  
'Midst wailing and sorrow what pleasure has he ?  
And yet, when our friends one by one drop away,  
He will never forsake us and never betray.

He'll come in the midst of our sorrow and grief,  
Without any regard to our faith or belief ;  
If rich (and 't is right) he will ask for his dues,  
Yet if we are poor, he will never refuse.

Yes, BALLARD is faithful, a true hearted friend,  
He is sure to stand by us, e'en unto the end ;  
And though we may wish his attentions delayed,  
Yet we never regret when he comes to our aid.

Whatever he does, none are known to complain,  
Though they hope 't will be long ere he visits again ;  
Whenever you call he is ready to go  
And perform his sad duty through rain, sleet and  
snow.

Ballard is truthful, 't is seen in his face,  
And upon every word you reliance can place ;  
And his heart is as kind as his motives are pure,  
If he fail to give comfort, he'll help to endure.

Though all of us dread to come under his care,  
Yet long may he live in our sorrows to share ;  
And may hearts kind as his, when his last hour shall  
    come,  
Be ready to welcome the Old Sexton home.

---

## KINDLY FEELING.

O why should vengeance fill our hearts,  
    And hatred hold dominion ;  
And why attempt by brutal arts,  
    To conquer an opinion !  
Why should we probe the wounded flesh,  
    When life demands its healing ;  
We need not open it afresh,  
    But show some kindly feeling.

Might may the powers of truth assail,  
    And triumph for a season,  
But right shall once again prevail,  
    When men return to reason ;  
And truth shall follow in her train,  
    And love to heaven kneeling,

And Christians be themselves again,  
Then show some kindly feeling.

The conquerors of to-day may be  
The conquered of to-morrow ;  
And what we sow in enmity,  
We'll surely reap in sorrow ;  
Then let us feel for human woes,  
To human hearts appealing,  
For he who would subdue his foes,  
Must win with kindly feeling.

If we have wisdom more than they,  
More favored our position ;  
We having found the better way,  
May pity their condition.  
Then why this coldness in the soul,  
The streams of love congealing,  
And why does hatred hold control,  
In place of kindly feeling !

Justice is certain to be done,  
But mortals cannot mete it,  
Tis in the hands of only One,  
And men cannot defeat it ;  
And as no finite mind can know  
The ways of Heaven's dealing,  
We may not crush a conquered foe,  
But show some kindly feeling.

If ever, then's the hour to bless  
When hearts are crushed and bleeding,  
And when low, humble in distress,  
They kneel, for mercy pleading ;  
Tis then the wise, the good, the great,  
Must feel love's fount unsealing,  
And all the void once filled with hate,  
Will gush with kindly feeling.

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A SCENE AT THE BATTLE OF WEST POINT.

A TRUE DESCRIPTION.

[The soldier referred to, resided at Potsdam, N. Y.]

Brother against brother was arrayed,  
Appalling grew the strife,  
As destiny hung on each blade,  
And each struck home for life.

Upon that field a soldier lay,  
With broken, bleeding limb,  
His life seemed ebbing fast away,  
With none to care for him.

The brutal foe had gathered round,  
With taunts and scoffs and jeers ;  
In vain he pointed to his wound,  
And plead in vain with tears.

They raised his limb and then again  
To earth would let it fall,  
Till he in agony of pain  
To God relinquished all.

He thought upon his wife and child,  
And angels marked the sigh ;  
Once more he shrieked in accents wild :  
“O, God, 't is hard to die.”

The child, the mother and the wife  
In vision met his gaze,  
And once again he longed for life  
And sighed for former days.

But, O, my father, 't is too late !  
I bow to thy decree !  
I may not struggle against fate,  
I turn resigned to thee !

The last faint hope within had died,  
He turned him o'er to die,  
An *emblem* glistened from his side,  
'T was of the “Mystic tie.”

It met a fellow craftsman's eye  
Who soon dispersed the crowd,  
And as he lay resigned to die,  
From death he snatched the shroud.

He raised him bleeding from the ground,  
And wept upon his breast ;  
He staunched the blood and dressed the wound  
And found a place of rest.

He brought him water from the brook,  
And mixed a little wine,  
And, in the language of the book,  
Said : " All I have is thine."

And angels smiled and blest the scene,  
Where hate was turned to love ;  
And blessed the one who stepped between  
The falcons and the dove.

The mother and the wife and child,  
Still countless blessings pour,  
On him who did from death so wild,  
To them the lost restore.

If love for love must heave the sigh,  
And all this hate is vain,  
And, if there is a "*mystic tie*"  
To bind those rent in twain ;

Then, Great Grand Master of the race,  
If other ties must fail,  
O, grant that this may take their place  
Till brotherhood prevail.

---

### PASSING AWAY.

The forms of our loved ones are passing away,  
And lonely, more lonely, life's shadows appear ;  
The beautiful blossoms are gone to decay,  
The ties are dissolving that bind our souls here.

In the summer of youth and the winter of age,  
All times and all seasons we bid them adieu ;  
The ruled and the ruler, the humble, the sage,  
Like shadows of beauty quick pass from the view.

They pass ! and a hallowed remembrance is left  
For the hero that sleeps in the soldier's cold bed ;  
They pass ! and a nation in sorrow bereft,  
Is bending in tears o'er her untimely dead.

And soon from our vision the outward shall fade,  
With all we have cherished and fondled for years,



We, too, shall pass on to the deep realms of shade,  
And leave but our memories, hallowed with tears.

The eye that now sparkles with love and with light,  
The ear that now listens to music sublime,  
Shall be lost in the shadows and silence of night,  
That brood o'er the glories and ruins of time.

Then perish the vase that holds all that is dear,  
The blossoms of love have been gathered with care,  
We miss for a season their blessing and cheer,  
But they're blooming beyond, and awaiting us there.

Yes, perish the outward, if love but remains,  
'T is the spirit of life that can know no decay ;  
All forms may dissolve — 't is the breaking of chains  
That fettered the substance and bound it to clay.

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## WELCOME ME HOME, MOTHER,

OR, THE LAMENT OF A HOMELESS ONE.

Heart-stricken and sorrowing, weary and worn,  
O'er life's changing billows, by destiny borne,  
Away from the loved ones no more would I roam,  
O, welcome me home, mother — welcome me home !

The days of my childhood, return back to me,  
When my heart all confiding was center'd in thee;  
And the light of thy smile banished shadow and  
    gloom —  
I long for my home, mother — welcome me home.

The storm is increasing, the billows run high,  
And the stars, one by one, have gone out from the sky;  
And the waves have grown dark that were crested  
    with foam,  
Then bid me come home, mother — welcome me home.

I know there's a mansion in waiting for me,  
And streams of affection, that flow pure and free,  
And gardens of pleasure invite me to come —  
Then welcome me home, mother — welcome me home.

Too long have I cruised on life's dark troubled sea,  
And have wandered afar from affection and thee,  
And in seeking heart-treasures, in vain do I roam,  
I seek for a home, mother — welcome me home.

The green isles of pleasure, I've sought for in vain,  
And my frail trembling bark, must soon sink 'neath  
    the main,  
But new light is down streaming from temple and  
    dome;  
I am nearing my home, mother — welcome me home.

The forms of my loved ones in vision appear,  
And the voice so long hushed, falls again on my ear ;  
To thine arms, as of yore, mother, trusting I come —  
O, the bliss of the greeting that welcomes me home.

---

## GROWING OLD.

Yes, we are growing old, 't is true,  
But why at age repine ?  
Why do we seek alone the new,  
And worship at its shrine ?

The earth has long been growing old,  
But yet its mines below  
Contain as pure, as precious gold,  
As a million years ago ;

Its flowers are blooming just as fair,  
Its streams flow on as pure,  
Its luscious fruits as rich and rare,  
Its seasons just as sure ;

The harvests are as plentiful,  
The winters no more drear,

The landscapes are as beautiful,  
The summer air as clear ;

The sun and stars in heaven above,  
The planets as they roll,  
Proclaim the same great law of love,  
That holds divine control.

Although the world is growing old,  
Its laws are just as true ;  
More precious truths to man unfold,  
Than when the earth was new ;

Though nature's forms grow sere and gray,  
And dimmed each outward page,  
The inner life knows no decay,  
But brighter glows with age.

Then why repine at growing old ?  
It is no theme for tears ;  
By age the higher powers unfold,  
And love expands with years.

'T is only thus we can acquire,  
The truths for us in store,  
And reach the bending circles higher,  
That gird the other shore.

## WELCOME

To the Bohemian Glass Blowers.

The seers of old,  
Have long foretold,  
A golden age for man ;  
But Yankee skill,  
With iron will,  
Has disarranged the plan.

He, with his rod,  
Has struck the sod,  
And wonders come to pass :  
The granite rock  
Has felt the shock,  
And turned transparent glass ;

He blows his breath,  
And life from death,  
Leaps out the stagnant mass  
Of creeping herds  
And flying birds,  
Of flowers and vases — glass ;

And mid the strife,  
A thing of life  
Starts forth and blows his blast !

It is no dream,  
Up with the steam !  
An engine ! all of glass !

The whistles scream !  
Transparent theme !  
The mystery is out ;  
We all see through  
The invention new,  
That drags the world about.

Let others laud,  
And men applaud  
The age of gold and brass ;  
But never light  
Sprang forth from night,  
Like that which comes of glass.

Transparent age !  
Here on the stage  
The "Troupe" in science skilled,  
In things anew,  
Here brought to view,  
The vision have fulfilled.

Then raise the song,  
And praise prolong,  
To iron, gold and brass ;  
But strike the lyre,  
And laud still higher,  
The engine done in glass !

## T I M E.

DECEMBER 31ST, 1863.

This gloomy hour the old sad year expires,  
Laden with woes and griefs and fears,  
Most sorrowful of all the faded years,  
The heir unfortunate of worthy sires.

Born amid carnage and revengeful strife,  
Nurtured with blood and wrath and hate,  
With none to envy thy estate,  
Thou yieldest up thy hapless life.

Thy last is breathed amidst the gen'ral wail  
Of shivering forms and spirits crushed,  
And bursting hearts, cheeks fever-flushed,  
And frightful ghosts of famine, shriveled, pale.

The elements are in convulsive throes,  
As thou departest from our view ;  
And Nature, struggling with the new,  
Brings forth another heir of human woes.

Sad mem'ries these that cling old time to thee !  
And of the new-born year to come,  
The oracle we ask is dumb —  
Before us hangs the veil of mystery.

Perchance for earth still deeper woes await,  
Ere love's winged angel shall descend  
As bound Prometheus found a friend  
Among the gods, to break the chains of fate.

Strange mists have gathered on thy locks, O Time !  
Thy brow grows darker with thy years ;  
And on thy cheeks are gath'ring tears —  
Thou bendest low as 'neath the weight of crime.

Thou, in thy march of years, hast gathered up  
The woes, the follies and the wrong  
That unto ages past belong,  
And mixed for mortal man the bitter cup.

O, would that now beside thee might expire  
All darkness, and a morn of light  
Break forth upon our longing sight,  
Baptizing earth again with holy fire !

In vain we look toward the bending sky,  
No bow of promise there appears ;  
Our offering, though bedewed with tears,  
Finds no acceptance at the throne on high.

The very atmosphere is desolate !  
Fiends hold carnival in the air !  
Not e'en the breath of humble prayer  
The dreary, howling waste can penetrate.



O, God of Mercy ! Harbinger of Peace !  
How long this fearful discipline  
Ere Love's bright kingdom shall begin,  
Whose government shall without end increase ?  
  
Whose reign shall banish wrath and strife and hate ;  
Till man discards the law of might,  
And seeks in kindness but the right,  
Lord, we for thy Heavenly Kingdom wait.

---

## CONUNDRUM POETRY,

ON THE GLASS SHIP PRESENTED BY THE GLASS BLOWERS FOR  
THE BEST CONUNDRUM ON THE GLASS STEAM ENGINE.

Thou art like a handsome lady,  
Always vain of her own charms,  
For thou 'rt a *transparent* beauty,  
Too frail to clasp within our arms.

Thou art like a sickly maiden :  
For thy tiny cords and spars,  
Could not be with burdens laden,  
Or be safe 'mid household jars,

Thou art like a lover's token,  
Or the vow of lovers frail ;  
For if thou remain unbroken,  
Thou 'rt to keep, and not for *sail*.

Thou art like a politician,  
Raised into the chair of state,  
For thou 'st held a low position,  
And wast blowed to make thee great.

Thou art like a fallen woman,  
For though frail, thou 'rt fair to view,  
Thou art like a poor conundrum,  
For thou 'rt easily seen through.

Like a coward corps on duty,  
Who a victory never won ;  
For under fire with all thy beauty,  
Thou would 'st surely break and run.

Still thou 'rt like a gallant army,  
Holding bravely to the end ;  
For whatever foes would harm thee,  
Though thou break, thou 'lt never bend.

Though on dry land thou art grounded,  
Thou wilt never want a sea,  
For by Holbrooks (whole brooks) thou 'rt sur-  
rounded,  
To take a notion (an ocean) unto thee.

R E S T.

"The world is weary of the past,  
Oh, might it die or rest at last."

—SHELLEY.

Yes, of the past the soul is weary,  
And the present, O, how dreary !  
Seas of anguish heave each breast,  
And the future dark before us,  
Like a cloud is brooding o'er us,  
Give, O give the spirit rest !

Scourges, wars and desolations  
March triumphant through the nations ;  
The oppressor and oppressed  
For the mastery are rushing,  
And the strong the weak are crushing—  
Earth is weary, give it rest !

Seas of human passion surging,  
With their lava fires are scourging,  
Mocking love's Divine behest ;  
Hate and wrath hold wild dominion,  
Martyr-born is each opinion,  
True hearts falter — give them rest !

Hearts are bursting, bosoms sighing,  
Brothers on the field are lying,  
Bleeding, dying, uncaressed ;

No soft hand of sweet affection,  
For away from friends, connections,  
They are dying — give them rest !

Forms we fondly loved and cherished,  
Have like leaves of Autumn perished,  
And the joys we once possessed,  
From our dwellings have departed,  
And alone and broken-hearted,  
Weary mourners sigh for rest !

Gaunt poverty aghast stands pleading,  
Crime, pestilence and woe are breeding,  
Wrongs of the poor go unredressed ;  
Millions toiling, unrequited,  
With their earthly prospects blighted,  
Long to die and be at rest !

Oh, how long shall man in blindness,  
Rule in wrath, instead of kindness ;  
When shall earth by might oppressed  
Vindicate the law of nature,  
In the love of the Creator,  
Giving all her children rest ?

Right, not Might, shall rule the nations,  
Peace shall offer her oblations,  
Where the warrior's foot has prest ;  
Loved companion, dying brother,  
Sorrowing sister, weeping mother,  
There for all remaineth rest !

## OBITUARY.

JOEL MOORE.

A genial, warm-hearted, honest and upright man — as such his memory is held sacred. His creed was fidelity to truth, though an unbeliever in many of the dogmas of men. He believed in a Supreme Ruler of the Universe, had hope of an immortality as founded upon the laws of the Infinite, which had sustained him to the last. His religion consisted in doing good to his neighbor. He believed all religions were right in their place by the law of adaptation. And as to creeds, that "His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right," Individualism expressed in word and deed, was his marked characteristic. The world needs more such men. But adieu to the outward form of Joel Moore. The good and the true in his nature can never perish. Earth cannot lose their impress, though they find a wider field of use in the land of the hereafter.

So our dear ones go before us ;  
Sounds each hour the parting knell ;  
But the future shall restore us  
To the hearts we loved so well.

Outward *forms* of life may perish,  
But the *life* knows no decay,  
And its sacred loves we cherish,  
Never from us pass away.

## DEDICATED

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE LATE FRANK L. WOOLLEY.

Mourn not for the dead ; they have gained the bright  
shore,

That only is reached through the valley of tears,  
Where the struggle, the pain and the anguish are o'er,  
And the life is not burdened by sorrowful years.

But mourn for the mourner, in anguish bereft,  
Whose cup of affliction with sorrow runs o'er ;  
Who clings to the vase where the sweetness is left,  
Distilled from the flower that can cheer it no more.

We miss thy dear form, so familiar and fair,  
The spirit so genial, so cheerful and free,  
But there's sunlight beyond these dark shadows of  
care,  
And we mourn for thy loved ones, yet mourn not for  
thee.

## THE HEART AND THE TONGUE.

Ah, wonderful things are the tongue and the heart !

Though they seem but as sister and brother,  
Yet often they dwell at a distance apart,  
And the one is belieing the other.

The one sees the truth and drinks deep at its fount,  
The other seeks praise from the many ;  
The one is transfigured in fire on the mount —  
The other with fire from Gehenna.

The one sees the good that still dwells in the race —  
The other portrays but the evil ;  
The one reigns a queen both in beauty and grace —  
The other is serving the devil !

The one looks on love as the baptism pure,  
Through which man must rise in position ;  
The other on hate, as the weapon to cure,  
And keeps back the soul on its mission.

The one views the sorrows of earth with a sigh,  
In pity would haste in relieving ;  
The other brings reasons for passing them by,  
Itself both deceived and deceiving.

The one ever renders for evil a good,  
Its foes it would vanquish with kindness ;  
The other goes forth under banners of blood,  
To crush and to smite in its blindness.

Through shadows of darkness, the one sees the light,  
And fain in its love would pursue it ;  
The soul by the other is held from the right,  
Till the one learns in sadness to rue it.

The one bears the fragrance of hope on each breath,  
A love for the wayward — abiding ;  
The other breathes hate, and the vapors of death —  
A blame that is merciless — chiding.

The one in its struggle but seeks to be true,  
And vanquish old error's dominion ;  
The other revolting 'gainst all that is new,  
Seeks refuge in public opinion.

O, welcome the day when the angels above,  
Who weep at earth's sorrows beholding,  
May find a response in the deep gush of love,  
That comes from the soul's true unfolding ;

When the heart and the tongue shall have ended their  
strife,  
And united as sister and brother ;  
Shall walk hand in hand through the journey of life,  
And respond and be true to each other.



*HAVE CHARITY — BE KIND.*

As I sat musing in my room,  
Just at the close of day,  
And thinking of a once loved form,  
For faults I'd spurned away,  
Half waking, and half dreaming ;  
She seemed to pass my door,  
And turned on me an anxious eye,  
As she had looked before,  
And sighed these words in tones of grief :  
"As ye would mercy find,  
O do not spurn Earth's erring ones;  
Have charity — be kind."

I roused me from the dreamy trance,  
Sprang forth, but she was gone ;  
Another voice upbraided me :  
"Thou'st done that spirit wrong !"  
Perhaps a tear of sympathy,  
A word, a gentle tone,  
Might have arrested and reclaimed  
The lost and wandering one.  
That voice seems now my atmosphere,  
I hear it in the wind,  
"O, do not spurn Earth's erring ones,  
Have charity — be kind !"

It comes to me in every place  
Where evil lifts its form ;  
And ever is the keen rebuke  
Of malice and of scorn.  
When I am startled at some crime  
Against all wholesome laws,  
I ponder well ere I condemn,  
And ferret out the cause ;  
And as I follow, step by step,  
The follies of mankind,  
The words grow lovelier day by day —  
Have charity — be kind.

When all the causes are made known,  
That lead to sin and shame,  
Full many hearts will pity feel,  
Where now they mostly blame.  
Then let us feel for human woe,  
For we are brothers all ;  
And gently lead Earth's feeble ones,  
And raise them when they fall.  
As by the rule we measure out,  
We, too, shall mercy find ;  
Then let us still to all who err  
Have charity — be kind.

## THE MISSION OF LIFE.

'T is not in the outward, its grandeur and show,  
Or splendors that dazzle the sight ;  
'T is not in the pleasures that wealth can bestow,  
The soul that is true takes delight.

'T is not in ambition, in honor or fame,  
Or homage, the world has in store ;  
Or titles we win to embellish a name,  
From the halls of a mystical lore.

There are mines in the earth, but their treasures untold,  
Are as transient as buds in the Spring ;  
And all are but vanity, ashes and mold,  
Though they glow in the crown of a king.

There's a world, though unseen, whose bloom never fades,  
Where gems sparkle brighter than gold —  
Where sweet fountains gush from the ever-green glades,  
And blossoms immortal unfold.

'T is a world in the soul, and its altars are pure,  
And love is its life and its light ;  
And ever the spirit within feels secure,  
Though walking in peril and night.

The wealth of the inner alone can remain,  
When the outward shall vanish away,  
All else that we cherish are means to attain  
To the blessing that cannot decay.

Then struggle, O, man, for the truth and the right,  
Let the *real* be first in the strife,  
With the bright goal of destiny ever in sight,  
For this is the mission of life.

---

#### REPLY TO "WHAT THEN."

After the joys of earth,  
After its hours of mirth,  
After its hours of sight,  
After its dreams so bright,  
What cometh then?

More than an empty name,  
More than a weary frame,  
More than a conscious smart,  
More than an aching heart.

For after the joy — the dream,  
Cometh a heavenly beam ;  
Cometh the vision bright,  
Dispelling the dreams of night.

'T is not a sad farewell  
To a world loved too well ;  
The soul can find no bed  
With the forgotten dead :  
Joy cometh then.

For after we 've bid farewell  
To a world that 's served us well ;  
And the freed spirit 's fled  
From the form we mourned as dead :  
Day cometh then.

For out in the summer land,  
A bright and a holy band,  
Beyond the vale called death,  
Await on our parting breath,  
And will greet us then.

## I M P R O M P T U

At the grave of Adelia Wilcox.

Rest, gentle, tired spirit, rest,  
With loved ones gone before,  
The earth thy weary footsteps prest,  
Can never bind thee more.

No more in vain thou 'lt seek repose,  
For rest has come at last,  
Bright morn succeeds the night of woes,  
Death's bitterness is past.

On thy young spirit, pure and free,  
There dawns a heavenly light ;  
And spirit forms awaiting thee,  
Attend thy upward flight.

Above thy dust we drop the tear,  
Yet will not grieve in vain ;  
For still we feel that thou art near,  
And we shall meet again.

We too shall hear those heavenly strains,  
That broke upon thy ear ;

When angels come to break the chains,  
That bind our spirits here.

Though round the board we're sad to-night,  
And eyes are dimmed with tears,  
The altars over there are bright,  
With loves of former years.

---

### ONE VIEW OF LIFE.

O, what is life? a tear, a sigh,  
A bubble on the sea;  
A wish in bondage from the sky,  
A struggle to be free;

A moment in an endless age,  
A breath of hopes and fears,  
A blot upon a boundless page  
Of records, bathed in tears;

A bark by adverse tempests borne  
On ocean's foaming crest;  
A heart that's wandered from its home,  
And bleeding seeks its rest;

A fearful struggle against fate,  
The coo of a lonely dove,  
A longing for a better state,  
A tearful gush of love ;

One link in being's endless chain,  
More brilliant as they rise ;  
An opening to a higher plain,  
A pathway to the skies ;

A note of discord sent to earth,  
The travail of a soul,  
A fearful agony of birth,  
To gain a destined goal.

The tear shall dry, the sigh be hushed,  
The breath, the bubble, fail ;  
The wounded heart resume its trust,  
The bark outride the gale ;

The blot shall fade away with years,  
The struggle, longing, cease ;  
And life beyond this vale of tears,  
Be harmony and peace.



## ANOTHER VIEW OF LIFE.

O, what is life? 't is not all sighs,  
Or bubbles on the sea,  
For it has bright and sunny skies,  
And blessings for the free ;

'T is one sweet moment in an age,  
Though pressed with hopes and fears ;  
A precious line upon a page  
Of records, bathed in tears ;

A bark by adverse tempests borne,  
On ocean's foaming crest,  
That though by storm and bleak winds worn,  
Yet finds its port of rest ;

A manful struggle with its fate,  
That seeks its strength above,  
Whate'er may be its present state,  
Still finds its rest in love ;

One link in being's endless chain,  
More brilliant as they rise,  
An opening to a brighter plain,  
A pathway to the skies ;

A note of harmony on earth,  
That comes to hold control,  
And safely guide to angel birth,  
The travail of a soul.

And tears are dried, and sighs are hushed,  
When life and love prevail,  
And there's a calm and holy trust,  
That nevermore can fail ;

And with the passage of our years,  
True life may find increase,  
And though it be a vale of tears,  
Where life is true, there's peace.

---

### S P R I N G .

God's pure and beautiful sunlight  
Illumines Earth's mountains and plains ;  
Yet darkness, deeper than midnight,  
O'er blinded humanity reigns.

The germs into being are springing,  
Yet death holds a pitiless sway ;

The air seems with melody ringing,  
Yet sadness is mocking the day.

The heralds of Spring-time and Summer  
Are welcomed with joy through the land ;  
Yet chill frosts of winter encumber,  
With blighting on every hand.

The sky in the blushes of morning,  
Reflects back to earth its pure light ;  
Yet day in its brightest adorning,  
Reveals the dim shadows of night.

With frost more congealing than winter,  
Full many a heart is still bound,  
Where no warm, genial sunshine can enter  
And deep is the darkness profound.

O, why are there valleys so dreary,  
And caverns so gloomy and cold,  
While nature is smiling so lovely,  
Arrayed in her purple and gold ?

The soul has forgot the Creator,  
And blinded, deluded, and lame,  
Away from the beauties of nature,  
Has wandered in folly and shame.

The Winter, the Spring-time and Summer,  
The darkness, the heat and the cold,

Are alike to the soul in its slumber,  
Alike to the young and the old.

O, when shall the beauties of heaven,  
In earth's deepest recesses bloom,  
And the harmony nature has given,  
Unfold in the valleys of gloom?

When the world that in darkness lies dreaming,  
Shall wake to the glories sublime,  
That in sunlight from heaven is streaming,  
Dispelling the shadows of time.

---

### HOURS OF GLADNESS.

Hours of gladness, how precious to me,  
That break with their sunshine the night of despair,  
When the spirit leaps forth in its moments of glee,  
And hope with her beams lifts the shadows of care.

Hours of gladness, how swiftly they glide!  
Yet leave in their transit a halo of light,

Thrown back o'er the waters of life's ebbing tide,  
A beacon and guide through the gloomiest night.

Hours of gladness, how dear to this breast,  
When burdened and care-worn my soul seeks your  
cheer ;  
As the infant soul cleaves to the bosom of rest,  
As the brow lights with smiles, though 'tis moist  
with a tear.

Hours of gladness, how seldom they come,  
To many fond hearts that are bleeding and torn,  
Destined in the valleys of this world to roam,  
Pilgrims of destiny, weary and worn.

Hours of gladness ! O, when with your cheer,  
Shall ye visit the earth as the sun and the rain,  
And your balm to each sorrowing bosom bring near  
As the dew-drops distill over mountain and plain.

Hours of gladness ! O yes ye will come !  
When the night-star looks down on life's dark  
troubled wave,  
When earth's voyager catches the glimpses of home  
In the dawn that illumines the night of the grave.

## E P I T A P H

ON THE TOMB OF A CHILD.

The choicest flower,  
Must droop and fade,  
Nipp'd by the frost of even,  
But thine redeemed,  
From mortal shade,  
Shall bloom anew in heaven.

---

## ALONE AND FROM FRIENDS FAR AWAY.

Yes, 't is dark ; it is dreary to feel we 're alone,  
While thousands around us are cheerful and gay,  
And among them no heart to respond to our own —  
To feel we 're alone and from friends far away.

How the tear-drop will start, and the heart heave a  
sigh,  
As so slowly we count off the hours of the day ;

How gladly on speed of the winds would we fly  
From the spot where alone and from friends far  
away.

To feel there's no change that can come to the soul,  
Though distance and time may our mandate obey;  
However we seek to attain to the goal,  
Yet still we're alone and from friends far away.

O, dark is the fate of the soul that is left  
In the solitude places, in silence to stray;  
And to feel like a mourner in sorrow bereft,  
Still wand'ring alone and from friends far away.

Still seeking a home as the bird seeks her nest,  
And against hope still hoping — to spoilers a prey;  
Still weary and way-worn, still seeking for rest,  
And yet all alone and from friends far away.

To feel we're unknown, and misjudged of our race;  
That we're looked on as cold as the marble and clay,  
And our purest heart-yearnings all deem'd out of place,  
Gives proof we're alone and from friends far away.

And sometimes we sigh for our mansion above,  
And fancy we see on the bright shining way,  
In waiting to greet us, the forms that we love;  
Ah! *are* we alone and from friends far away?

Or are there sweet chords that vibrate in each heart,  
And *invisible* fingers whose touch they obey ;  
And guards that attend us who never depart —  
Or are we alone and from friends far away ?

O, let us believe it ; this world is not ours ;  
It's gifts, are but lent us, the moments we stay ;  
That another awaits us with green, sunny bowers,  
And we're never alone and from friends far away.

---

#### TO SAMUEL WAY.

The long night is past and the anguish is o'er,  
And morning, bright morning appears ;  
The loved and the loving have met on the shore,  
Where joys are unmingled with tears.

We weep for the mourner, but would not recall  
The soul to its bondage of clay ;  
But steadfastly look from the bier and the pall,  
Through the gates of the heavenward way.



## THE BRIGHT SIDE.

The darkest cloud is fringed with light,  
And skies are bright beyond it ;  
And though it may obscure the sight,  
The sun's bright rays are on it.

The stars that gird the darkest night,  
Are shining true as ever ;  
And only morn from evening light,  
The earth's dark shade can sever.

The darkest wave will break in foam,  
The tempest soon is over ;  
The sailor dreaming still of home,  
Returns to friend and lover.

The desert with its simoom breath,  
By verdure is surrounded ;  
The stagnant pool exhaling death,  
By flower and fruit is bounded.

The storm but renovates the earth,  
That heaves old ocean's bosom ;  
And brings to life through nature's birth,  
Each tender bud and blossom.

The frost lays field and forest bare,  
The silvery streams congealing ;  
But Spring returns with balmy air,  
The founts of life unsealing.

And so with life : its gloomiest path  
Has flowers upon its border ;  
And storms that spend themselves in wrath,  
Obey the laws of order,

The truth still shines upon our way,  
And error flees before it ;  
The one may steal the good away —  
The other will restore it.

The evil that will intervene,  
And part the good asunder,  
Is but the cloud with silvery sheen,  
A moment we pass under.

And o'er the lowliest human soul,  
Some star is shining brightly ;  
An unseen power still holds control,  
That grief may touch it lightly:

The wrong is followed by the right,  
And nature's compensation  
Will follow sure as day the night,  
And balance the equation.

The one great law, is love and light,  
 All life is tending to it,  
 And though obscured from mortal sight,  
 The soul will still pursue it.

Then, though we drink of sorrow's cup,  
 We'll take what life can give us ;  
 The flowers and fruits we'll gather up,  
 And bear them upward with us.



# IMPROMPTU,

ON RECEIPT OF PLANTS FROM KENTUCKY.

Dear friend, the precious flowers you sent me,  
 Came to hand all fresh and fair ;  
 An offering from the land of plenty,  
 Guarded by true friendship's care.

If the hand is blest in giving,  
 More than that which doth receive,  
 Then no other donor living,  
 Is more favored, I believe.

Yet so blest, the prize possessing,  
Thou may'st have the greater share ;  
Contented with the minor blessing,  
Thou shalt have the one more rare.

O, how sweet is friendship's favor,  
In these op'ning buds expressed ;  
Rising to the soul a savor,  
As each tender leaf is prest.

The flowers! their spirits are in heaven,  
With their forms in outward birth ;  
And their fragrance morn an even,  
Is but *love* they *lend* to earth.

Let me learn their souls to cherish,  
As their forms shall greet mine eye ;  
And when outwardly they perish,  
Cleave to that which cannot die.

Flowers respond to inward feeling,  
Deeper than may first appear ;  
Soothing balm on wings of healing,  
Bringing peace and blessed cheer.

I would feel their presence ever,  
Guarded by a tender care ;  
Through the gift would bless the giver,  
In each op'ning blossom there.

When with their's, my life is ended,  
 Place their forms upon my breast ;  
 That the tints of each be blended,  
 As they seek the land of rest.

---

DOG-TAIL POETRY.

There was a dog once lost his tail,  
 When leaping o'er a stile ;  
 The narrative he did not miss  
 Until he 'd run a mile.

But when he found the tail was gone,  
 A sheepish dog was he ;  
 His backward track he soon retraced,  
 But not a tail could see.

The stile re-leaped, he looked around,  
 Saw but the bleeding stump ;  
 No missing tail could there be found,  
 With which to bless his rump.

He straightway ran at other dogs,  
 In envy and in spite ;

Still bound to have another tail,  
He at their tails would bite.

And he was bitten in return,  
Became afflicted sore :  
Sought for a tail at every house,  
And driven from the door ;

He sought for dogs with double tails,  
That they might lend him one ;  
He envied every dog his tail,  
And sighed that he had none.

He ran and searched, and pined away,  
Naught could his grief assuage ;  
He thinner grew, from day to day,  
Until he left the stage.

And so the efforts of his life,  
Were all without avail ;  
He found it an unequal strife,  
And died without a tail.

MORAL.

Mankind too often are distressed,  
For things they 've left behind ;  
And spend their better days in quest  
Of what they cannot find ;

Unmindful of the blessings left,  
They'll worry night and day,  
O'er those of which they've been bereft,  
And fret their lives away.

---

## SONG OF THE CONSCRIPT.

300,000 MORE.

We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,  
We leave our homes and firesides with bleeding hearts and sore,  
Since poverty has been our crime, we bow to thy decree;  
We are the poor who have no wealth to purchase liberty;  
The dearest forms we love on earth shall never greet us more —  
We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,  
Against our wills, our dearest rights, vouchsafed by  
sires of yore ;  
Conscription comes with bloody hands, and Christians  
thirst for blood,  
The Church demands that ours must flow to swell the  
crimson flood;  
And on the altars of your zeal the purple tide we  
pour —  
We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,  
To lay our weary limbs to bleach on Rappahannock's  
shore ;  
Ye've gathered in your hecatombs three hundred  
thousand braves,  
And now go forth to dig anew three hundred thousand  
graves,  
Where shrieks of death ring on the air above the battle's  
roar —  
We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,  
To satisfy the Christian's zeal, a nation's thirst for  
gore ;



O God of Love! O Prince of Peace! is there no pity-  
ing eye,  
No voice of peace, from all thy saints, to pierce the  
leaden sky?  
In vain we've bowed at human shrines, and knelt at  
mercy's door —  
We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thou-  
sand more.

We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thou-  
sand more,  
Thy call we answer with our lives, for we've no wealth  
in store;  
Is this your land of boasted rights, the nation of the  
free,  
That puts a value on the soul, a price on liberty?  
While justice pleads, and mercy weeps, and loving  
hearts implore —  
We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thou-  
sand more.

We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thou-  
sand more,  
And yet the gloom that shrouds the land is deeper  
than before;  
O, what return shall come to men from all this deadly  
strife?  
And what shall compensate for all this fearful loss of  
life?

And wilt thou calm each troubled breast, when, on  
that peaceful shore,  
We meet thee, Father Abraham, three hundred thou-  
sand more ?

---

### GO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

On occasion of the presentation of Testaments to a regiment, with  
instructions to wear them over their hearts to  
intercept the bullets.

Take the blessing of the pastor ;  
Take the Book before we part ;  
In the name of the Great Master,  
Bind it to each throbbing heart.

Read it daily ; there are in it  
*Leaves* to serve you as a shield,  
*Words* to turn away each bullet,  
Sweeping the ensanguined field.

Take the gift ; do not refuse it ;  
It will guide you day by day ;

On the battle-field peruse it —

Read, alternate, *shoot and pray* !

Keep a mark in at the chapter

Of the Sermon on the Mount,

And where it says, forgive thy brother

Times that one would tire to count.

When the smoke has cleared a little,

And you're sure your man is killed,

Read — "There shall not pass one tittle,

Till the law of Love's fulfilled."

Ponder then upon this verse, to

Help your sight in taking aim,

"Bless the enemies who curse you,

What ye would have, do the same."

*Take aim ! fire !* Another lesson —

"Love thy foes ;"—"Thou shalt not kill,"

Look to Christ, the meek, and press on,

Seek to do the father's will.

"Whence come fighting ; wars among you ?

Come they not of evil lust ?"

While the voice of truth and virtue

By the law of sin is crushed.

In another verse 't is written :

"By thy neighbor's lawless limb

If thou upon thy cheek art smitten,  
Turn the other cheek to him."

Words like these would turn a bomb-shell,  
Press them closely to your breast ;  
*O, how precious is the Gospel !*  
How it gives each soldier rest !

Do not to your *foes* disclose it ;  
*They* might learn to wear it too ;  
O pray daily in your closet  
That *this* shield be but for *you* !

Else, when each contending army  
Meet in wrath and mortal strife,  
Not a steel or lead shall harm the  
Heart beneath the Book of Life.

Bloodless then would be each battle,  
And our trust in God defied ;  
Only by the foe's *death-rattle*  
Can *this* gift be sanctified.

May these precepts guide you right, men,  
Though the land be rent in twain ;  
Though when you draw a bead on white men,  
Your own brother may be slain.

Should you fail, then make a cartridge  
Of the Sermon on the Mount,

With some sayings of this smart age  
From the modern gospel fount.

Let them in one mass be blended,  
Load a mortar to the brim ;  
Take aim ! fire ! The war is ended,  
Gospel triumphs — *sing a hymn !*

---

## C O M M U N I O N .

“ I believe in the communion of saints and the life everlasting.”

Unknown, unseen by mortal eyes,  
There's many a sacred union,  
Where souls each other recognize,  
And hold their own communion.

Who has not felt the silent spell,  
As though some power unbidden,  
With unction more than tongue can tell,  
Was speaking secrets hidden.

And soul with soul exchanging thought,  
And heart with heart, its feeling ;

Have found the purest truths, unsought,  
The *broken* heart found healing.

This very hour, it seemed some soul  
My soul had taken captive ;  
That of myself I'd no control —  
All outward sense inactive.

Some other soul, some other sense,  
Unheeding time and distance,  
From realms of space, I know not whence,  
Had come to my assistance.

And what there was from me concealed,  
What joys two souls had cherished,  
Some future hour may stand revealed,  
When outward sense hath perished.

I only know two souls had met —  
May meet again to-morrow ;  
May strive to make this heart forget  
Its burden and its sorrow.

As needle to the polar star,  
True hearts shall tend together,  
Where storm and *passion* cannot mar,  
And life be love forever.

## ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.

Whether or no the great God hear us,  
'T is not in human hearts to say ;  
But we know that loved ones near us,  
Give responses when we pray.

That there reigns a mighty being,  
In the form our fancy frames,  
With the sense of hearing, seeing,  
Known by heathen — christian names —

May be but a mere delusion,  
Or chimera of the brain ;  
*May* be spirit in diffusion,  
Only holds the power to reign.

Yet the soul in adoration,  
Will before *its* maker bend,  
On the beams of veneration,  
*Must* the warmth of prayer ascend.

And we know not the resources,  
Whence the soul can be supplied,  
Those secret and deep hidden forces,  
To our inmost wants allied.

But we feel the way is open,  
Whereby asking, we receive,

Though no laws of God be broken,  
In the destiny they weave.

For the skies above us brighten,  
As the soul pours out its needs ;  
And we feel the burden lighten,  
Knowing *some one* for us pleads.

We feel there is a loving Father —  
All around are loving hands ;  
And the angel hosts will gather,  
Ever doing his commands.

---

### AUTUMN LEAVES.

Gather the autumn leaflets,  
From forest brown and sere ;  
Golden, green and scarlet,  
Sad relics of the year.

Fit emblems of our being,  
As youth and beauty fade,  
As somber colors linger,  
Around the vase decayed.

Gather with youthful fingers,  
These evanescent forms ;



All withered in their beauty,  
In earth's relentless storms.

O, gather them in silence,  
As silently they fall ;  
And e'er their tints are perished,  
And gone beyond recall.

So changed from green to golden,  
In autumn's last display ;  
So with true life declining,  
There's beauty in decay.

So fades the outer casket,  
As brighter glories shine,  
True souls reflect their beauty,  
When touched by life Divine.



## CORRELATION OF FORCES.

Why all matter, mind and motion,  
Through this vast ethereal ocean,  
Each with each should correlate ;  
Each with each positions changing,

All these outward forms arranging,  
Should in beauty culminate —

Why from chaos, life evolving,  
By one law all problems solving,  
In the great Eternal plan ;  
As revealed from buried ages,  
On earth's pre-historic pages,  
Should but end with life in man —

Why these triune, subtle forces,  
Should keep planets in their courses,  
Ever changing, yet the same ;  
Why they glow with light supernal,  
Why they beam with warmth eternal,  
As the love from which they came —

Why through space in rythm waving,  
Why through force our being laving,  
Sight and hearing are evolved —  
Why the nerves of our sensation,  
Bear to other worlds relation,  
All are problems yet unsolved.

But these forces are persistent,  
Naught so subtle, naught so distant,  
But they each to each respond ;  
And our senses most internal,  
Still respond to force eternal,  
When we reach the spheres beyond.

## TEN HUNDRED THOUSAND LESS.

A pall of gloom hangs o'er our sky,  
And hearts are crushed with woe,  
And tears of sorrow for the lost,  
In pensive silence flow ;  
The land is sown with widows' weeds,  
And fond hearts yearn in vain  
For those who at the call went forth,  
Ne'er to return again ;  
And little does the nation heed  
The wails of deep distress  
That rise to heaven for once loved forms —  
Ten hundred thousand less.

Ten hundred thousand hearts,  
That once with love beat warm,  
In unison with other hearts,  
And for some loving form —  
Whose right to life and earthly love,  
Was precious as our own —  
Have found an early resting place,  
Uncoffined and unknown ;  
While o'er a million nameless graves  
Our *Christian* feet shall press,  
Wife, son and sire shall mourn their dead —  
Ten hundred thousand less.

Ten hundred thousand less !  
What painful thoughts arise !  
It is a nation's bloody gift,  
The *Christian's* sacrifice ;  
But Oh, what death is in the cup  
Your *holy* hands have given !  
When woe attends the wail of woe,  
And both cry out to heaven ;  
Sweet childhood's stay and strength are gone,  
And left in loneliness,  
They count in tears, their household props —  
Ten hundred thousand less.

Ten hundred thousand less !  
What agony and woe,  
What anguish filled each martyr's breast,  
'T is well we may not know ;  
How, while the weary hours dragged on,  
They lay upon the field  
And cried to God for friends and home,  
Until the blood congealed ;  
They heard no voice of love to soothe,  
They felt no dear caress,  
They passed away, God gave them rest !  
Ten hundred thousand less.

Ten hundred thousand less !  
O, what shall pay the cost  
Of broken hearts and burdened forms,

Of blessings won and lost ;  
The poor in penury must pine,  
Their strength and hope are gone,  
Their feeble frame by want oppressed,  
Must toil and suffer on ;  
But justice is forever sure,  
And shall the wrong redress,  
That made a nation's manly forms  
Ten hundred thousand less.

---

## THE WINE CUP.

The wine cup is ruby with innocent gore,  
And from it is steaming the demon's hot breath ;  
It is full of the evils that mankind deplore,  
And armed with its terrible mission of death.

The sins of the fathers are lingering there,  
For a curse on the child, as the goblet he drains ;  
There are wailings of sorrow, and shrieks of despair,  
And the groans of the murdered and clanking of  
chains.

There are wearisome pleadings and verdicts for crime,  
There are prisons and dungeons and hearts filled  
with woe ;  
And the gallows that launches its victims from time,  
To the mercy above, from stern justice below.

There are burdensome taxes that cumber the soil,  
Assessed on the pittance that poverty earns ;  
There are cheeks that are hectic from hunger and toil,  
And the vile form once human, that decency spurns.

And both linked together, till death doth them part,  
'Tis the law that ordains them as husband and wife,  
And has furnished the means, that has broken the  
heart,  
Then refuses relief to the pris'ner for life.

Then we'll look nevermore on the wine when 't is red,  
But march to the conflict, its victims to save ;  
And we'll strike for the right, for which freedom hath  
bled,  
Till the banner of temp'rance in triumph shall wave.

## WATERTOWN GRAND BONDING FARCE.

A PIECE OF TRUE HISTORY — HOW A TOWN MISSED ITS OPPORTUNITIES, AND JEOPARDIZED ITS INTERESTS.

*A SATIRE — IN THREE PARTS.*

## PART FIRST — ACT I.

SCENE—In a back office in the Iron Block—Enter Managers and Characters of the Ring—The Head Center speaks while the Satellites revolve.

We've money, lands, and many goods in store,  
But we have met to con our prospects o'er,  
To see if measures we can still devise,  
By which in opulence we yet may rise.

*First Satellite :*

I have a scheme, may't please the Royal line,  
By which united, if we play it fine,  
And each sworn member shall to each prove true,  
The road seems easy to the end in view.  
Could we our destinies with Carthage join,  
And melt the rocks of Brown's tract into coin,  
And strip the bark from off the hemlock trees,  
And of wild honey rob the forest bees,  
And free of cost, steal lumber from John Brown,

And wood and coal make cheap in Watertown ;  
At least, could we but make the people think  
That all they have and wear, and eat and drink  
Will sink in price, while upward each estate  
Will rise in value at an equal rate —  
We can with ease enabling acts procure,  
To tax the homesteads of the rich and poor ;  
And then by rail we'll scale the highest rocks,  
That frown above Black River's hundred locks.  
The screaming whistle and the wolf and owl,  
Shall tune their music to the wind's low howl,  
The horns shall leave the deer in their affright,  
And all the forest *game* shall turn to white ;  
Perfumes of *gum* shall e'en to Sackets reach,  
And lay their off'ring on her favored beach ;  
And man do little but to count his gains,  
His pockets filled, he's little need of brains ;  
In this the scripture is fulfilled at last,  
That through the land a highway shall be cast.  
How fleeting all things are in human range !  
Where all seemed stable, men now look for *change* ;  
And e'en the day of all the week the best,  
Will soon be changed, and all on Monday rest ;  
The star of destiny shall lead the way,  
Straight through John Brown's tract, and its beasts of  
prey ;  
Of her tall pines, shall whisky casks be made,  
Sawyers and coopers profit by the trade ;  
Her foulest bogs shall yield a sweet perfume,



And on their verge, the smiling flowers shall bloom.  
What golden visions flit before the eye,  
What solid contracts in prospective lie !  
What rolls of greenbacks drop into our urn,  
As double profits on each day's return.  
With laws enacted to protect the ring,  
They all agree they've struck a splendid thing.  
So they proceed straightway to frame a law,  
By which the victims shall their purses draw,  
Guarded in each paragraph and line,  
As 't was agreed, "we're bound to play it fine ;"  
The people treated but as senseless blocks,  
The ring to vote and represent the stocks.  
The town three hundred thousand dollars pay,  
Without a future vote or word to say ;  
You pay your money and can see the show,  
But to the managers the profits go.  
A splendid thing ; we've struck a splendid thing ;  
Cry all the members of the royal ring.  
They stood ; this mutual admiration clique,  
As firm as granite 'neath its walls of brick.  
With their head center for a working tool,  
Committees they could spurn or over-rule,  
Control appointments of the Empire State,  
And fill the offices both small and great ;  
To their file-leader need but say the word,  
And not a foe was ever seen or *heard*.  
Could they not bond ! 't was what they'd sworn to do,  
And "by the eternal, should the scheme go through."

## ACT II.

SCENE—Two men in a Woodshed.

*Bonder :*

“ My friend, this signature will cost you naught,  
'Tis but your name, a Railroad cheaply bought,  
In value it will double your estate,  
Reduce expenditure at the same rate,  
'T will make you rich without your will or pains,  
Sign, man, if you've a thimble-full of brains.”

*Tax-payer :*

“ O yes, I'll sign, if this is as you say,  
But would not, if more taxes I must pay.”

—*Signs.*

## ACT III.

SCENE—A Widow's Cottage.

*Bonder :*

Good woman, I have called for your consent  
To bond the town ; 't will be but money lent,  
To be returned with interest three-fold,  
And be a fortune as you're growing old.  
You see the names of all the business men ;  
And women sign it, one to every ten.

*Widow :*

It may be so, I fail to see the point,  
'T would seem there's something sadly out of joint.

For business men this project may be wise,  
Why not they pay, then, for the glittering prize ;  
Why such a laboring burdened soul as I,  
Be forced a luxury like this to buy.  
They may be true, the honeyed words you say,  
But I have reasoned it another way ;  
I need no railroads in my poor assets,  
I only toil to feed my darling pets,  
From morn till night, e'en into midnight hours,  
I ply the stitch with my poor feeble powers,  
With just a pittance yearly to maintain  
These little ones, and make a little gain  
To pay the taxes, that are sure as fate,  
Remove incumbrance from my small estate ;  
A thousand dollars this poor home's assessed,  
Three-fourths is paid for, and I owe the rest ;  
And now two hundred forty more you'd claim  
In strength and sinew from this wasting frame.  
Thus ye would tax the widow's scanty store,  
And tax the widow's orphans out of door ;  
Would with your laws the burdened poor oppress,  
Give them but taxes in their deep distress,  
That ye may further wild and fancied schemes,  
That may be baseless as Utopia's dreams.  
And are ye men that would with numbers smite  
Defenceless orphans, take the widow's mite ?  
Ye may have power to burden me and mine,  
Yes, ye may bond me, but I'll never sign.

—*Exit Bonder.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE—Retired Old Gent's Parlor.

*Bonder :*

Good morning, neighbor, I have come to ask  
Your honor to perform a pleasing task  
Of signing, (and I should have called before,)  
To bond the town three hundred thousand more.

*Retired Gent :*

Yes, let me see, I live on my returns,  
Seven per cent. is all my money earns ;  
And with the taxes now upon me laid,  
No other income, property or trade,  
I barely make the years come round and meet,  
Curtailing what I wear and drink and eat ;  
For taxes, two per cent. off, leaves it five.  
And now, sir, tell me how I'll better thrive  
By taxing off another, leaving four,  
And I'll your paper sign, and say no more.

He takes his exit, and reports the clique,  
There's one old foggy, he has failed to stick.

## ACT V.

SCENE—The Street.

“Look here, old friend, here's something you will like,  
Your name right here will add another spike,  
And help to fasten down the railroad track—

I mean the Carthage railroad, up and back ;  
A mere petition for the right of way,  
Just sign right here, you 'll nothing have to pay."

He signs, of course, nor fails the point to see,  
He's no old petrification, no, not he.

And now comes the unequal tug of war :  
Two parties rise who stand, against and for ;  
To pack'd committees they submit their law,  
And, using their head center for a paw,  
Manipulate the members at their will.  
The ring revolves ; the star shines brighter still.  
Remonstrances pour in, but what care they,  
In pigeon-holes they're safely laid away,  
And never more are bound to see the light ;  
And so the Senate pass the bill at sight.  
A smile of triumph lights the center's brow,  
Revolving satellites renew their vow,  
Towards the lower house the lines advance,  
But here the battle seems more left to chance ;  
An anti-bonder, nothing else to do,  
Stands single handed firing at the crew ;  
And full four weeks he kept the pack at bay,  
And squarely beat them on the voting day ;  
The votes were counted, satellites looked green,  
The bill rejected, lost by seventeen ;  
And then to caucus, something must be done,  
Or at the start the bonding race is run.  
And so the wise ones of each party clique,

Their honest heads for once together stick,  
Mixed up a dose called party antidote,  
And next day passed it by a party vote.

Now rise ye waiting hosts of liberty !  
The day is won, proclaim the jubilee !  
Ye mountains sink, ye sleeping valleys rise,  
And grade the track to lay the railroad ties !  
Be just, and credit to the Royal clan  
This outrage on the vested rights of man.

But hold ! a change comes o'er the golden dream,  
The railroad engine falls to leaking steam,  
For come to read the legal parchment o'er,  
They find the plaster smaller than the sore ;  
Their motto once : " Do little and go through,"  
Is changed, to wit : " A little more to do."

And these consents obtained by time and cost,  
A new edition of Love's Labor Lost.  
They now go back to where they first begun,  
And count the signatures from number one,  
The lengthening columns tedious and slow,  
Make day by day, encroachments on the foe.

The sun and moon, however, held their way,  
No miracle to lengthen out the day ;  
One star tried hard to shed a little light,  
To lead the blund'ring marauders aright.  
And through the year the weary, weary tramp

Was heard, within, and to and from the camp.  
And one by one, each straggler would they chase,  
And conquer daily, without change of base.  
Upon the street, and in the shed or shop,  
They'd draw a bead and see the victim drop.  
Three years to fight, and half in sixty-eight,  
Count as majority at close of date.  
Things called that are not, just as though they were,  
And being scriptural, of course 't was fair.  
At last 't was claimed the foe had met defeat,  
In other words, the signing was complete ;  
The names recorded and the witness sworn,  
The bonders triumph ; let the people mourn.

But some seem born beneath unlucky stars,  
And so mishaps may follow railroad cars;  
Especially the cars that are not made,  
And running on a track that is not laid.  
But all such smashups do but little harm,  
Except to frighten with a false alarm ;  
But in this scene the ones who met affright,  
Were those who claimed they'd conquered in the fight.  
"The schemes of mice and men, gang aft a'gle,"  
And bonded towns have ways of getting free ;  
And so these bonders felt a heavy paw  
Come down upon them, from a limb of law.  
Upon three counts the indictment's made to stick,  
Each one would hold them tighter than a brick ;  
One was the passing of a gen'ral law,  
This act annulling — an unlooked for flaw ;

The next count was the cutting up the town,  
To make a city for Recorder Brown —  
Or some one else, who had an ax to grind,—  
Nobody knew it till the bill was signed.  
By this, six towns somehow together mix,  
And make the law for bonding "good for nix."  
The next was quite a little flaw indeed,  
It made the carwheels somehow slack their speed,  
They'd not quite names enough, and some they had  
Being quite illegal, made the thing look bad.  
The referees appointed by the Court,  
Sustained this count in a complete report.  
The wheels are blocked, the engineers all stare,  
Men standing round, do little but to swear ;  
Some search for scripture, find the false seer right,  
That white was always black, and black was white.  
In reck'ning time, some like the *old style* best,  
And pitch on *Sunday* as a day of rest.  
The choicest flowers that bloom along the track,  
Somehow their very pleasant odors lack.

As far as heard from, things were looking dark,  
The prospects small for getting gum and bark.  
Just at this point a satellite revolved,  
And by its light they saw the problem solved ;  
They sought again their faithful guiding star,  
And saw in prospect grand the moving car.

From Sackets' shore a thrilling voice was heard :  
"Look to your star, 't is your prophetic word.



In vain Ontario's waters lash the shore,  
In vain the boatman plies the lab'ring oar,  
In vain our ship-house looms up in the light,  
A rookery for bats and owls at night,  
In vain our three cent ferry to and fro,  
Few Pinckney boys will come to see the show,  
Our anchors, cannons, balls and mortars gone,  
And all remaining jewels left in pawn;  
In vain the goal we hope and strive to reach,  
Then rest the track upon our favored beach."

"The beach, the beach," the royal ring reply,  
Croghan and Pinckney echo back the cry.  
The star shines bright the beach is all aglow,  
That it can aid the ship-house and the show;  
In other words, the oracle looked wondrous wise,  
And said, a contract let for railroad ties;  
And while the men are hauling out the logs,  
Seek out the men who pay a tax on dogs!  
The raid at once commence on each canine,  
And kill the curs or make their masters sign!  
These names recorded, by the witness proved,  
Then the injunction you may get removed.

So in pursuance of this wondrous plan,  
The dogs were tracked and sought out *to a man*.  
And many signed, (at least their masters did),  
While others howling left the streets and hid.  
While to the scheme some lent a friendly paw,  
Their head (they've brains) was tinkering at the law

To give the town of Watertown relief,  
That *is*, to save it from the lawyer's brief.

There is a destiny that shapes our ends,  
And each misfortune always brings its friends,  
And each calamity so close a brother,  
That when one finds you, you will find the other ;  
And so it seems that in this bonding muddle,  
The first obstruction seemed a little puddle,  
And then whole brooks before them seemed to rise,  
And spite of contracts for the railroad ties,  
In spite of dog tax, legislative laws,  
Fatality awaits their wicked cause.  
From little brooks will seas of trouble rise,  
That heave dark billows o'er the golden prize.  
In a bad cause men oft-times will prove true,  
And though defeated, will the fight renew.  
The angry flood oft man to ruin hurls,  
But nothing daunted, some will dive for pearls.  
And when men in their greed for worldly gain,  
Contract a railroad on a feeble brain,  
The precious prize they find it hard to yield,  
And even die like robbers on the field.  
So at our pockets one more tug they make,  
And on us ply the legislative brake.  
A law is passed o'erriding all the courts,  
Ignoring former statutes and reports,  
By which the royal ring shall have its way,  
Whate'er the courts decide, or people say ;  
Ignoring constitutions, vested rights,

That the head center and his satellites  
Shall for the people every problem solve,  
Move them like puppets at the word revolve.  
In this foul scheme, behold the party hacks  
Unite to fleece us, democrats and blacks.  
This law provides that other towns outside,  
Our city's chartered rights may over-ride,  
For twenty years, may take the scanty store  
Of honest labor from the poor man's door ;  
Firemen, Militia, who've no tax to pay,  
May vote their neighbor's hard-earned cash away.  
And clergymen, by law exempt from tax,  
May give consent to strip the orphans' backs ;  
And for the good of a poor widow's soul,  
Visit her yearly with th' assessment roll ;  
And this because by fair and legal voice,  
This law could never be the people's choice.  
Then fearing that some lawyer might go through it,  
Instruct the courts to "liberally construe it."  
And so the legislature shall pursue you,  
Just or unjust, the bonders shall go through you ;  
And yet the Senate and its honored head,  
Were well aware the bonding scheme was dead ;  
As late proceedings on the question show  
The town *unanimously* voted NO ;  
And if 't were left to those who pay the tax,  
The gum and honey scheme would melt like wax.  
O ! what a glorious boon is this of ours,  
To have around us, all these stars and flowers,

With such an air of freedom and perfume ;  
Excuse me, I would rather have Salt-Rheum.

But then we know the fashion is of late,  
To send down *little* MEN to legislate ;  
Then arm ourselves against their acts to fight,  
To save from jeopardy each vested right.  
They legislate for cliques and moneyed rings,  
And sink their subjects, and themselves make kings ;  
And yet they claim to love the people's cause,  
And bound to give them fair and equal laws.  
Against all special acts how they protest,  
The Democrats and Governor with the rest.  
The blacks, the plund'ring, thieving blacks, "O how  
They fleeced us ; but we're ruled by white men now."  
And how amusing now it is to see  
The parties on each plund'ring scheme agree.  
And then each one the other party brand,  
And offer reasons why it should be damned ;  
For truth in this, we give each witness credit,  
With small regard for the foul tongue that said it.

This bonding scheme we need not argue long,  
For *all* admit the principle is wrong ;  
But 't is *our* scheme, and that 's the reason why,  
The gen'ral rule in this case do n't apply.  
This very thing our dailies advocate,  
They call but plunder in the rest the State,  
And then give chapters to the youth, instruct  
In ways "*how Politics become Corrupt.*"

O, why will men with false and selfish zeal,  
Regardless of the general good and weal,  
Bend their whole efforts to the moneyed power,  
To build monopolies that must devour  
The cherished and inherent rights of men,  
Put on the chains and make them serfs again.  
But so it is; we put into the hands  
Of Capital, our chattels and our lands;  
The power thus yielded soon will concentrate;  
We see our folly, but alas! too late.  
A graceless sham, this cry "the people's voice,"  
'T is capital alone that has its choice.  
For liberty, the nation's blood was poured,  
And now we boast in liberty restored;  
Yes, 't is a liberty to delve and toil  
To lift the mortgage from our burdened soil;  
To feed the cormorants throughout the land,  
Who lord it o'er us with an iron hand,  
And pile new burdens on us day by day,  
Our glorious "boon of freedom" is to *pay*.  
We've far more danger from these moneyed cliques,  
Than all the schemes of party politics;  
For when these despots once the power obtain,  
The people never can their rights regain.

It may be grand the rocky heights to scale,  
From thence descend to Sackets on a rail;  
But this fine picture has another side:  
For, who draws up the sled while others ride?  
And fat contractors may their purses swell,

But how with those who nothing have to sell?  
Shall they be taxed, that lazy wealth may ride,  
And look down on them in its scornful pride?  
Shall poverty, to which come no returns,  
Be forced to feed it with the bread it earns?  
Ye serpents, back! and leave this price of toil,  
And seek some other victims for your coil!  
Or are you men? then play the manly part,  
And show that in you beats a human heart!  
If 't is a scheme that offers large return,  
How strange that Capital the fact can 't learn!  
So to the ring our homes must fall a prey,  
To lay the track to Sackets Harbor bay.  
O, why disturb the calm and peaceful lake?  
Why must the bats and owls from slumber wake?  
Why break the stillness with the thund'ring car,  
And drive the catfish out beyond the bar?  
Still let the rats pursue their devious ways,  
Around her ship-house and her rotten quays;  
But if the town believe 't will help it some  
To make her port a trading post for gum,  
Then let those who would profit by the trade,  
Give to the enterprise the needful aid,  
Nor rob the poor, who do not wish to *chaw*,  
Of their hard earnings, by an act of law.

O, Sackets Harbor, relic of the past,  
And has your day of triumph come at last?  
Ye 've walked by faith through deserts dark as night,  
And lived on memories of a bloody fight;

One spasm more may end the feeble strife,  
And galvanize your dry bones into life ;  
Put forth your efforts at whatever cost,  
And see 't is not another railroad lost.  
But up the valley, through each bonded town,  
Make straightway for the tract of old John Brown ;  
This done, sing praises to the royal ring,  
But don 't forget to thaw, out in the spring !  
For though you 're legislated rich by law,  
Yet know that much depends upon the thaw.  
But as no town is fairly bonded yet,  
This picture may not Sackets Harbor fit ;  
But still dream on, and never more awake,  
Until the car comes thund'ring to the lake ;  
Yet hold your commerce till the day of steam,  
And up the river drive your two horse team.

A time of retribution true as fate,  
Is some day coming to the Empire State !  
Her land with mortgages all covered o'er,  
The poor man taxed upon his scanty store,  
Our Legislature but a lobbied clan,  
Who war upon the sacred rights of man ;  
The fruits of labor freedom wrenched from kings,  
Are made the prey and spoil of cliques and rings.  
How long, deluded mortals, yet how long,  
Shall wealth deceive you with her siren song ;  
And day by day still closer draw the toils,  
And whet her beak to fatten on the spoils.  
Ye must arise in majesty and might,



And for your homes and sacred altars fight ;  
Hurl back defiance to the thieving pack,  
*And pay no Bonds to lay a Railroad track !*

## PART SECOND.

### PROGRESS OF THE SCHEME.

Although the injunction was by court sustained,  
And nothing of the bonding act remained,  
And every item of the law was void,  
By acts and blunders in the means employed ;  
Yet what are courts ! Of what avail are laws,  
When men unite to gain a selfish cause ?  
The car moves on its victims to devour,  
For who can stand before the moneyed power ?  
Though widows shriek, and orphan's cries implore,  
The car moves on as steady as before ;  
The Mammon-god relentless in his gains,  
Ascends the throne and in full triumph reigns.

The people ! Who are they, his power to dare !  
When in their folly once they've placed him there !  
*They* may relent in years of sweat and toil,  
While *he* may laugh and fatten on the spoil.  
*He* counts his gains in houses, store and lands,  
*They* count the taxes wrung from aching hands !  
While murdered freedom sends her haunting ghost,  
In place of liberty, the freeman's boast,



To mock with scorn the patriot's pretense,  
That in the people's voice is their defence.

What though the message of our worthy Chief,  
Who signed the bill to give the ring relief,  
Advises now to bond the towns no more —  
To steal the horse, and then to lock the door !  
Too late ! too late, the warning voice has come,  
The oracles' unheeded now are dumb.  
The tax goes up, while each estate goes down,  
Beneath the mortgage of a bonded town.  
Too late to listen to the warning voice,  
Slaves by consent, can have no power of choice !  
Dark is the day ! for freedom dark the hour,  
When freemen yield to arbitrary power.  
When industry must toil without returns,  
And eat in bitterness the bread it earns.

But to return where last we left the fight,  
The star all radiant in its liquid light,  
While hand to hand each worthy foeman strove,  
And hurled at each the thunderbolts of Jove.  
A war of words, where Kent and Blackstone rose,  
And bade defiance in rhetoric prose ;  
Gazing by star-light, it was plainly seen,  
“ No obstacle could ever come between  
“ An anxious people and their well-known choice,  
“ And bonding was the sovereign people's voice ;  
“ And if 't were wrong, it has so long been done, .  
“ Your honor, we can only let it run.”

Then rose another champion in the fight,  
His sword and shield were justice and the right :  
“ Let policy and precedent prevail,  
“ And truth go up with justice in the scale,  
“ And let the world because its sinned so long,  
“ Have license to continue in the wrong ;  
“ Then o’er the earth would wild confusion reign,  
“ And man go back to chaos once again.  
“ For human rights the laws of earth were made,  
“ They’re not for barter, plunder, sale or trade ;  
“ No moneyed power, no private clique or clan,  
“ Have leave to war upon the rights of man,  
“ And on pretense our commerce to sustain,  
“ Plunder one subject for another’s gain.”

The combat ceased, the victory was won,  
The court decided not “ to let it run.”  
On summing up, ’t was found the public mind  
Was not toward bonds so wonderf’ly inclined.  
Whether or no the cause was won or lost,  
The bonding clique were saddled with the cost.

The lawyer now makes out another brief,  
Dogs and exemptions come to his relief.  
New names are added to the *cur*-tailed list,  
And no consenting dog or man is missed.  
One might suppose the thing had run its race,  
As court decisions sometimes end a case ;  
But when the dogs are fairly on the track  
To game and booty, there’s no turning back.

And so to make up all where they had lacked,  
Fall back upon their legislative act ;  
Where former rulings all are set aside,  
And jurisdiction of the court denied.  
The *ex post facto*, made of no avail,  
And vested rights all disappear by rail.  
New light upon our land has dawned at last !  
The age is right, except a little fast,  
And if the wrong do n't suit our purpose quite,  
We've but to legislate and make it right.  
If any freeman has a suit at law,  
And in his declaration finds a flaw ;  
Or if the case goes on — is fairly tried,  
Against him judge and jury shall decide,  
Though he be robber, arrant knave of thief,  
He's but to ask an "act to give relief" !  
And have the law so lib'rally construed,  
That such vile things as courts cannot intrude.  
These courts are always 'gainst the public good,  
Preventing men from doing what they would.  
But this fast age is turning things about,  
Then turn ye private pockets inside out ;  
Disgorge your contents, and let go the string ;  
For 't is the pleasure of the railroad ring !

But to return where last we left the clan,  
Searching to find another dog or man.  
These were obtained and added to the list,  
No hand was raised — no sacred book was kissed ;  
As in the act provided for relief,

Both signed and sanctioned by our worthy chief.  
So gath'ring up the new consents by guess,  
Ordered the board the taxes to assess !  
Then came a new injunction to restrain,  
And so the case was argued o'er again ;  
Then vacillation, and the court hung fire,  
Until at length a tap came on the wire.  
If read aright, the injunction was dissolved !  
And now once more the satellites revolved !  
Ye bonded crew, whether ye weep or laugh,  
Know that your homes are taxed by telegraph !  
No written cause, no order from the wires,  
No written verdict as the law requires.  
Just here the people as they'd right to do,  
Renewed the war upon the plund'ring crew.  
Against the board, new order to restrain,  
And then the case was argued o'er again ;  
And here the star shone brighter than before,  
It rose like Venus on the field of yore !  
Such light and glory on the field was shed,  
One might forget the dying and the dead ;  
And yet the splendor nothing new revealed,  
Except more men were needed on the field,  
And so they added, to complete the poll,  
A few new dogs and women to the roll !  
For 't were too bad to leave the list in doubt,  
After the toil of years to worm it out ;  
And after all this starlight, mist and fog,  
To lose the case for want of *one more dog*.

And in another light it may be viewed,  
"The law must liberally be construed!"  
And then a scheme so popular withal,  
To have it fail for want of means so small!  
"'T would give old fogies but a chance to croak,  
And all our schemes of progress end in smoke!"  
'T was quite amusing how they patch'd the law,  
To cover up each blunder and each flaw!  
With acts entitled to "amend an act,"  
For what are courts when cities must be sacked!  
'T is well enough for courts to sit and rise,  
And talk of law and justice, and look wise,  
But quite too oft are puppets moved at will,  
By those who 've money and a purse to fill!  
To gain success they advertise and blow,  
And each day change the nature of the show!  
You bring a case the court to entertain,  
And join the issue — everything is plain;  
And if you're beaten, then add something new,  
Change the whole issue, *muddle* and go through!  
If you're a clique and are with money flush,  
No citizen has rights you cannot crush.  
Such is the freedom of this boasted land;  
Such the defense the people can command!  
We're yielding up unconscious, day by day,  
Our chartered freedom to the beasts of prey;  
The wildest schemes of each despotic ring,  
We give our sanction, and *of progress sing*!  
And thus all o'er the land corruption reigns,  
And poverty shouts freedom in its chains!

But we go back to where we left the case,  
And to its close its history will trace ;  
The names were added, and new records made,  
And then the whole before the court was laid ;  
'Tis strange that judges who for judgment sit,  
Should seek for ways by which to dodge the pit.  
That evils are allowed to run so long,  
No court dare grapple with the pampered wrong !  
So in this legal farce, the points involved,  
By other courts have never yet been solved.  
And in this case, the points were laid away,  
And never yet have seen a judgment day !  
The judge, who for a term of years was hired  
To dispense justice, from the bench retired ;  
Why he should keep the papers half a year,  
And not decide, does not so plain appear.  
But 't is apparent that there is no hope,  
When men attempt with moneyed rings to cope.

And now dear people, we've a word for you :  
We've passed this bonding swindle in review,  
And seen how power despotic can bear sway,  
As freemen yield their dearest rights away !  
How men may play upon the public will,  
With promises they never can fulfill !  
And from the public yearly draw their gains,  
By robbing victims they have bound in chains !  
The higher freedom of this boasted land,  
Consists in what the people can command ;  
The right to speak by franchise year by year,

Lest power despotic might approach too near :  
And as this privilege to speak we yield,  
The despot triumphs — freedom leaves the field !  
We bind our limbs with fetters of our choice,  
And then to break or wear them have no voice !  
We weep in sorrow o'er fair freedom's graves,  
And curse the day our folly made us slaves !  
We vote our neighbor's hard earned gains away,  
And innocence to guilt must fall a prey !  
For both together must the tribute bring,  
To swell the pockets of the railroad ring !  
'T is said to be what public good requires,  
Then why not tax for telegraphic wires,  
For private mills that grind the people's bread,  
For churches, taverns, tax so much a head ;  
A gen'ral tax for every private trade,  
That indirectly gives the public aid.  
There is no right by which a town or state,  
Between these branches can discriminate.  
Then plunder homesteads to protect the whole,  
Or clear of plunder the assessment roll !  
Will ye be men, and yield your rights to none ?  
Or but machines, for demagogues to run !  
Review the past, and see what you have made,  
In the assessments you've already paid !  
Watch well the game, see where the money goes,  
Whether it gives you bread and meat and clothes ;  
Look to your conscience ; is that prompting you  
To tax yourselves, and bond your neighbor too ?



Are ye so wise, for others ye can choose,  
And force them into shemes when they refuse ;  
Is this your view of democratic rule ?  
Then freedom's war-horse has become a mule ;  
Our eagles that above the fight arose,  
A dirty nest of hungry carrion crows ;  
Our stars and stripes that waved o'er land and seas,  
Bunting for pirates, riddled in the breeze !  
And liberty — the goddess bathed in blood,  
That soared so queenly, now has stuck in mud !  
One after one, our sacred rights have gone,  
Until we've little left to vote upon.  
Our choice is only between candidates,  
Measures are fixed and counted with the fates !  
The blinded rabble still for freedom shout,  
While wire-pullers wire in and out ;  
They crack for us the nut of freedom well,  
But take the kernel and give back the shell !  
Thus one by one we've yielded rights away,  
Till o'er the land monopolies bear sway.  
Designing thieves are foisted into power,  
Corruption reigns and plunder rules the hour.  
Man has departed from the wise intent,  
Of taxes to support the government ;  
Protecting life and liberty and limb,  
From all oppression still protecting him —  
Protect his property, not steal his gains,  
Or suck the blood that runs through honest veins.  
There is no power to tax one cent away !



'Tis only plunder — name it what you may ;  
For what we pay our substance to protect,  
Brings back returns — loaned money in effect.  
If by this rule the ship of state we guide,  
Our freedom's safe, all politics aside ;  
And if too late to bring the ship to port,  
We'll try and anchor, may it please the court ;  
And when she's stranded, then we'll take in sail,  
And run her rotten cargo through by rail.

One more appeal and this shall end the strain :  
Shall all these facts and pleadings prove in vain ?  
Shall human rights go down beneath the power  
That lies in wait our substance to devour ?  
Is it in vain, the warning voice that comes  
From other states, from bankrupt towns and homes ?  
In vain that now their future fate is sealed,  
The bonding statutes all have been repealed ;  
In vain that aristocracy and pride,  
Through your consent in triumph o'er you ride ?  
There soon will be new schemes of plunder laid,  
Will ye have moral strength to say — "that's played" !  
When importuned, will ye stand up like men,  
Or give consent to bond your town again ?  
While o'er our rights defunct, we hold inquest,  
Our last advice is, try and save the rest.

## PART THIRD.

IN WHICH FORETHOUGHT PROVES AS TRUE AS AFTERTHOUGHT.

Four years have passed, and we our rhymes renew,  
And of new scenes take retrospective view :  
The suit that shall decide for woe or weal,  
Drags slowly on toward the last appeal ;  
Which shall for vested rights of man decide,  
Or *precedent* that shall his rights o'erride ;  
Or whether law our judges shall maintain,  
Or bonded wealth the victory shall gain !  
Whether for labor man shall reap returns,  
Or favored despots take the bread he earns !  
Whether his neighbors can his earnings take,  
In useless railroad stock investment make,  
All to enrich a private plundering brood,  
Under the plea : " All for the public good ! "  
But, to review this railroad enterprise,  
Through which to opulence whole towns must rise,  
Competing with the old established line,  
Tariffs and freights must wonderf'ly decline !  
Three hundred thousand was the offer made,  
For which the track should be to Carthage laid ;  
But no outsider could a hearing gain,  
For then the labors of the ring were vain ;  
And so they figured nearly twice the bid,  
And to their hands the famous contracts slid.  
The sum our city was assessed to pay,  
Was in this scheme completely thrown away,

For had the contract properly been let,  
Without *its* aid expenses had been met ;  
And stranger still, the books are kept from sight,  
The footings never yet have seen the light !  
Attorneys, self-appointed, take fat fees,  
Delinquent officers are left at ease,  
The road is leased to foreigners to run,  
With interests, of course, for number one ;  
Trade is diverted from its wonted course,  
While other towns receive the new resource ;  
The cars move forward and the first year ends,  
The ring report results : " no dividends ! "  
Meanwhile the old line offer to the ring,  
Four hundred thousand for the useless thing,  
Which they refuse ! here the town has lost,  
One-half its bonded debt the scheme has cost.  
These generous souls the work of love to crown,  
Pocket the proceeds of a swindled town.  
Each homestead burdened with the heavy load  
Of taxes wrung for this *competing road*,  
Sinks down in value as the taxes rise,  
That proves a dearth to every enterprise.  
Another proposition soon was made,  
To give new life and impetus to trade,  
The leasing party would give up their claim,  
The People's Line proposed to buy the same,  
Pay back stockholders full one-third they paid,  
And raise the mortgage on the road-bed laid,  
Then through the wilderness extend their lines,

And bring the products of the iron mines,  
To make the hammer and the anvil ring ;  
Along our shores new life to being spring,  
The road's machine shops soon to center here,  
And enterprise start on a new career.  
But by the ring this offer was refused,  
Because so much "The people were abused !"  
Then add as large a mortgage as before,  
To lay the track to lake Ontario's shore.  
Thus sank the stock forever out of sight,  
Thus sank the road, not worth a paper kite.  
And thus the ring have everything their way,  
And plundered towns have not a word to say.  
So much the people's interests they serve,  
From their first thought they're bound to never swerve.  
They'll be remembered while men live and die,  
The men who found somebody's freights were high,  
And placed a mortgage on each land estate,  
To bring the figures to a lower rate.  
Another thing will long remembered be,  
When all these schemes pass into history :  
That railroads built with old lines to compete,  
Soon find the warfare end in their defeat.

The cars move forward and we look in vain  
For tariffs cheap to bring us wealth and gain.  
And now the men who helped contrive the scheme  
Of less'ning freights by an increase of steam,  
Finding their plans have sadly come to grief,  
Petition Legislation for relief!

Set forth their grievances and memorial sign,  
To *force* cheap freights upon each railroad line;  
But all in vain ; instead of tariffs lower,  
The freights rise higher than they were before ;  
Increase of capital, without increase of freights  
To correspond, must call for higher rates ;  
And so this blaze of light proved but a moke,  
Where competition found its end in smoke.  
The cars are running, this is very clear,  
But with no dividends from year to year.  
Three hundred thousand mortgage on the road,  
It has no earnings that can lift the load ;  
Under the sheriff's hammer it must pass,  
And Sackets Harbor end must "go to grass."  
'T will never sell to meet these first demands,  
Some day the line will have it on its hands,  
'Gainst whom the bonders offered fierce menace,  
Now glad to favor any change of base.  
You've seen your folly, but alas ! too late,  
Now pay your taxes and submit to fate.

The Sackets Harbor branch demands a word ;  
'Tis true the whistle 'long its track is heard,  
Semi-occasion'ly a train a day,  
Runs o'er the grade, with passengers each way.  
It makes excursions to and from the lake,  
Is great on picnics for the peoples' sake.  
An institution running by itself,  
"To benefit the people, not for pelf!"  
But not with steadiness and power of steam,

To stay the progress of the two-horse team.  
'Tis true in winter it may fail to draw,  
But in the spring 't will start up with the thaw.  
It has resources purely of its own,  
Such as no other line has ever known.  
It gets up races with base ball combined,  
And other sports to benefit mankind !  
'Tis true no freights are found within its port,  
But Sackets Harbor *is* a place for sport.  
And though in winter every thing congeals,  
And o'er the landscape deadly stillness steals,  
Yet history has given her renown,  
She's now a sample of a bonded town.  
Her classic name shall be to memory dear,  
When track and rail again shall disappear ;  
And old Ontario shall roll her tide,  
And laden crafts majestic by her ride,  
Or when they're rudely driven to her shore,  
She'll keep them safely till the storm is o'er.  
We thus have passed the record in review,  
And to the life have drawn the picture true.

A brief review of the historic page,  
And then we drop the curtain o'er the stage.  
Time was when all along this northern clime,  
(We here throw in a line to make the rhyme),  
From lake to mountain stillness filled the air,  
And trade and commerce languished everywhere.  
Prices were dull ; the farmer tilled the soil,  
With small returns to compensate his toil ;

No enterprise in village, town or mart,  
The drudging wagon or the creaking cart  
Along the heavy turnpike road were heard,  
As is the sluggish lake by raftsmen stirred.  
And art and science made no claim or show,  
Intelligence as grain, was quoted low ;  
Society propelled by only two horse power,  
And thought and action moved four miles an hour.  
At length a sound the painful stillness broke,  
As though some god new life to being spoke.  
New light is made upon the scene to shine,  
It is the head-light of the railroad line.  
The lightning train through town and village breaks,  
And threads the peaceful valley of the lakes.  
Its goods of commerce east and west are hurled,  
And bring the market prices of the world.  
This thoroughfare, the grand old "people's line,"  
Came of itself, no town was asked to sign ;  
Some took the stock, some contributions made,  
And capital came forth and lent its aid.  
It was the outgrowth of man's wants and needs,  
And not a draft upon his title deeds.  
'T was all the peaceful valley could require,  
Another line could not make products higher ;  
And all the wants the power of steam can meet,  
The people had when this line was complete.  
It gave new vigor and a life to trade,  
And mortgages on lands and debts were paid ;  
And taxes ranged down at so low a rate,



'T was but a pleasure to assist the State.  
With small beginnings, but with prospects good,  
The cars moved on and did the best they could ;  
Far below par the stock was seen to fall,  
The freights were light and dividends were small.  
But as men's hearts with new ambition fire,  
The freights increase and stock is ranging higher.  
At length at par the waiting figures stand,  
And stock investments fair returns command.  
Just at this point, when hearts with joy should leap,  
That those who 've sown at length a harvest reap,  
And that the line had struggled through the past,  
And worked its way to fair success at last,  
A restless few, who 'd selfish ends to gain,  
Now first began to murmur and complain.  
They made the people think they were abused ;  
In freights too high were swindled of their dues.  
That this was but a thieving, plund'ring clan,  
And here the labors of the clique began.  
With honeyed words they gained the people's ear,  
With that eternal din—"freights are too dear !"  
O how they dearly loved the brotherhood !  
And how they'd sacrifice to do them good !  
But give them money and they'd spring a mine,  
And make dread havoc with the "people's line."  
Begin with taxing it — assigns and heirs,  
To help to build a road to use up theirs.  
How they succeeded we before have shown,  
In cheating towns, that now with taxes groan !



How they have failed in every promise made,  
With burdens crippled enterprise and trade,  
And how the towns the people's line had blessed,  
Are robbed of blessings that they once possessed.  
Still in the people's line our strength shall be,  
No petty scheme can mar its destiny ;  
It is alone through this great enterprise,  
These crippled towns shall from their bondage rise.  
She's stretching forth her giant arms of steel,  
And distant lands e'en now her blessings feel.  
Along Ontario's shore and past the Fall,  
Lake Erie's keels shall answer to her call.  
The northern line of travel it shall be,  
On the great thoroughfare from sea to sea.  
It shall our carrying trade and commerce swell,  
A grateful people should sustain it well.  
Should list no more to selfish cliques and rings,  
Nor smite the hand that countless blessings brings.

And now kind reader, I've a word for you ;  
This bonding swindle we have waded through ;  
Among a thousand 't is one case in hand,  
Of dire disaster brooding o'er the land.  
And though our errors seem too late to mend,  
This bonding scheme at last has found an end.  
But still new schemes to tax your gains away,  
Are being laid by sharpers day by day.  
And should the lines here written 'wake new thought,  
On modern railroad whistles, dearly bought,

Or help along true progress and reform,  
It is enough ; and as the heart beats warm  
For human rights — and still to justice true,  
We bid the actors and the theme adieu !

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### PLAGIARISM.

SIRS EDITORS:—As an Author, it is but justice to myself to call the attention of the public to the following instance of literary theft :

*I* am the author of that poem entitled “Patrick Spare that Post.” It was written on the occasion of the removal of certain lamp-posts from the streets of a certain village, where they had been placed in order to pacify the citizens, who had considered it an outrage that they should be taxed to supply other portions of the town with gas. It seems the poem had some merits and one Morris, who at present claims to be the editor of a paper in New York, it appears has written a parody on these lines, which is passing in community as original, entitled “Woodman Spare that Tree.” I am somewhat puzzled, however, that his dates are a little before mine: but that is of little consequence. This wood-chopping poetry represents a man, sometimes with an ax, sometimes with a pick-ax, driving away promiscuously at the boughs and roots of an old oak tree. There is so little system about the affair, that the author appears like any other

affrighted thief who expects to be detected. I shall publish the poem entire, in order that the public may judge of the merits of the case. The lines are as follows :

Patrick, spare that post !  
 Cut not a single stroke,  
 'T would raise the insulted ghost,  
 Of many an injured soak ;

Our city fathers' hand  
 Hath placed it on the spot,  
 Then, Patrick, let it stand,  
 To guide the trembling sot.

That old familiar post,  
 The honor of our town !  
 Our corporation's boast ;  
 And would you cut it down ?

Patrick, forbear thy spade,  
 Cut not its earth-bound ties,  
 Lest many a reeling shade,  
 Would from its ruins rise.

Many an idle boy  
 Of thee a target made,  
 And treated as a toy  
 The lantern on thee laid ;

The drunkard sought thee here,  
And pressed thee with his hand,  
To him thy aid was dear,  
When he could hardly stand ;

Our memories to thee cling,  
Thou post of high renown,  
Still luminously bring  
The light into our town.

Old post ! the storm still brave,  
And Patrick, leave the spot !  
And may'st thou never cave,  
Thou post for which we 've fought.

FAIR PLAY.

## WOMAN TO THE RESCUE.

To the rescue, O woman, and make no delay  
But be ready with buckler, and banner and shield,  
For the midnight is past and ere dawning of day,  
Will the cohorts of death be contesting the field.

They are coming from valley, from mountain and  
glen,  
With the shrieks of wild demons against our re-  
form;  
And their shouts on the ears of brave women and  
men,  
Are the booming of thunder that heralds the storm.

But with God and the right shall our legions prevail,  
Sure as justice awakes from her ages of sleep,  
Sure as infinite mercy on earth cannot fail,  
And love o'er the sorrowing, vigils shall keep.

There are prayers and entreaties to strengthen your  
hands,  
And hearts sore and wounded that ask for relief,  
There's a voice from the temple of truth that com-  
mands,  
And the prize to be won is the solace of grief.

Then, on ! and the conflict of ages renew,  
Till the black flag of tyrants demolished shall fall,  
Till the mission is ended, entrusted to you,  
And the banner of temperance waves over all.

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### CONJUGALITY.

Linked by friendships pure and holy,  
Bound by loves that cannot die,  
Cherished here and nurtured only  
As our heaven bye and bye.

## INGRATITUDE.

Of all the sins that curse the race,  
Whose sting we feel the keenest,  
And tries a patient Christian's grace,  
Ingratitude's the meanest !

The man may take my paltry gain,  
He raises but my choler ;  
A little toil of hand or brain  
Will soon replace the dollar ;

But when deceit in human form  
Makes shelter of our kindness  
To shield it from some gathering storm,  
Then smites us in our blindness ;

When in the garb of truth and love,  
The villain finds protection,  
And where we think we've got the dove,  
A serpent's in connexion ;

When friendship proves a base pretense,  
A hypocrite's devotion,  
And on our ruin would commence  
To rear its own promotion ;

When lost to every sense of shame,  
All smiling to our faces,  
They'd scandalize and blast our name,  
And drive us from our places ;

And when we've led them from the mire,  
Would mire the guide that led them,  
And with the zeal of hellish fire,  
Strike at the hand that fed them—

'Tis then we feel the cruel wrong,  
Our faith in good near blighted,  
When Charity, which "suffers long,"  
Thus wrongfully's requited.

But dogs will bark, and owls will hoot,  
They've always barked and hooted ;  
Then let them bark, and hoot, and root,  
I'd rather be the rooted.

WRITTEN WHILE CROSSING LAKE CHAMPLAIN,

After four months' sickness in Burlington, Vermont, 1843.

Adieu, thou fair land that our fathers defended ;  
Thou land of the stranger, and patriot's pride !  
While the surges' loud roar  
Peals thy granite bound shore,  
May the blessings ye've won, with your glory be  
blended,  
While genius and commerce are borne on the tide.

Adieu, ye huge pyres, time-honored and hoary,  
Whose lofty bright summits o'ershadow the main ;  
Famed deeds long you'll tell  
Of the heroes that fell,  
Or returned from the conflict enshrouded with glory,  
Achieved on the bosom of lovely Champlain.

Adieu, thou far-famed and beautiful villa,  
Whose domes gleam like pearls in the light of the  
sun ;  
While the green grass shall wave  
O'er thy loved Allen's grave,  
Each lover of country and freedom shall woo thee,  
Thou pride of the mariner—famed Burlington !



## THE DEATH OF HORACE GREELEY.

A great and good man has fallen ! and far be it from us to speak of his faults or weak points of character, for we believe in our heart that he had fewer of these than any man living, occupying the same field of labor with him. We would take the simple narrative of his great and eventful life, unencumbered by the criticisms of opponents, or of those whose minds have not been disciplined to the same realm of thought with his, and are unable to comprehend his motives to action, or to solve the mighty problems of ethics, that were within the grasp and under the control of his intellect. We feel more like setting that life and that example before the rising generations to be emulated in its various departments, contented if the world shall be baptized in its spirit, receive the sanction of its sublime virtues ; and we would be ready to excuse its faults if they were no more than his.

And yet from a want of appreciation of the true principles of progress, or the benign impulses of pure philanthropy, we feel that the world will fail to do him justice. A great mind can only be understood by men of thought, only appreciated by those whose minds

from a heartfelt devotion are directed in the same channels.

Mr. Greeley was born with the elements of a large and sympathetic nature, and his thoughts naturally expanded into the sublime ideals of universal benevolence ; the highest good of the race was the goal of his aspiration.

And this he would attain through a series of reforms, commencing with small beginnings and gradually, through every department, infusing a better spirit and higher aim of life. Toward this accomplishment he was not satisfied with the means employed by the world. Of the righteousness of the object he had no doubt, and here he was consistent in every great idea that he advocated ; many of his life objects have been accomplished and the rest are to-day in process of attainment. But the means to those ends were ever open to free thought and discussion, for in this field he believed in the largest liberty. He published in his *Tribune* the different theories of different thinkers on social and moral questions, believing that a fair discussion would in the end elicit truth ; and he took no responsibility of other men's thoughts, but after a fair discussion or a fair trial, he expressed decidedly his own opinion on the merits of the different theories, pronouncing either for or against. Right here is where he has been misrepresented, called fickle and vacillating. From these charges no man living is more exempt.

Emerson says: "Consistency is the bugbear of little minds." Some of these "little minds," not comprehending the great thoughts of the philosopher, have accused him of inconsistency. If adherence to the new thought when the old was discovered to be wrong is inconsistency, then the charge is true, and such *consistency* would rob the world of all progress and truth, and of all its revealments. But here we pause, conscious that the world will appreciate, as it comes to understand the aims and the deeds of that great and good life; and it is in the far distance when it will have arrived at the plane, where, from that great and noble heart, the words of love and wisdom gushed forth to bless mankind. We bow in veneration before the great worker and his work. He lived to see in prospect the consummation of the reforms so near his heart, and died in the battle for a just cause. He will be appreciated when humanity has so far progressed as to reach the boundaries of his great field of research. His dust will be the nation's consecrated ground. His spirit is free in the land where his motives are known. The spirit of his genius shall live and mould the institutions of the nation, and his great name be sacred in every land, where his *Tribune*, the defender of the people, has carried his benediction. Rest, patriot, philanthropist, statesman, sage, from the weary life of toil; rest from the base calumny of those who knew not what they did. Thine was not the heart to return railing for railing, but to melt the

heart of enmity with forgiveness and love. As the people in the wilderness looked upon the healing serpent and lived, so shall this nation look toward thee in thy pilgrimage of love, when multitudes hung upon thy words of universal amnesty, of local rights and equal blessings; it shall be the spell of the coming generations, and they shall heed the voice and live. Fair daughters of a noble parentage, we mourn with you; with you we grieve over the loss of a counselor, and a love that was truly paternal. We draw near to you in your loneliness, and we feel the weight of a great sorrow. We tread with you the silent halls made desolate by paternal absence. They are gone; but something yet remains: the voices of the departed speak to you in the examples of lives devoted to the cause of justice and the right. The good is not entombed. The great benevolence sleeps not, and to the spirit there is no death. Here rest our souls in communion with sacred memories, until freed spirits meet in the communion of the great hereafter.

## ESSAY.

### NATURAL EVIDENCES OF IMMORTALITY.

Science has hitherto dealt in externals. Its field of exploration has been in the realm of objects seen and handled, rather than in the occult forces that underlie all changing forms, that constitute the real substance of things.

True, it has broken the seals of the closed volume of nature, interpreted the language written upon its rocky pages, made the buried centuries and epochs speak to us of the history of the creation of the world, by the laws of progress and evolution, through the ascending series of development, from the diffused nebula of space up to solid earth.

It has traced the history of animal life through the succession of races, one arising above the other in the grand scale of being, from the molusc up to man. And here, with man standing before us in majestic proportions, the stamp of the Divinity upon his brow, science with its scalpel and its lens, with its chemical laboratory, its hammer and its sledge, its implements of mechanics and arts, stands mute and gazing in wonder, as though its work had culminated, or the object of its search

had eluded its grasp, and retired to a realm that material philosophy cannot explore.

But with this silence the human mind is not content. It seeks a new philosophy to engraft upon the old. It will not admit that science has exhausted its resources on the lower orders of animal life, with nothing to indicate, touching the object of this last and highest in the scale of being. The question arises what is next? And science and philosophy are pressed for the answer. For if all there is of man is destined to annihilation, with the dissolution of the outward form, the science of things must demonstrate it. And if it is in the nature of man to survive the body, and live on, that fact is in accordance with law; and through the laws of nature that surround us, and the laws that govern man himself, that truth can be demonstrated, as we learn the nature of any mechanism by a study of the mechanism itself.

Two questions have arisen in the minds of these formal philosophers and each has been answered in the affirmative, by the different theorists. Is man the last link in the chain of progress? or is there to be another race of beings on earth, to supersede man, as much superior to him as man is superior to the animals below him?

In opposition to both these theories, our position is, that from this point, progress enters the more subtle realm of being, and man alone as a *spirit* becomes its

eternal recipient. Our subject, then, is the *Natural Evidences of the Immortality of Man*.

By man, we mean the inhabitant of this human form, or that mysterious something, possessing the attributes of consciousness, love, wisdom and power, rounded up in equipoise with each other, into the perfection of manhood. Possessing the same qualities that characterize the interior forces and essences of the universe, and in harmony with these forces, and acting on and through an outward form.

And we have to acknowledge in the start, that we are dealing with subtle mysteries; but they are mysteries that are grand and sublime, and no less a fact because of their mysteriousness, than the universe itself is a fact, though mysterious. That life and consciousness should exist in any form is *the* great mystery; and it is no more mysterious that it should exist in and act upon an attenuated body, made up of materials and forces unseen by the outward vision, than that it should exist in and act upon these gross and ponderable bodies. With the mysteries of the telegraph, operated by the unseen forces of nature, before us, and with mystery pervading everything in nature, though ever so familiar to us, we need not doubt of a spiritual existence, because of its mysteriousness!

We start, then, with the proposition, that notwithstanding we cannot solve the great enigma of the universe, or of the smallest atom that floats in space, yet there is method and design in all the operations of na-



ture, whether it be in the evolution of worlds, the revolving of systems, the flashing of suns, the gathering of a dew-drop, or the fashioning of a flower ; whether it be in the grand manifestations of the infinite intelligence, or waking from embryo into being the smallest insect we crush beneath our feet, one law of cause and effect pervades the whole. There is nothing left to the caprice of wild chance, but a stability and a purpose run through all the myriad changes of nature, and there is nothing that comes within the range of our senses, but is the effect of some cause, and is or will be the cause of some effect. And we notice one fact : that apparently small causes many times produce great effects ; but great causes are not projected to the end of producing small effects, as an ultimate object. That there is a wisdom, an intelligence, a benevolence, and a power in the universe around us, that acts persistently and methodically, and with certainty, for the accomplishment of certain ends, no one will dispute ; and we cannot imagine that such a combination of infinite elements *could* act without a sublime method and a mighty purpose. Neither can we suppose that these essences that govern and rule in the boundless realms of universe on universe, have any more limit in duration than in space. Though the mighty idea of God, the mode of his being, the extent of his habitation, are at once unthinkable, yet we cannot imagine a time when infinite power sprang into being ; when infinite love first directed its mighty



arm, and when infinite wisdom and intelligence drew the first chart of creation.

Here, then, we have to acknowledge, in the outset, that there is such a thing in the universe as immortality, or an endless existence of that which constitutes all we know of life in its highest conceivable forms. Or, in other words, that which constitutes the life of finite beings, existed in the infinite ; and as the idea of its having limits in duration is unthinkable, we arrive near enough to the fact of an existing immortality, for the purpose of the argument. And starting with the fact that there is such a thing as immortality, or an endless existence of those divine attributes of love, wisdom, and power, the *possibility* of man's immortality is also established. For if such a thing as an immortal existence was not made apparent in any department in nature, we acknowledge we should have no analogy or data to reason from in favor of the immortality of man.

But the fossils from the granite tombs of the myriad ages past, reveal the same principles of creative power, wisdom and benevolence, that now watch over the cradle of humanity, and fan the brow radiant with the smiles of God's own image. And backward through the history of the rocks, until they melt away in the liquid stream of molten fire, and back from thence until they are dispersed through the mighty void, in atoms that by the law of evolution are aggregated in nebulous form, and perchance thence back to a period

when they formed a previous globe to this — through all these changes, from the attenuated to the gross, and from the gross to the attenuated — the path of law and order is marked by the foot-prints of the infinite Mind.

Then again we say immortality is a fixed fact, and made possible to man. The very fact of changing forms in nature, demonstrates that back of all outward forms there is that which is *immutable* and unchangeable, nothing fortuitous, for all these changes are the effect of cause, and are in accordance with immutable and unchanging law. Admitting then, such an unchanging power, wisdom and benevolence, (and it is an axiom), what would be naturally the design of such a being in the momentous event of creating from the vast field of nebula, such a world as this, teeming with life and motion? Here let us reflect. Was it launched in space simply as a plaything, without any definite object in view? Had Deity an infinite curiosity to gratify, or any doubt of results, that called for the trying of a doubtful experiment? Was it to awaken hopes and desires never to be gratified? The universal law of adaptation, of want and supply, the one commensurate with the other answer, no! The creation of a world by the grand processes of law and evolution, must have for its end, an object worthy of the momentous cause and worthy of the mighty creator. It is argued by some that there is no real progress in the world; that everything runs in a circle; that the

law of evolution, as science demonstrates, has from nebula produced the earth as it now is; that through the multitudinous races of life, from the monad up to man, man himself is evolved; which is scientifically true, whether we adopt the Darwinian theory, or the perfection of each race within itself, the higher succeeding the lower.

But then, it is said that the dissolution of one race is food for the other, and as the body in its dissolution furnishes materials for other bodies, so, reasoning from analogy, the soul or interior life of each organism becomes also diffused, and goes to make up the soul or interior life of other organisms. Now all this, in one direction, may be true. It is doubtless true, that in order to produce a higher race, exteriorly and interiorly, it needs the material that has been refined for its use by the races below. But there is no going backward! for it does not need the higher to produce the lower; for the lower is certainly produced without the higher. The races below man, existed in profusion before man was projected upon the plane of being? They did not need him as a fountain of supply. The sources of animal life were abundant and sufficient without him, before he was born. This then was not the grand object of man's creation, viz: the accomplishment of what already existed without him. Hence this treadmill theory of going the rounds, has no fact in nature to support it. The progress is upward, and there is no law of necessity or of occasion

by which it can possibly retrace its steps. True it was necessary in the production of man that through all the races, from the lower to the higher, the elements should be refined, essential to his existence. But when he is projected through this culmination of forces, we arrive at the topmost stone in the grand temple of creation, as far as races are concerned. His dissolution furnishes no food for a higher race. And certainly, it does not require his interior life, with its loves, its hopes, and its fears, and its immortal desires, to feed and sustain the interior life of the lower races. Neither are they necessary to the perpetuity of man on earth, as he was evolved without them.

But we arrive at a point when we reach the head of the creation, and where some other law must come in, for our development theory can run no further. We arrive at the *object* of development and of evolution. And right here we shall reach in the sequel, the interesting point in our discourse.

Let us here take the annihilation theory : The ultra materialist assumes that all things come by chance ; that gross matter is the cause of all causes ; that it is the creator of life, mind, thought and reason ; that the brain instead of being a medium through which mind acts, creates the mind and evolves thought and intelligence. But how a substance that possesses itself no life, no thought, motion or reason, can produce thought, motion and reason, or how so nice a piece of mechanism as the brain and nervous systems themselves

came into existence without thought or intelligence, is not explained, nor can it be on the ground that all effects must have adequate causes. In every other department, marks of design are an evidence of a designer. Another view is, that there is a God that designs, but that there is no evidence that he ever designed an immortal existence for man. He infuses life through the animal forms of nature, as a portion of himself, and when these forms decay, the life returns to the great fountain, where its identity as a conscious being is forever lost. Now, if animal life was all there is imparted to these forms, the argument might appear plausible, could we convince ourselves that such a temporary projection of an attribute of himself into outward forms, is worthy of a God, or that such an effect is worthy an infinite cause. Can we believe that worlds are rolled into being, and the grand cycles of evolution are established for no higher purpose than this, viz: the waking to life of countless myriads of beings, to serve no end but annihilation, and ending the work of the creator precisely where it began? a temporary effort of the Divine Glory, with absolutely nothing accomplished as an end? Is it worthy of a God, in the sunlight of whose attributes we read the grand problems of eternal consciousness, infinite wisdom and love? But the Divine mind has imparted to earthly forms more of his own qualities than simply sentient existence. And why has he established this law of progress, whereby he is adding with each evo-

lution more of the qualities of his infinite mind? Why has he awakened intelligence, love and desire unquenchable? Why has he kindled hope and aspiration, that strengthen with the years, and as the body declines look out of their frail tenement with renewed and more anxious solicitude, if all this is to be blasted forever? Why not blot from existence before these qualities are added? Is such an object and end worthy of the God who everywhere in nature has adapted means to ends, and in no department of animal life and animal want has neglected to make provision for its perfect satisfaction? Is there any phenomena in any department of His empire, that will bear us out in believing that he is worse than the fabled gods who punished king Tantalus by preparing for him food and drink merely to mock at his desires, and make still more intolerable his hunger and thirst? If not able to gratify, why awaken at all these god-like faculties in the soul? "He openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." This is scripture, this is nature; and these holiest, highest and best desires are no exception.

We lay down, then, this proposition: The object of the creation of a world, was in the Divine mind none other than to impart his own nature and attributes to other beings, and as his nature is immortal and these attributes are immortal, it was to impart immortality. For this the diffused nebula of space rolled from apparent chaos into order and harmony of motion; segre-



gation and aggregation, marked the boundaries of planets and systems, and the grand evolutions of the ages commenced. It was the first throe of the mighty gestation of nature in travail toward a Divine birth; God, at work through nature to individualize himself in the human form Divine. In grand prospective, a child of the universe was born — a miniature Deity, embodying the attributes of the infinite father. Not infinite in the child, but capable of endless expansion, and hence unlimited. God, the father, Man the child. The father mirrored forth and imaged in the child. God, the soul of the universe; Man, the microcosm of the whole. The embodiment of a world, with all its essences and elements, immortal and indestructible as the universe, and self-sustaining as the Divine life, from which it emanated. The universe embodying the attributes of power, wisdom and love, rendering it self-sustaining and immortal; Man embodying the same attributes, rendering him self-sustaining and immortal as the universe itself.

The first point of existence on the earth possessing sensation and motion, was the rudimental beginning toward the structure that marks the lower sentiments in man. Gradually these rudiments unfolded; race after race brought out each some new formation or faculty, until we arrive at man, whose outward form is the perfection of all forms, taking in the essences and principles of all forms, and there is on earth no development beyond.

ward and heavenward, his head as round as the globe on which he treads, he becomes receptive to the influences and inspirations of the bending heavens. In his physical form, then, there is a fullness and a completeness; every design and every object is filled; there is a perfect adaptation to the outward world he inhabits, and nothing superfluous. Whatever is indicated is fully realized.

Now, in tracing his interior life, we certainly cannot look for less results than in the outward, but we shall find the same law of adaptation and completeness; and that which was rudimental in the lower races, is rounded up to perfection in the higher.

The rudiments of intelligence are seen in the lower animals, and we call it instinct. They have the love of life, the same as man, and are guided by the law of self-preservation. This is but the rudiment of our desire to continue our existence, even after we leave our earthly forms. They have love for their young, and seek companionship, which is but the rudiment of the larger affectional nature of perfected manhood. These rudiments of the Divine have enlarged in capacity with the progress of the races toward man, and the nearer they have approached the human, the more have they rounded out into confiding affections and manifestations of intelligence, and approximated toward the Divine attributes. And keeping pace with progress, the means of supplying increasing want or desire, have also been multiplied, so that there is



nothing left without its counterpart. For every bane there is an antidote ; for every enlarged capacity there is ample provision. And of all these manifestations of God in parts in his creation, man is the culminating goal of attainment. In him it is completeness ; it is the "fullness of the Godhead bodily."

But the grand progress is not yet ended. The indications of his nature reach to a sphere of life beyond. In him the Godhood attributes have concentrated, and he is not confined to earth or space. He can lend support by dissolution to nothing higher in this world, for he is the crowning head of all. He has passed through the chemical laboratory of earth ; has partaken of all the materials necessary to his development in this world exteriorly and interiorly, and he now must pass beyond. He cannot go back, for the departments he has left no longer need him. He has passed the primary schools of life. He enters upon the grand field of construction and application of the rudimental and the primary, to the sublime principles and problems that lie beyond. He is as a child born of the universe. All may not become harmonious at the point of the change of worlds, but at that point of attainment where the will, the wisdom, and the power are developed into harmony, man enters the *higher* sphere of spiritual being. The road to this attainment may be long, and the thorns of discipline may be grievous to be borne, in unlearning the errors of the past, and cleaving to the good ; but his

destiny is the sphere of harmonial being — a spirit, self-sustaining — like his infinite prototype.

All this his true nature indicates as certainly as that an effect follows a cause, or a demand in nature indicates a supply. The fact that wisdom, power and love have met in harmony in his being is a sure proof of his immortality; for these are the characteristics that render the universe itself self-sustaining and immortal. It is the manifestation of an immutable God, in finite forms. An expression in miniature, with eternal capabilities and inexhaustible capacities.

Immortality is the very indication of his nature. The different faculties of his mind are capable of indefinite and eternal expansion, and he ever longs for the attainment of their highest possibilities. And that analogy, which is the strongest of all reasoning, tells us that these faculties and desires are not awakened into light and life to go out in eternal darkness and death. He openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing, and these desires are no exception.

Take for example the faculty of music: We cannot imagine the time when the mind shall have grasped all the combinations of sounds, so that there will be nothing to please the ear? Or that in an illimitable universe, the eye will become tired of seeing, or that it will ever behold all the forms of beauty and loveliness that can enrich the soul. And the desire for knowledge in its unnumbered departments, who shall

limit it, or set bounds to its attainment? Or who can suppose the time will ever come when the mind can be satisfied with its attainments, and it can learn no more? When there shall be no more to learn, and no desire to learn more.

Take the affections : The harmonial man can be satisfied with no contracted boundaries to his sympathies and affections ; but his delight is in the expansion of soul ; in the grand and boundless field of the universal loves. His happiness is in imparting to others, and we cannot imagine a time when he shall have bestowed all the wealth of his soul ; when goodness and benevolence shall no longer attract, and when in the cycles of progress there are none to whom it can lend a helping hand.

With capacities then for unlimited attainments, and with objects to call forth the virtues that are immortal, man is destined to progress through everlasting labor. This is as sure as the law of adaptation of means to ends. This is the grand object of his birth, through the portals of time, and it is an object worthy of a God. Nothing short of this could fill the purposes of the Eternal. For he has developed no means without the appointment of the ends the means indicate.

As man is a child of the universe, the universe itself is to be his theatre of action, and the field of his explorations. Already, while in this narrow sphere of being, he has anticipated his labors in the great hereafter. For not only has he penetrated seas and conti-

nents with the nerve of his thought and feeling, bringing together in daily and hourly communion the inhabitants of earth, but by the might of his genius, he has penetrated the heavens, measured and weighed the planets and suns of other systems, told their distances and velocity of motion on their eternal orbits, and in his thought he can as in a moment translate himself to the farthest fixed star that his imagination can conceive, in the boundless realms of space, and contemplate the glory and the grandeur of infinite wisdom and power that lies still beyond, in which the finite mind can eternally revel, but can never fathom.

We have, then, delineated the direction of progress when the law of evolution culminates in man. It is not the introduction on earth of a race superior to man. If there is to be on earth a superior race to man, why have we not seen some signs of the cropping out of such a race? According to Agassiz and other scientists, man has existed on the globe at least 150,000 years. Now it is not a law of development, that the lower race must disappear before the introduction of the new, but they exist cotemporary with each other; and yet we see no signs of the appearance of such a superior race.

And again we ask with what attributes would you endow such a superior race? Man himself has embodied all the attributes of the Deity manifested in the universe, — wisdom, power, justice, mercy, goodness, truth and love. These are the characteristics of

the universe, which is a transcript of Deity, and man possesses them all ; so that he is emphatically the image of God. Now, tell us how are you going to create a being superior to one in God's image? How are you going to create a being requiring qualities and attributes that do not exist in God or the universe?

From what other realm will you import those attributes, and in the image of what other Deity, superior to the Infinite, will you create such a being? If we have a being now that possesses all the elements of the universe, then a superior race cannot be created within the limits of this universe. The position then is an absurdity.

That the race of man is to improve by the experience and wisdom bequeathed by each generation to the one succeeding, as nature adapted to human progress unfolds her hidden laws, and reveals her rich treasures of wisdom and use, we need not doubt ; but the progress will be the unfolding of the powers and capabilities of the same race, and not the creation of a new order of being, for the human faculties are adapted to the unfolding of truth in this world, indefinitely, the same as in any other.

The attempts of man's knowledge and skill are so many feeble imitations of the mighty architect of worlds. The miniature God developing truth up to the plane of uses through evolution, in imitation of the progress of the ages, that proclaim

the handiwork of Deity. The inventions of man are but the progressive attempts at the application of principles that are eternal. His electric experiments are the miniature of the moving of the mighty forces that hold systems and worlds in order. We boast of our facilities of locomotion, that whirl us through space forty miles in an hour, across a continent; but in that hour the continent itself has moved a thousand miles in one direction, and sixty-eight thousand miles in another. And yet these are but a moiety of the inconceivable motions of the planet through space on the grand orbit of the solar system, that marks its path around another system, while systems of systems go sweeping around other grand centers, and the mind becomes lost in the incomprehensible mystery of motion.

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Who can suppose that the time shall ever arrive when there shall be no food for the contemplation of the finite mind? or that man will have filled his capacity to learn? We say then again, his very nature indicates his destiny. Endowed with the very elements of immortality, he passes as by birth from the rudimental to the more complete, with a will-power born of his loves and desires, that renders him self-sustaining. As an object of design we can place him no where else, he can occupy no other sphere. To this end, the deep contritions of his soul for the derelictions of the past, and the discipline of bitter experience is urging him on until he shall attain to the

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triumph of the good over the evil. As his struggles are ever after happiness, the result of his mistakes, though in the bitterness of anguish, must drive him to higher endeavor, and the immortal beauty of holiness as a beacon light, must lead him on toward the haven of harmony and peace. The good in the universe ever triumphs over the evil, as the one is eternal, the other incidental ; and the greatest good is many times born of the evil, and out of adversity comes the calmest joy.

One soul may need but little discipline to keep it in the onward path, another may require more ; but when the bitterness is past and the jewels counted up, it will be seen that value is represented in every stripe. Thus man and the universe are adapted to each other, and each represents a self-sustaining force interior to all outward forms, and in the duality in unity, the interior is positive to the exterior, and through change and mutation remains unchanging and immutable as law. We can arrive then at no other conclusion than the proposition with which we started, that the object of the creator in creating man was to individualize himself ; to infuse his own power, wisdom and benevolence, into lower forms and organizations ; to impart glory and happiness to the myriads of beings bearing his own image, diffusing his own spirit through life-points, embodying the qualities of his own perfections, that through attainment in knowledge, shall approach nearer the divine life, on the cycles of infinite progress.

The manner and mode of an infinite being is unthinkable. We can not conceive of him as a personal entity, neither can we think of him as impersonal. If we could comprehend him he would no longer be God. But his spirit is manifested to us in the characteristics of the world we inhabit, and we approach the highest ideal of his personality when we contemplate the attainments of the highest human spirit, endowed with the attributes divine. Such a being on earth is our highest conception of God manifest in the flesh ; and in the higher life, aside from God manifest in the universe, we have the highest ideal of God manifest in the spirit. The child is in the image of the immortal parent and is hence immortal. All force is persistent, and though changed in the forms of its operations is never annihilated. The explosion of the gunpowder that speeds the bullet on its course, is but a sudden process of combustion, through which the gasses composing the different materials seek and find their original equilibrium in nature, having lost nothing by the errand they have performed, but ready for an errand in some other direction. Heat is changed to motion, and motion is changed to heat. Life is a force and as persistent as any other force ; though changing in the forms of its expressions, its volume in the universe is the same. We see its persistence in the very lowest orders of animals, which when their bodies are cut into manifold pieces, the tenacity of life is such in each piece that it forms itself into an animal of the same



species, as perfect as the original. This is but the rudimental foreshadowing of the persistent will, of the soul to re-create the bodies for its own clothing through which it shall eternally express itself. The one is a rudiment in a point of progress, the other is the culmination of such progress. It is a conceded proposition that matter cannot be annihilated, of course then the forces that govern matter cannot be annihilated. What then shall we say of the soul? If the lower cannot be annihilated we may safely reason that the higher cannot.

Thus we contemplate two lives: the life of the sensuous world, and the life of the spiritual world. The one common to all animals, humanity not excepted, the other peculiar to man. The one, the life, sensation and motion of the animal instincts; the other, the life of the spiritual nature, the life of the intelligence, of the immaculate love and wisdom. The one the life of developing forms, and rudimentary as those forms, the other the life of the completed race-development. The one existing in parts, the other rounded up as a whole. The life animal and the life spiritual. The animal first culminating in the base of the brain, as a force and support; the spiritual last, that arises to the cerebrum, rounded like the arching heavens, where reason, intelligence and spirituality mount the throne, never to abdicate.

This view of the subject places man as the highest and last link in the upward chain of development, and

standing as intermediate between two worlds, at the end of progressive development here, and the beginning of progress there. And so, differing from all subordinate beings, he stands erect, with his feet upon the material earth, the faculties of his brain that represent the lower phases of development, pointing earthward, while the faculties representing the last crowning work of spirituality, embodying the divine love and wisdom, point toward the skies, and in their tendency are onward and upward toward the fields of attainment that hold the jewels of knowledge, destined to dazzle in the diadem of his immortal brow.

As far back as we can trace his history, a belief in immortality is natural to man. The Indian of the forest recognizes a great and immortal spirit, and anticipates his happy hunting grounds in the celestial forests of the spirit land. The oldest religions that are handed down to us are based upon the same sentiment. The Bramins, whose religion dates back to 1500 years before Moses, and whose sacred books written at different periods, would make fifty volumes the size of our bible, believed in Brahm an immortal spirit, as the cause of all things, from whom emanated Brahma, who presides over the physical universe; and to them the Gods and images were not objects of worship, but representatives of the great spirit, as manifested in the department over which he was supposed to preside, and for the time being was the infinite God, as worshiped in that department. Yet the idea of his

oneness was preserved, as when *we* speak of the God of battles or the God of peace, we mean no detached Deity. At death, the good in this life were supposed to go directly to him, while the wicked returned to him through transmigration from one body to another, to discipline and prepare them for the spiritual habitation. They believed that the spirits of their departed friends came back to earth, and they had set days of ceremony and sacrifice for the reception and entertainment of the spirits. From their sacred books, written centuries before the Christian era, we glean their sentiments in these words: "As the soul in this body undergoes the changes of infancy, youth and age, so it obtains a new body hereafter. Know that these finite bodies have belonged to an eternal, inexhaustible, indestructible spirit. He who believes that the spirit can kill, and he who believes it can be killed, both are wrong. Unborn, changeless, eternal, it is not slain when the body is slain. As a man abandons worn out clothes and takes other new ones, so does the soul quit worn out bodies and enter others. Weapons cannot cleave, nor fire burn it. It is constant, immovable, yet it can pass through all things." And then, by way of consolation, the writer thus moralizes: "If thou hadst thought it born with the body to die with the body, even then thou shouldst not grieve for the inevitable, since what is born must die and what is dead must live again. All things are first unseen, then seen, then at last unseen

again. Why then be troubled about these things?" One of the oldest prayers recorded in their vedas, and that dates back 1500 years before Moses, addressed to Soma the God of sleep and death, who was supposed to see the soul safe through the dark valley, is a convocation worthy to be uttered by the most hallowed lips, of the most enlightened age. We repeat it:

"Where there is eternal light in the world where the sun is placed, in that immortal, imperishable world, place me, O, Soma! Where life is free in the third heavens; where the worlds are radiant; there make me immortal! Where wishes and desires are; where the bowl of the bright Soma is; where there is food and rejoicings; there make me immortal! Where there is happiness and delight; where joy and pleasure reside; where the desires of our desire are attained; there make me immortal!"

Such is the natural yearning of immortal man toward the destiny that awaits him, and that his nature indicates. Man's progress in this world has unfolded to him the visions of his own destiny. It has rent the veil that settled down in shadows and night, where the last foot-prints on the sands of time are laved by the waves of the eternal sea. It has lighted up the other shore, and revealed the thronged pathway of the immortals, leading up the green and everlasting hills of the life beyond, and turned upon our world the golden sunbeams that light the dwelling places of the dear departed.

And this is what we should have reason to expect if the doctrine of immortality through development is true.

We should expect that intelligences here and intelligences there, possessing such powers in common, would sometimes find means to temporarily penetrate the barriers between the spiritual and the earthly, so that, through spiritual agencies, spiritual things could be discerned; if they could not, we should doubt the soundness of our theory. And so the theory is corroborated by facts. Every nation and every age has had its seers; but with the progress of the nineteenth century, when superstition is superseded by science, and the minds of men free from the ban of sacerdotal dictum, dare to investigate, the incredulity of supernaturalism has given place to logical deduction, from fact and phenomena, until the proposition that hands are shaken across the boundary line of the two worlds, is proved by a cloud of witnesses such as no religious theory ever received; and the sublime thought has found more followers in enlightened lands a hundred fold than ever gathered in the same period to do homage to a religious idea.

Stripped of the credulities and fanaticisms that now environ it, and they are many, this truth shall shine brighter in the coming ages and become the handmaid of science and religion, that shall lead the material philosopher to apply his principles to the higher field of spiritual truth.

Here we will not particularize, but conscious that there is a power in the land, evolved from reason, science and philosophy, that is constantly giving new impetus, not only to thought and invention, but that is awakening higher spiritual powers and perceptions, unfolding a higher field of spiritual truth, that shall teach man his nature, duties and destiny; content with the evidences based on the laws of evolution and progress, on the natural belief and traditions of man, supported by facts and revelations; we rest the argument for immortality with a feeling of safety and security, for it is a truth that is self-sustaining, resting on no speculative theory, but in principles eternal as law, and immutable as the infinite will.

Seasons may change, and time their fruit decay;  
Suns may dissolve and systems pass away;  
Amid the chaos, power and wisdom still  
Shall move obedient to eternal will;

Immortal thought again in forms appear,  
And circling worlds commence a new career;  
Life in new forms shall animate the clod,  
And life immortal crown the work of God.

This fragile form shall in cold dust be laid,  
These forms of beauty from the vision fade,  
But mid the wreck the substance still remains,  
For God incarnate in the soul still reigns.

Then perish all these forms of outward life,  
Dashed be the cup of bitterness and strife;  
Perish each false desire that holds control;  
A higher destiny awaits the soul.



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